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Collier's

AUGUST 10, 1946
TEN CENTS

TROUBLE in PARADISE

The Sad Case of the American Reds

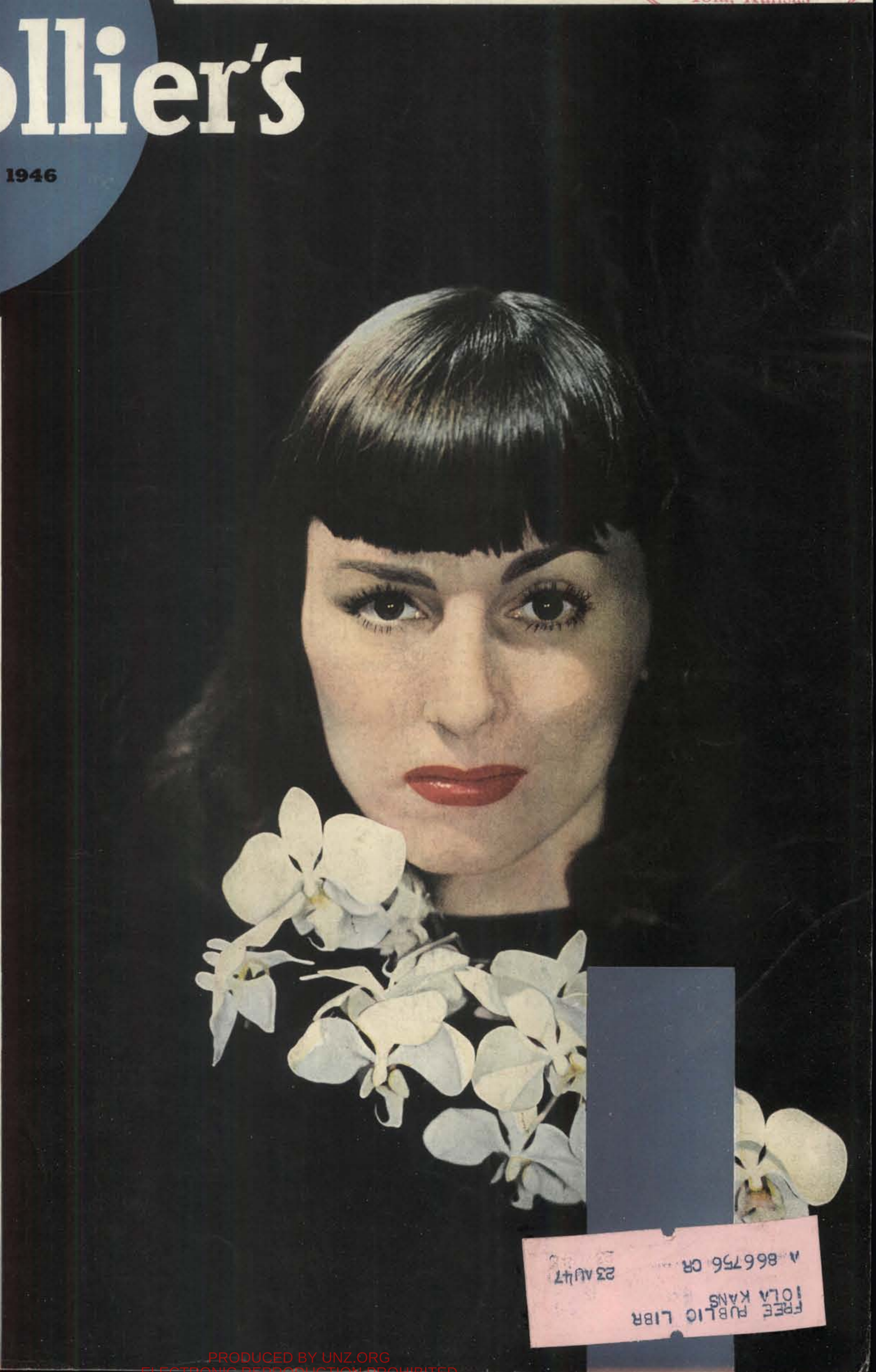
by Walter Davenport

★

OW MAN ON A IGHTNING ROD

y H. Allen Smith

ug 10-1946



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SNAP
VACUUM PACKED
ULTRA VACUUM PACKED
Coffee
Duraglas Ultra-Vac
NOW....
FRESHER COFFEE

FEEL how the *flexible* cap SNAPS back on. Even if bent, it reseals the jar, absolutely AIRTIGHT!

thanks to the new Airtight Snap-on Cap!

HELEN: Look, Bill, here's that new coffee jar with the flexible cap. Watch. No special opener needed—you just pry it up with an ordinary kitchen tablespoon!

BILL: Hear that "psss-t"! That's the *airtightest* jar I ever heard! M'mm! Smell that fragrance!

HELEN: That's ultra vacuum-packing! Watch it REseal now! You just press down with the palm of your hand . . . *feel* the cap snap back on!—

BILL: It's absolutely airtight again! Hey, doesn't that mean coffee *stays* fresher, longer?

HELEN: That's the point, darling! Doesn't cost any more than any other vacuum container, either!

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

• • •

Many famous coffees are now or soon will be packed in new Ultra-Vac jars. Watch for them at your grocer's.

HEAR CAP UNSEAL!

To Unseal: Pry in several places. Use bowl of kitchen tablespoon

FEEL CAP RESEAL!

To Reseal: Press down with palm. Cap RE-seals, even if bent!

Duraglas TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **ULTRA-VAC JAR**
WITH THE NEW AIRTIGHT SNAP-ON CAP

A Physical "Ed" major in college, this young Westchester (N.Y.) matron knows more about health than windmills. She knows that sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* He may merely suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

No one knows better than a successful model how important a smile can be. And sparkling teeth call for healthy gums. So Natalie sees to it that Jojo massages his gums with a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste after each brushing. This speeds up circulation and helps keep gums from becoming tender.

Many parents would be surprised to know how much youngsters know about gum massage. For care of teeth and gums is taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only do 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage (as shown in nationwide survey), but they prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice for *their own use!*

Can a MODEL Mother be a Model MOTHER?

Judging by little Jojo's bursting health, cover-girl Natalie Reid does two jobs well

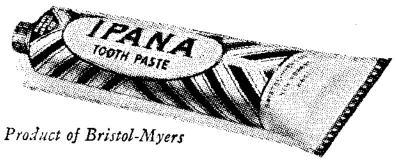
Who's afraid of the great big falcon? Jojo smiles to show *he's* not. Not much, anyway. Training falcons for hunting has been a lifetime hobby of Dad's. More than a hobby with the Reids, however, is proper care of teeth and gums. Yes, gums, too. For today's soft, creamy foods don't always give gums the exercise they need. So the Reids use the dentifrice that is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness . . . Ipana.

ONE OF AMERICA'S best-known magazine cover girls is Natalie Reid.

Less well known is the fact that this slim, dark, beautiful model is the wife of newspaper-editor Edward Reid and mother of a strapping 5-year-old, Michael John Reid—"Jojo" to his intimates.

As you might expect from a mother who is also a model, Mrs. Reid is especially concerned with the future of Jojo's smile—the proper care of his teeth and gums. So she has taught him to follow the dental routine she herself follows so religiously—*Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana.*

For this former Brooklyn College student knows what thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums. So get Ipana today!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start Today with
Ipana and Massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're in a definite holiday mood today—a dreamy feeling with a touch of travel-fever.

★ ★ ★ ★

Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rhumba beat.

That's because we've just seen M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico", and we're still under its spell.

★ ★ ★ ★

We expected a lot of M-G-M's "Holiday in Mexico"—more of that musical-romance wizardry which has made M-G-M synonymous with hit musicals. After all, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak is responsible for it, just as it was for "Anchors Aweigh".

★ ★ ★ ★

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past all previous hits of this hit-making team. It burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than even we believed possible.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor entertainment, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the exciting atmosphere of that gay, romantic land, suave and handsome Walter Pidgeon has a tropical love affair with beautiful Ilona Massey.

★ ★ ★ ★

Provocative music ripples from the keyboard of Jose Iturbi.

Intoxicating Latin rhythms flow from Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Song breaks from the lips of Jane Powell, that new and scintillating star whose voice is like a vocal rainbow, and the throbbingly throaty singing of Ilona Massey is thrilling to the ear.

★ ★ ★ ★

On the lighter side, there's that young Casanova, Roddy McDowall, whose "pash" on Jane Powell is a howl.

★ ★ ★ ★

With its rhythmic music, its light-hearted gaiety, its romance under the velvety Mexican sky, and all the enchantment of a fabulous fiesta, "Holiday in Mexico" deftly hits the entertainment jackpot.

★ ★ ★ ★

The answer to everyone's holiday problem: All aboard for a happy "Holiday in Mexico" with your good neighbor

—*Leo*

Collier's

FOR AUGUST 10, 1946

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						MACLENNAN FARRELL	*Fiction*

this week

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COVER By *GEORGE KARGER—PIX*

any week

SOMEONE has sent us a newspaper item recording that one Manuel Pardo has confessed "to unlawfully being a juvenile delinquent." The lad probably forgot to take out a license.

THE discouraging news that Eastburn's Coffee Shop in Watseka, Illinois, is closed has just reached us. Mr. Eastburn gives eleven reasons: "Maud is tired. Clarence is tired. Ruth is tired. Wilma is tired. Marjorie is tired. Jenny is tired. Cookie is tired. Sally is tired. Aldine is tired. Corinne is tired. And so am I."

IN THE event that you, too, are a little tired, consider the energy of Mr. Laurel Long Smithton of Pasadena, California. Mr. Smithton writes an average of twenty-eight letters a week to members of Congress, to the President and to others in high authority. He tells us that to what should be our most burning national shame only eleven per cent of the American populace write letters to officeholders. Once in five days in July, 1944, Mr. Smithton wrote eighty-seven and got ninety replies, the War Department answering the same letter three times. Mr. Smithton is now all out for "a Presidential Cabinet elected by the people" and he urges us to write to our congressman. Twice, just as a joke, Mr. Smithton wrote to the President "in a foreign-looking language which was nothing but so much gibberish" and received courteous replies apologizing for the delay due to the illness of the translator.

AND while we're on that subject we may as well tell you that Mr. Smithton's request that we write our congressman was only one of fourteen such exhortations arriving at this desk this week. Mr. Smithton is at present also agitating for the withdrawal of American troops from China. We wrote to a friend of ours, a member of the House. He wired back, at the taxpayers' expense, mind you: "Aw, go get lost and stop bothering me."

AND while we were frittering away our time like that, a lady who signs herself A Christian Mississippi American Mother chides us for failing to see that any worth-while purpose is served by Senator Theodore Gilmore Bilbo—in or out of Congress. "My little girl daughter," writes this lady, "knelt at my knee at bedtime and said Ma, why do they say mean things about Mr. Bilbo? I said because they are not Americans. My girl daughter said Ain't it a sin to. I said it was a sin to be not an American. Then she said won't God punish them. And I said yes God will punish them by electing Mr. Bilbo. . . ."

THE effects of war financing on the mind are about as lasting as anything we know. Any figure that doesn't soar into the thousand millions is still popcorn. What we're getting at is that here's a letter from a prohibitionist who accuses us of being largely responsible for "the 3,750,000,000 helpless, hopeless, hell-bound alcoholics in the United States." Actually there are not that many. It just seems like it.

(Continued on page 84)

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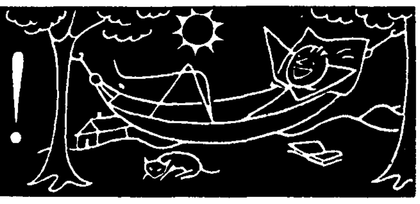
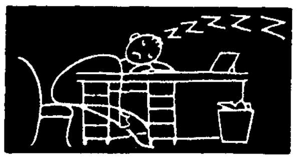
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

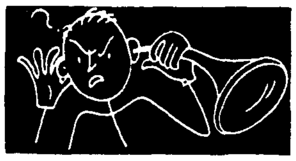
It pays to know when to relax!



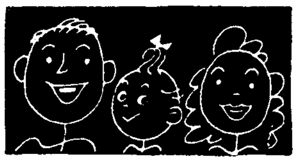
If you set too fast a pace in work or play...worry too much...or often get upset emotionally, you waste your energy and *fatigue* sets in. Good health calls for *conserving* energy by avoiding such conditions and accumulating *more* energy by eating regular, adequate meals without overeating; by getting enough rest, sleep, and fresh air.



If you are *continuously* tired or listless, see your doctor! It may be an early sign of a serious ailment, or an infection, or you may be putting too great a burden on your system because of poor eyesight, hearing or posture.



You can usually avoid harmful fatigue if you'll just *remember to relax!*



Metropolitan's free booklet—"FATIGUE... What to Do About That 'Tired Feeling'" *contains many helpful suggestions on how to relax and keep fit. Just send in the coupon for your copy!*

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 96-C, entitled "Fatigue."

Name________________________

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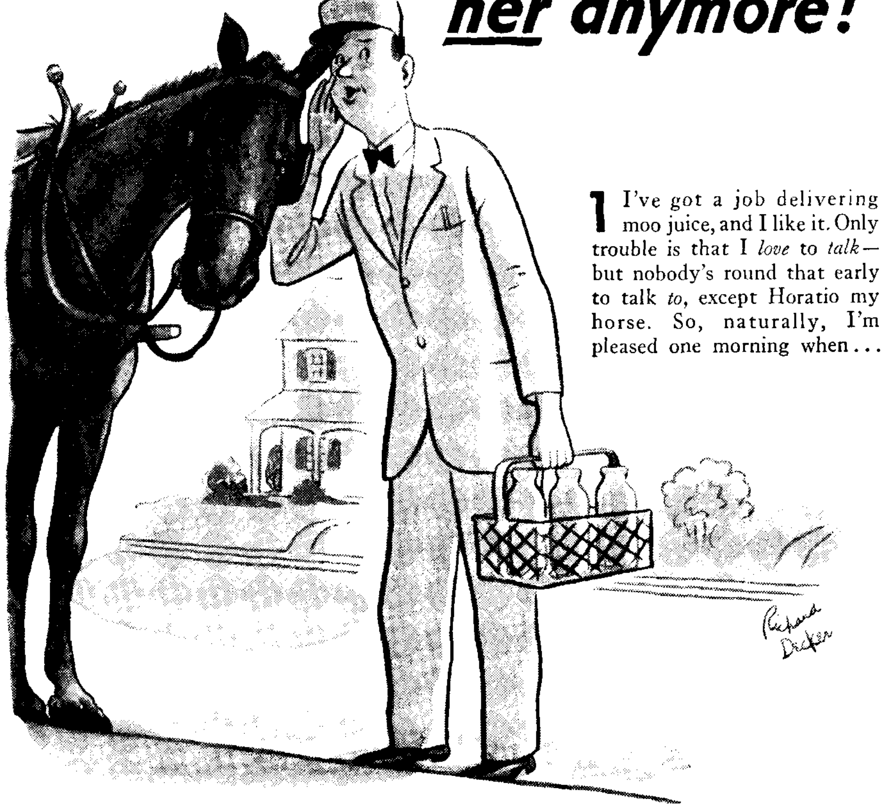
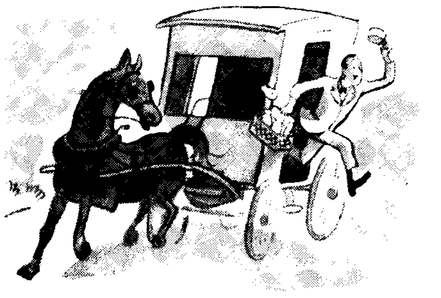
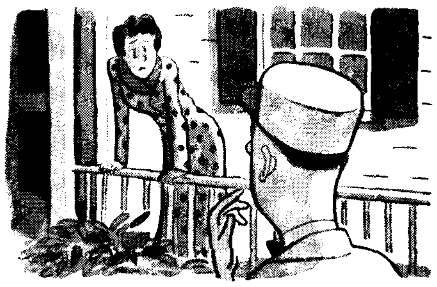
"Well, Horatio, we won't talk to *her* anymore!"



1 I've got a job delivering moo juice, and I like it. Only trouble is that I *love* to *talk*—but nobody's round that early to talk *to*, except Horatio my horse. So, naturally, I'm pleased one morning when . . .

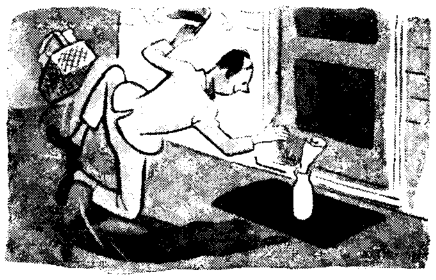


2 I find a customer parked on her porch! But I'm curious *why* she's there at 5:30 A.M. So, hoping to draw her into conversation, I say, "Good Morning!" She says the same, but nothing more—even though I chat on about the weather.



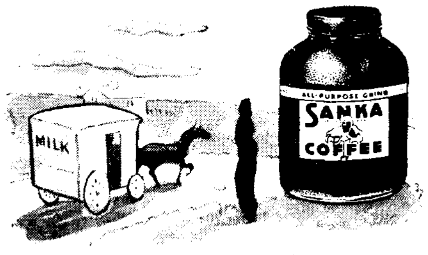
3 Four days later she's there *again!* And this time she says, "I'm a bird-brain, I've done it again!" "Locked yourself out?" I ask. "No," she explains, "had coffee at 1 A.M., when I *knew* it'd keep me up all night! But I love it so!"

4 Here's where I really hold forth, 'cause I'M affected by caffein in coffee, too! So I tell her how I solve the problem. "I drink Sanka Coffee—it's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake." Then she asks does Sanka *taste* good.



5 "Sure does!" I reply. "It's *swell* coffee!" And let myself go about Sanka's elegant rich flavor and grand aroma. And top off with, "*Try* it—you'll see!" Well, she must've, 'cause a week goes by with no sign of her. Then I find a note, saying . . .

6 "Thanks for telling me about Sanka Coffee. It's *delicious!* And *sleep?* I don't even wake when your horse clacks by!" Well, that's fine for *her*. But here *I* am again—with no one to talk to, except Horatio my horse!



Sanka Coffee

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

WATCH FOR SANKA'S NEW RADIO SHOW:
The Thin Man! Laughs and chills. Smart, sophisticated murder mysteries.

MICHAEL BERRY

Keep up with the World

by Freling Foster

The most amorous motion picture ever produced in the United States probably was Don Juan which had its *première* at Warner's Theater in New York on August 6, 1926. During the two hours and 47 minutes the picture ran, John Barrymore in the title role bestowed a total of 191 kisses on various señoritas, or an average of one every fifty-three seconds.

Of the some 100 persons who have attempted to swim the English Channel, 11 women and 14 men have succeeded, the fastest time being made by Venceslas Spacek of Czechoslovakia who swam it in 10 hours and 45 minutes in 1927. The only one to cross it in both directions was an Englishman, E. H. Temme, who swam it from France in 1927 and from England in 1934.

The 10,000 miniature motorcars that are raced annually in the United States attain incredible speeds for their size and weight as their wheel base is only 12 inches and their average weight between six and seven pounds. The speed record for cars guided by a rail is 80 mph, while the record for those guided by a cable is 114 mph.

Now that the adoption of Daylight Saving Time is at the discretion of individual states and municipalities, much confusion has resulted as those which have adopted it are scattered and contain only 27 per cent of our population. Six states now employ it on a state-wide basis and 26 others forbid its use; from one to scores of communities in the remaining 16 local-option states observe it. For example, the only place in Louisiana that has Daylight Saving today is New Orleans and the only major city in Indiana that does not is Evansville.

In the past two decades, the American hotel business has remained virtually unchanged in size, having today, as in 1925, about 28,000 large and small hotels with some 1,500,000 rooms. The tourist-camp business, during this period, has grown from a few roadside parking sites to 20,000 cabin camps with nearly 450,000 rooms.

Science has yet to discover how the Black Swallower, a small deep-sea Atlantic fish, is able not only to kill but also to swallow whole a fish three times larger than itself and ten times larger than the normal size of its stomach.

A bubble that sinks in water instead of rises may be produced under specific conditions. Briefly, such a bubble, which averages about a quarter of an inch in diameter, forms when a large drop of a solution of sulphuric acid, sodium sulphate and a surface-active chemical is dropped from a height of about 18 inches into a container of water. While falling, the drop absorbs a film of air around it and, as the solution within the film is heavier than the water, this "reversed bubble" sinks to the bottom of the container and bursts.

No criminal organization ever developed as much power as did the Camorra society which terrorized Naples and other cities in southern Italy between 1820 and 1911. After years of confining its activities to holdups, extortion, smuggling and blackmail, the society entered politics and began to elect its own people to high municipal positions. Before the organization was finally exterminated, it had become so influential that princes, statesmen and even dignitaries of the church became members to avoid being molested by it.

More than 30 states in this country still follow the common law in cases which involve the death of a child due to an injury inflicted by another person upon the mother shortly before the infant's birth. In such cases, the defendant is guilty of homicide when the child is born alive but dies soon afterward from the prenatal injury; on the other hand, he is not guilty of homicide when the child is born dead.

A unique war memorial is the "Wall of Remembrance" on the side of a building in Nettuno Square in Bologna, Italy. Within a large frame of evergreen are hung nearly 800 photographs and snapshots of the city's young men who lost their lives in the war. Each picture, besides being decorated with a small black ribbon or flag, is inscribed with a personal message written by the soldier's family.

During 1945, the Sanitation Department of New York City was required to collect and dispose of an average of 4,273 dead animals a week.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission**

Twin Triumphs

MARJORIE REYNOLDS,
singing star of
the Paramount Picture
"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

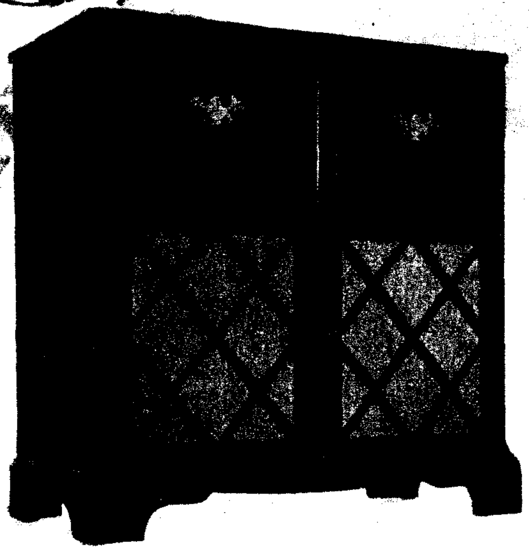
In Performance and Beauty—

In Radio-phonograph Value—

with the Sensational

G-E Electronic Reproducer—

and natural color tone



Authentic 18th Century styled cabinet in rare and beautiful mahogany or walnut. Thrilling G-E Electronic Reproducer. Natural color tone. Storage for 118 records. Cat-quick record changer plays up to 12 records. Ask to see Models 326 and 327.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
170-E8
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS
RADIOS

Never before could any popular priced radio-phonograph give you so much.

Such glorious natural color tone with the living beauty of every voice and instrument! Such perfect reproduction of records! Such dependability from its cat-quick record changer! Such generous record storage space—118 records! Now all this can be yours in this new General Electric radio-phonograph.

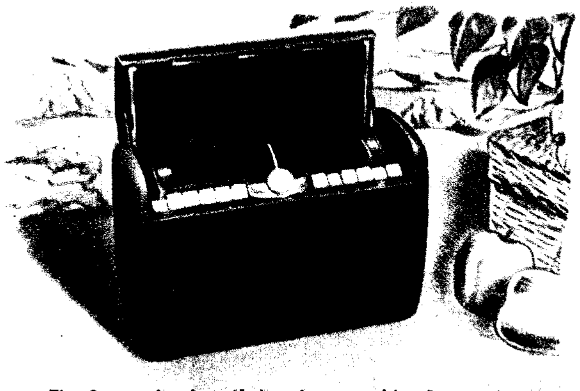
Entirely New Reproducer

A sensational engineering development—the G-E Electronic Reproducer—lures new loveliness of harmony and tone from records, even the old familiars. Needle scratch and surface noise virtually disappear. No needle to change. This amazing reproducer plays with a permanent sapphire stylus. Its costly point is *instantly retractable.* Children can drop it on a record—can even scrape it across the grooves—without harm either to stylus or record.

Amazing New Richness of Tone

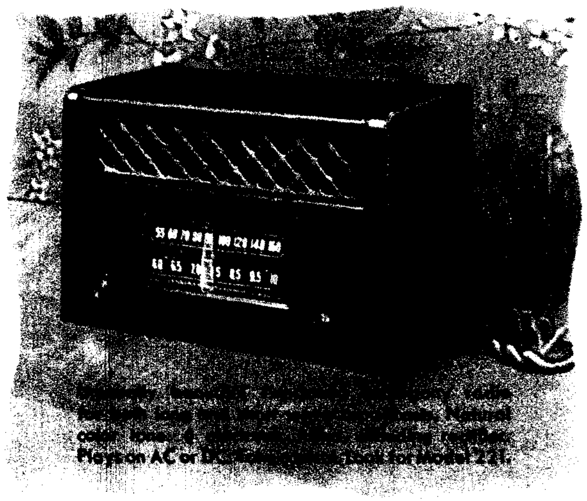
New-day electronic developments endow these General Electric radios with breath-taking richness of tone. In its wide range—bass is deeper, high notes are clearer. Tuning is sharper than ever before.

See and hear these magnificent new sets at your General Electric dealer's now. Let your own unprejudiced ear tell you that these revolutionary General Electric natural color tone radios are the finest you have ever heard.



The first and only self-charging portable. Renews its power over and over. No more battery worries. Natural color tone. Standard and short wave bands. Push-button controls. Handsome as fine luggage. Model 260.

[illegible] tips! Standard broadcast [illegible]. Natural color tone. 6 electronic [illegible]. AC-DC. Tone control. In a [illegible] plastic cabinet. Ask for Model 219.



[illegible] Natural color tone. 6 [illegible] Plays on AC or D[illegible] Look for Model 221.

You always have a NEW CAR in the Palm of Your Hand . . .

Simoniz Gives Any Car New Beauty That Lasts!

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TRADE MARK REG.

The Week's Mail

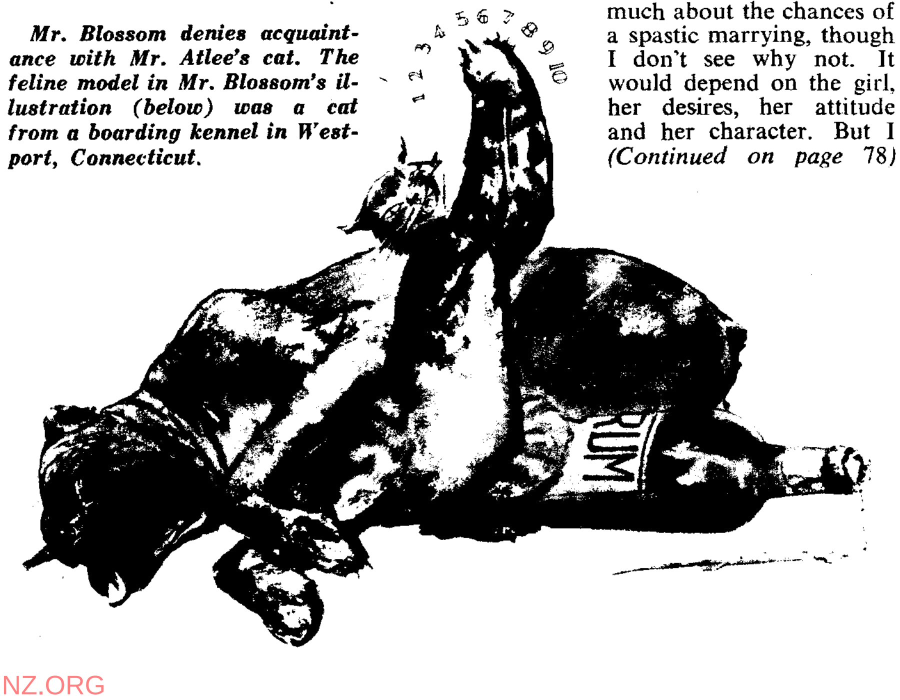
DEAR EDITOR: I think Mr. Ehrenburg (author of Ink and Blood, Collier's, July 27th) has learned a great deal in America. I saw him in Moscow early last year and he then thought almost all Americans were hopelessly Fascist. Now he has discovered that there are friendly people in the United States who desire friendship with the Russian people and peace. He, however, selects and comments bitterly on certain newspaper articles which may be unfriendly to Russia. He ignores the many which express the fervent hope that Russia will co-operate for world peace. The American people want no war with Russia, and this, Mr. Ehrenburg seems to have discovered. It is enough if he spreads this word upon his return to Russia. WILBUR FORREST
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Forrest, assistant editor of the New York Herald Tribune and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, made a round-the-world tour last year in behalf of world freedom of the press.

DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial, The Drys Have Hopes, hit the spot. Congratulations! I am glad to see that Collier's sees the light and exposes it for others to see. If more people would write their congressmen and tell them what they want, this and numerous other questions would be settled in favor of the majority, not the minority. Keep up the good work. RUSTY TOLIVER
Moody, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR: I do not know Artist Earl Blossom, and I do not think my cat knows him. I suspect, though, that Mr. Blossom must have seen my cat somewhere, because the animal in his illustration for the story, Local Cat Makes Good, in your July 6th issue, is the spittin' image of my cat, who frequently assumes the same pose. My cat disappeared some time ago, and it is barely possible that, in the course of his wanderings, he met Mr. Blossom and posed for him. RAYMOND P. ATLEE
Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Mr. Blossom denies acquaintance with Mr. Atlee's cat. The feline model in Mr. Blossom's illustration (below) was a cat from a boarding kennel in Westport, Connecticut.



DEAR EDITOR: You certainly showed plainly which side you are on—Wet or Dry—in your editorial, The Drys Have Hopes, in your June 29th issue, and you're not on the Lord's side.

You refer to Drys as fanatics. A fanatic is a person who is excessively enthusiastic over a certain subject. When we recall that the Lord Jesus Christ was so enthusiastic over His subject that he died on the cross because of it, we Drys do not mind being classified with Him. A. W. DUMKE
Merrill, Iowa.

DEAR EDITOR: After thoroughly digesting the article, I Am a Spastic, by Charles Baugh as told to Greer Williams in your May 18th issue, I am of the opinion that Mr. Baugh needs a dressing-down for overestimating the problems of a spastic. It is high time he snapped out of that the-world-doesn't-want-me attitude, recognize his condition for what it is, and learn to live with it rather than in spite of it.

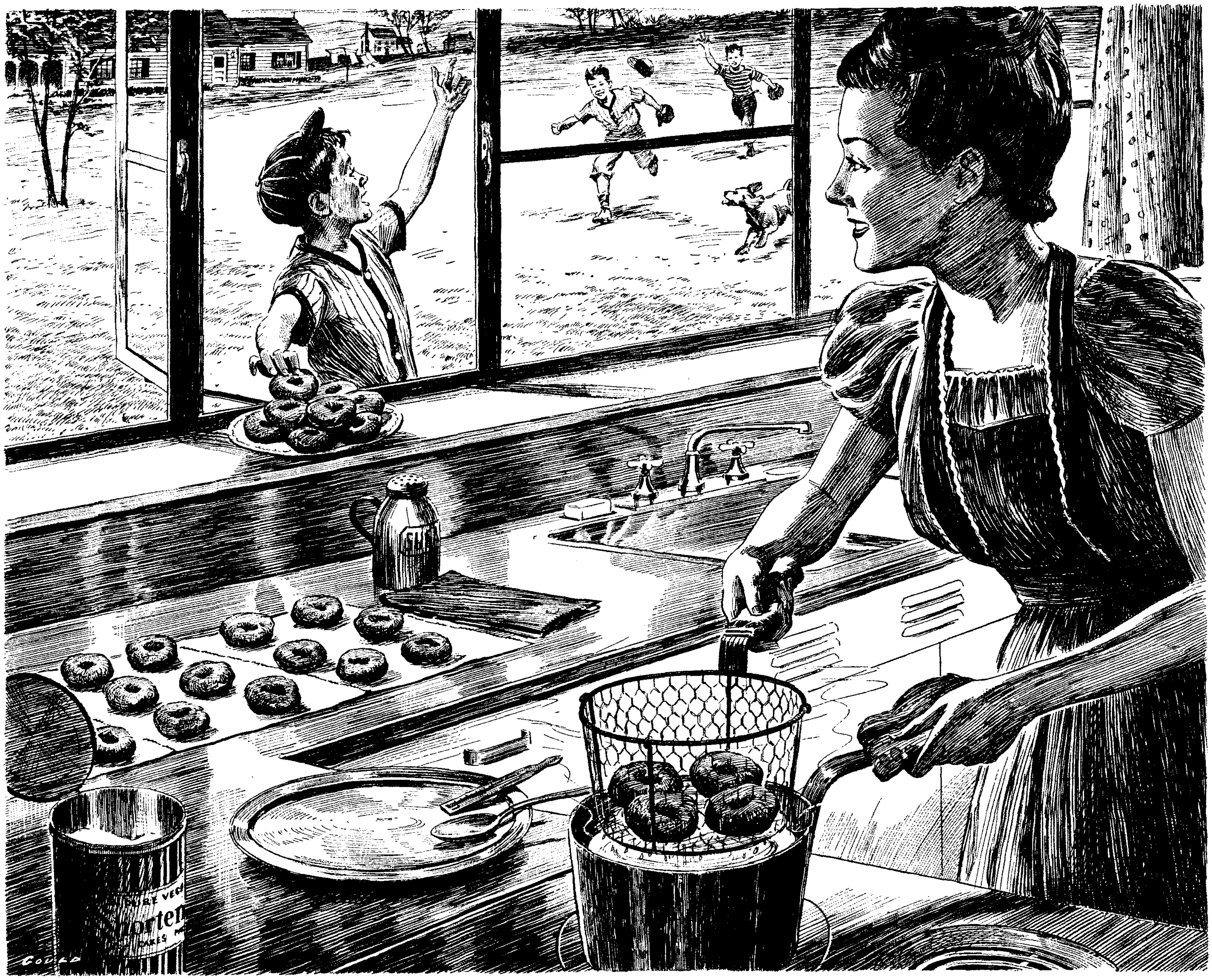
I myself am a spastic. I went through a lot of what Baugh went through. He couldn't walk or talk until he was seven. I couldn't even sit up until I was fourteen, and until I was in my twenties I couldn't dress myself.

As far as people avoiding spastics is concerned—*bunk!* They don't. Like Baugh, I used to think so, but as I grew busier and busier in my profession I didn't have time to think about anything like that. After I read Baugh's article, I was a delegate to the annual convention of the Advertising Federation of America, where there were over 900 people, most of whom I had never met. Recalling Baugh's experience, I deliberately watched for reactions of persons meeting me for the first time, to see if I could detect any "curious" or "sympathetic" stares. There were none.

Personally, I feel that most spastics feel there is such a barrier because they themselves erect it by assuming a frightened, defeated, dejected, hangdog attitude. If Charles Atlas assumed such an attitude, people would avoid *him,* too.

Frankly, I don't know much about the chances of a spastic marrying, though I don't see why not. It would depend on the girl, her desires, her attitude and her character. But I

(Continued on page 78)



Doughnuts taste better... thanks to NICKEL

The shortening that gives you golden-brown doughnuts, mouth-watering pie crust and fried potatoes, is born of vegetable seeds from farm and plantation.

It's a big step from there to your kitchen...

But the chemist takes it in his stride!

He combines hydrogen with oils from such crops as peanuts or cottonseed to make the vegetable shortenings used in baking, frying and other cooking.

Yet... it's only when the chemist uses Your *Unseen Friend*, Nickel, that the reaction occurs fast enough and produces shortening... better tasting, longer-keeping, more digestible shortening.

Nickel used in this manner is called a "catalyst." Undergoing no chemical change itself, the Nickel catalyst quickens reactions. Thus, it helps bring you not only shortening, but also high-octane gasoline, synthetic rubber, and Nylon.

In countless other ways, Nickel is Your *Unseen Friend.* "Unseen" because it's usually combined with other metals to form alloys, such as stainless steel and Monel, that fight corrosion, stress, heat, fatigue and wear.

Thus, Your *Unseen Friend* serves you every hour of every day. It's as much a part of your daily life as the clothes you wear.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
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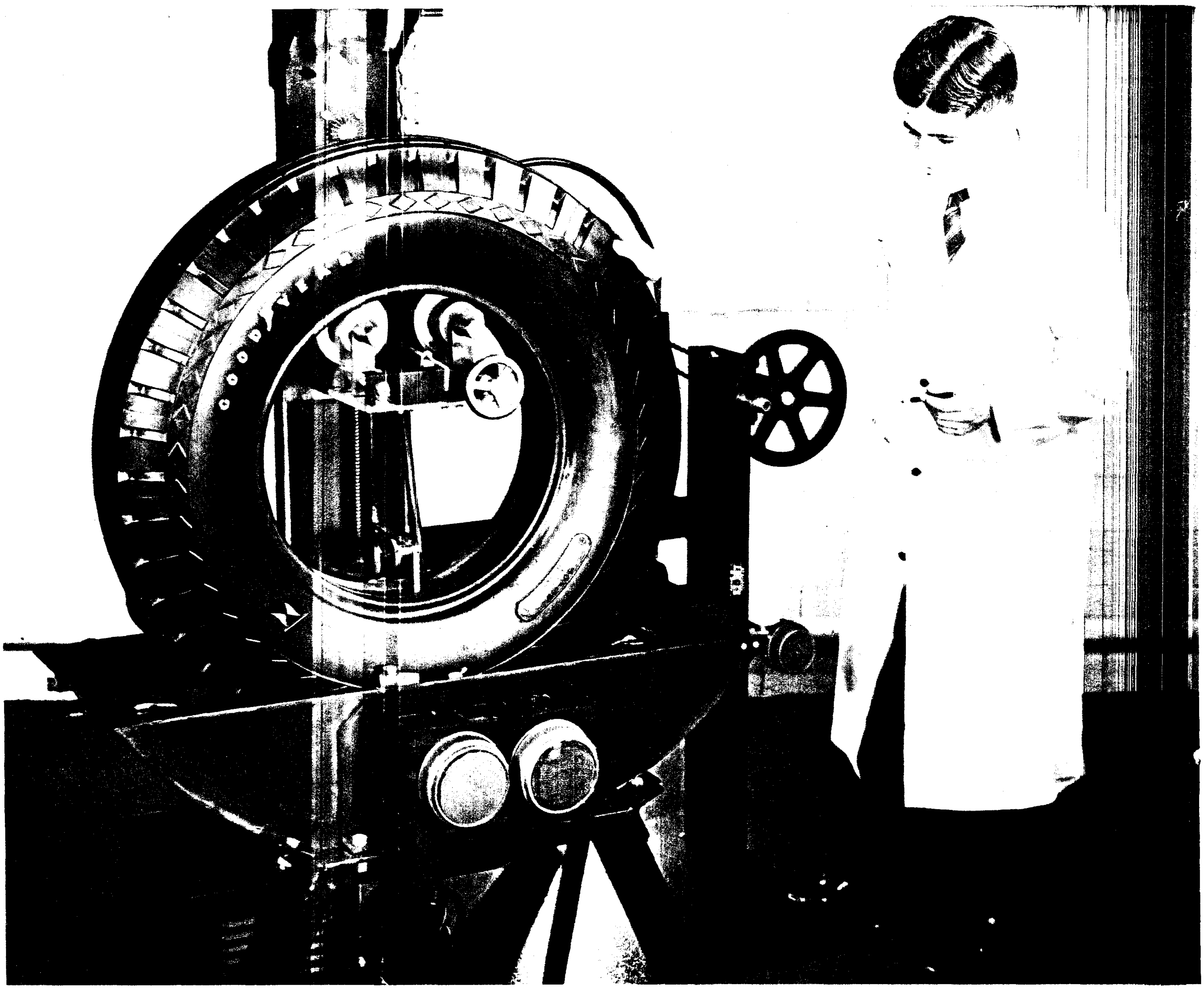


This detective says nothing, sees all

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

High frequency sound waves (so high they can't even be heard!) are used here in an entirely new kind of tire inspection. The waves are generated below the tire in the bottom of the shallow tank. They flow up through the revolving tire into a microphone.

So long as the tire is hale and hearty, the green light glows. But just let even a small ply separation try to sneak by. This defect causes the waves to be cut off instantly—and a red light flashes!

Called the Supersonic Tire Tester, this amazing machine is used, among other things, to tell instantly whether truck tires have enough miles left in them to warrant retreading. It's an exclusive Goodyear development—another example of the endless research that goes into the making and servicing of Goodyear Tires.

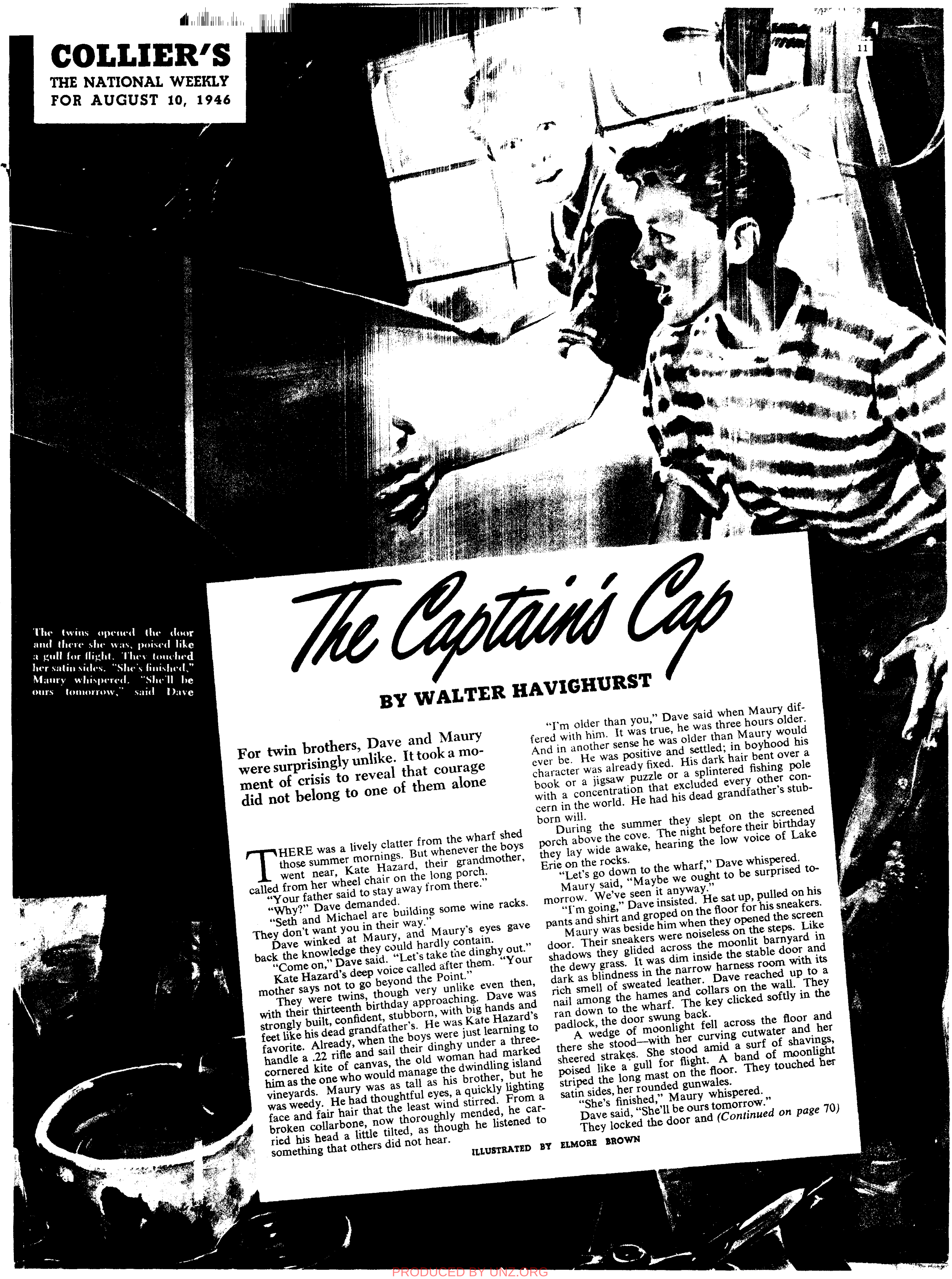
You can't see the extra value in Goodyears when you first put them on your car. But the tough test of actual road service soon tells the Goodyear story—longer, trouble-free mileage and greater safety. That's why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind"!

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear is also an experienced worker in metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics and other vital fields . . . constantly developing new and better products for you.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 10, 1946



The twins opened the door and there she was, poised like a gull for flight. They touched her satin sides. "She's finished," Maury whispered. "She'll be ours tomorrow," said Dave

The Captain's Cap

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

For twin brothers, Dave and Maury were surprisingly unlike. It took a moment of crisis to reveal that courage did not belong to one of them alone

THERE was a lively clatter from the wharf shed those summer mornings. But whenever the boys went near, Kate Hazard, their grandmother, called from her wheel chair on the long porch. "Your father said to stay away from there."

"Why?" Dave demanded.

"Seth and Michael are building some wine racks. They don't want you in their way."

Dave winked at Maury, and Maury's eyes gave back the knowledge they could hardly contain.

"Come on," Dave said. "Let's take the dinghy out."

Kate Hazard's deep voice called after them. "Your mother says not to go beyond the Point."

They were twins, though very unlike even then, with their thirteenth birthday approaching. Dave was strongly built, confident, stubborn, with big hands and feet like his dead grandfather's. He was Kate Hazard's favorite. Already, when the boys were just learning to handle a .22 rifle and sail their dinghy under a three-cornered kite of canvas, the old woman had marked him as the one who would manage the dwindling island vineyards. Maury was as tall as his brother, but he was weedy. He had thoughtful eyes, a quickly lighting face and fair hair that the least wind stirred. From a broken collarbone, now thoroughly mended, he carried his head a little tilted, as though he listened to something that others did not hear.

"I'm older than you," Dave said when Maury differed with him. It was true, he was three hours older. And in another sense he was older than Maury would ever be. He was positive and settled; in boyhood his character was already fixed. His dark hair bent over a book or a jigsaw puzzle or a splintered fishing pole with a concentration that excluded every other concern in the world. He had his dead grandfather's stubborn will.

During the summer they slept on the screened porch above the cove. The night before their birthday they lay wide awake, hearing the low voice of Lake Erie on the rocks.

"Let's go down to the wharf," Dave whispered.

Maury said, "Maybe we ought to be surprised tomorrow. We've seen it anyway."

"I'm going," Dave insisted. He sat up, pulled on his pants and shirt and groped on the floor for his sneakers.

Maury was beside him when they opened the screen door. Their sneakers were noiseless on the steps. Like shadows they glided across the moonlit barnyard in the dewy grass. It was dim inside the stable door and dark as blindness in the narrow harness room with its rich smell of sweated leather. Dave reached up to a nail among the hames and collars on the wall. They ran down to the wharf. The key clicked softly in the padlock, the door swung back.

A wedge of moonlight fell across the floor and there she stood—with her curving cutwater and her sheered strakes. She stood amid a surf of shavings, poised like a gull for flight. A band of moonlight striped the long mast on the floor. They touched her satin sides, her rounded gunwales.

"She's finished," Maury whispered.

Dave said, "She'll be ours tomorrow."

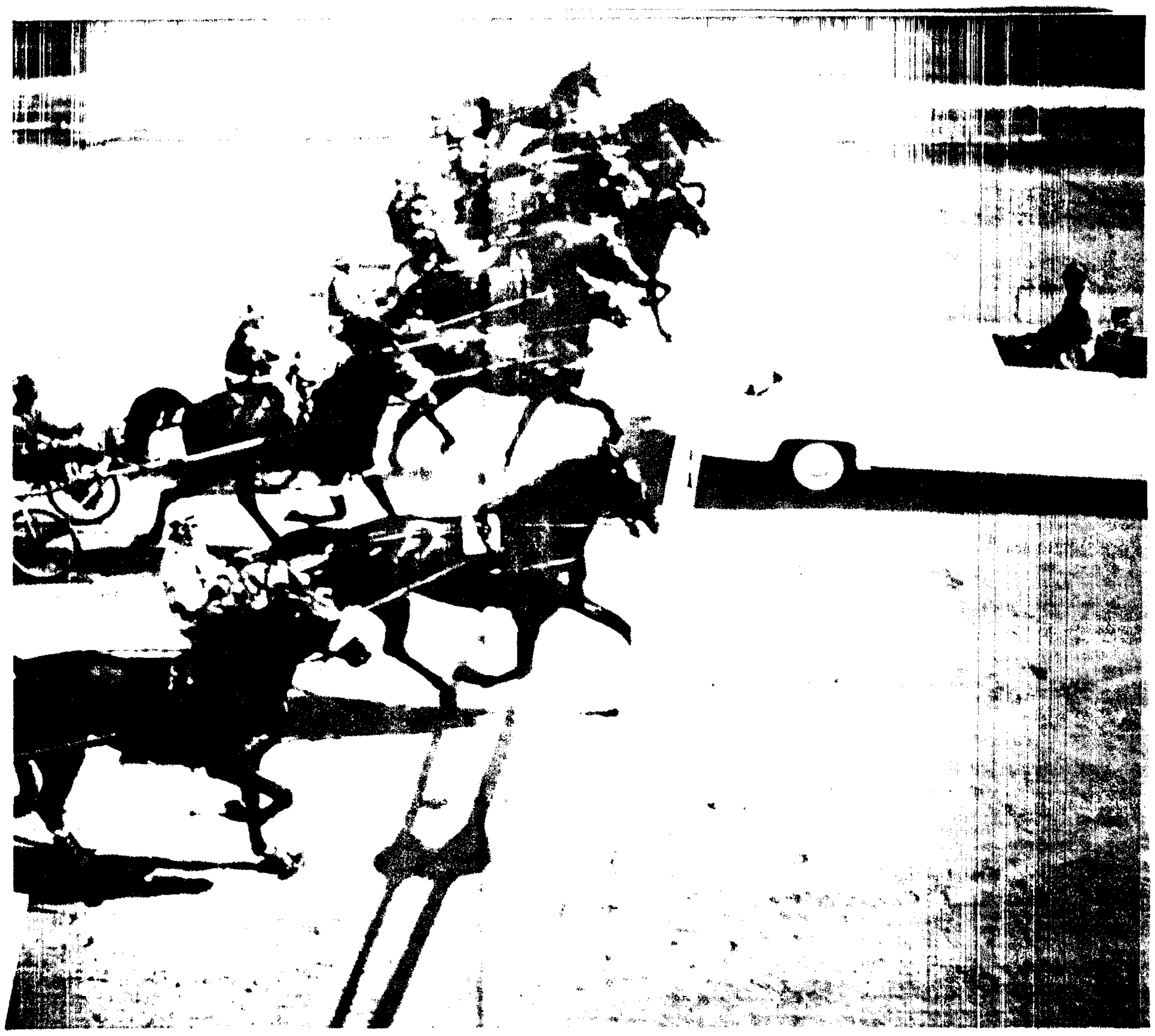
They locked the door and *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

CINDERELLA SPORT

BY GENE MC HUGH and JOE DAVID BROWN

All over the country, pacers and trotters are whipping fragile sulkies around the tracks. The grand old sport of harness racing, in a slump for years, is back again, and millions of fans are "rooting 'em home"



The new Phillips starting gate in action. When horses reach the starting line, the gates fold against the car

Nat Ray, who won the first Hambletonian ever run—in Syracuse in 1926

WHEN a long-maned, foam-flecked trotting or pacing horse comes drumming down a dusty track, hemmed in front and rear, and almost breathing down the neck of the driver ahead, the railbirds have an expression. "He's in the hole!" they shout. "He's in the hole!"

It isn't a good position. It is a perfect description of harness racing's sad status from about 1910 until four years ago. Then things began to happen. The grand old Yankee sport tossed off its patched denim jacket and blossomed out in a snappy sports ensemble that has them gasping from Maine to California. This year some seven hundred and fifty raceways all over the country are booming and the whirling wheels of the sulkies are kicking up one of the richest clouds of gold dust in history.

At the top sixteen harness stakes alone $391,000 in prize money is being offered. This is almost twice as much as was posted at the ten leading stakes in existence only four years ago. When the purse-jangling Western Harness Racing Association opened the twenty-five-day Santa Anita Grand Circuit Meeting in April, seven hundred top pacers and trotters competed for purses totaling $400,000. When the Hambletonian Stake—harness racing's Kentucky Derby—opens at Goshen, New York, on August 7th, the six leading horses will have $55,000 to split among them.

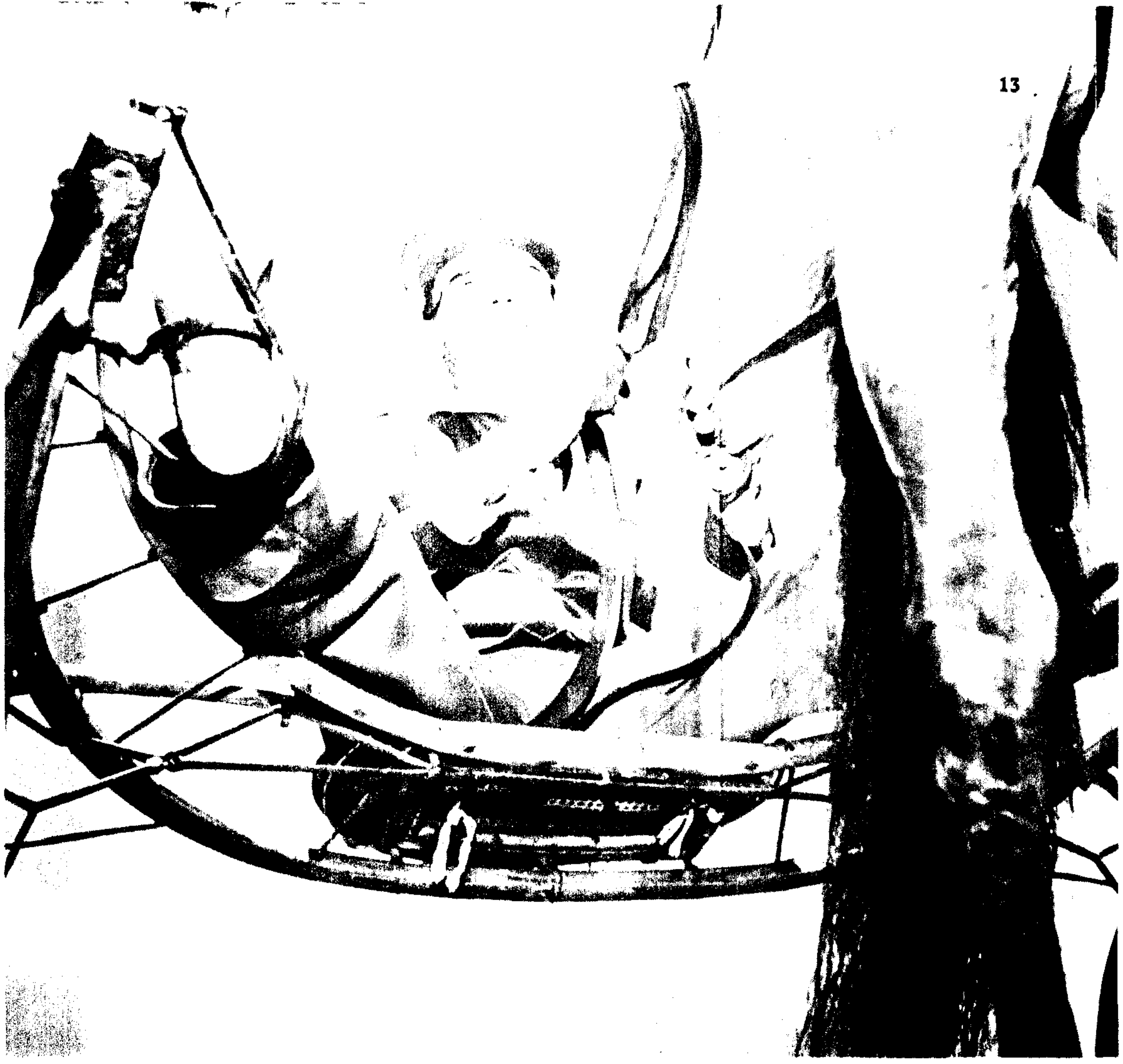
This new brand of harness heroics is packing the stands. All told, about sixteen million persons this year will rediscover the thrills and color in the spectacle of beautifully schooled gait-racers whipping fragile sulkies around a fast track. The old sport has been revived so rapidly that even some of its most rabid new converts don't realize that when they "root 'em home," they are proving that history has a perverse way of repeating itself.

From 1825 until a little less than forty years ago, harness racing was one of the leading sports in the

Mrs. Ora Dunkin, an owner who, like many others, enjoys schooling her horses

Vic Fleming, famous speed king who drove Billy Direct, world's fastest trotter in 1939, and his son Bill who in 1940 made a record mile with the same horse

Harry Thomas, great driver who won the Hambletonian three times



Angle shot of Ralph Baldwin in his sulky. From a grandstand, driving looks easy. It isn't

country. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia and half a dozen other large Eastern cities, whole streets were blocked off for gaiting-horse "brushes." At one time, Manhattan's colorful Third Avenue was considered one of the finest speedways in the country, and in that elegant era, stern Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt was a maestro of the reins.

The sport went into a partial eclipse about the time chugging gasoline buggies began to drive high-spirited horses from the streets and highways. That its light did not die out altogether is due to a small group of loyalists, to America's inherent love for fine horses, and to equal parts of tradition and nostalgia.

As it was, harness racing was nosed out of the big time, and like a weary old vaudevillian it started barnstorming around the country, mostly at county fairs. Now that it has hit the glory trail, the sport hasn't lost its rustic touch. It may have dusted the hayseed from its hair, but it still has a straw in its teeth.

The cause of this sudden revitalization is somewhat of a mystery. There are a half-dozen reasons, but when taken separately their individual influence seems evenly balanced. The introduction of money and prestige into the sport by poloists and horse fanciers has certainly been a big factor. Practically everyone agrees that pari-mutuel betting and the establishment of harness raceways near large cities should be given a major share of the credit. But there is a lot of discussion as to whether this is the egg or the chicken.

Bigger purses definitely have helped to bring about the golden era. Then, too, harness racing is being run under the arc lights at the bigger tracks, and it's a perfect answer to the nation's almost psychopathic quest for after-dark entertainment.

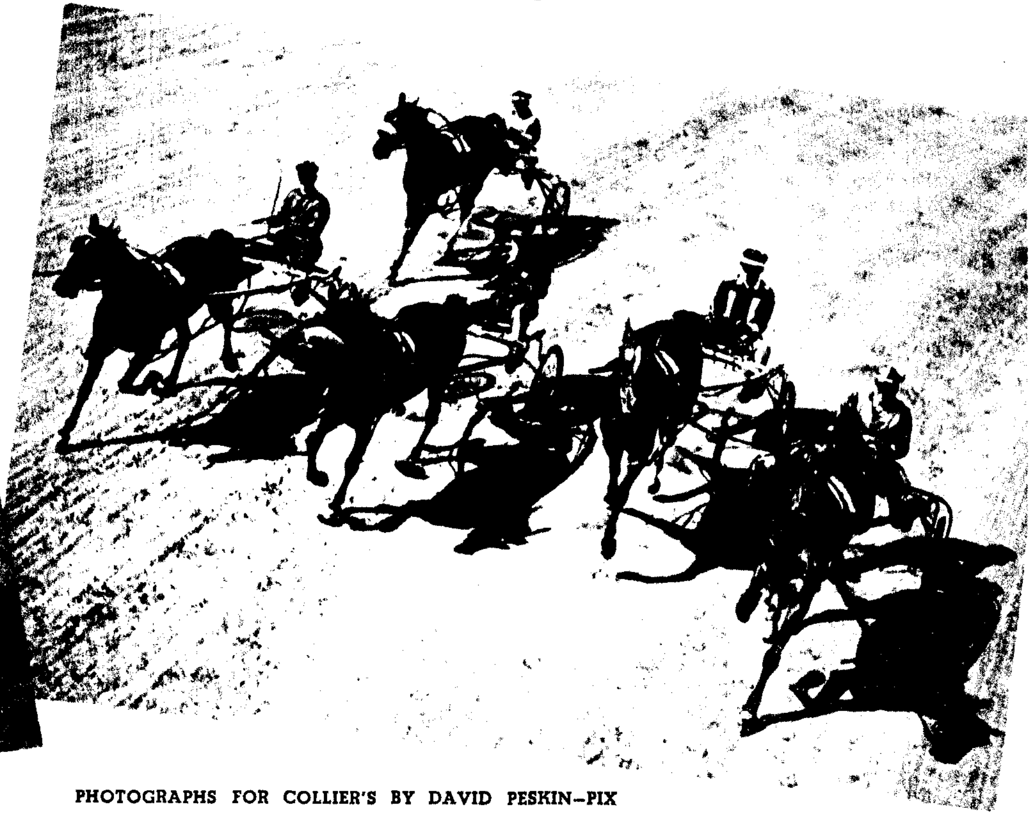
The boom seems destined to last. At least, a lot of wise money is backing up long-range intentions. The Western Association has taken twenty-year leases on both Santa Anita and near-by Hollywood Park. It plans to alternate annual meetings at the two tracks. More than $500,000 has been spent on the Saratoga Raceway at Saratoga, New York, since construction started in 1941.

The Roosevelt Raceway, with its two hundred and fifty acres only forty-five minutes from Broadway, is a $1,500,000 plant. It is typical of the new harness tracks. On its dusty turf under the arc lights, the Yankee Doodle Dandies from Broadway meet with soft-voweled drivers from Tennessee and nasal-toned drivers from Maine and other points east, every night of the week except Sunday. Despite its nearness to New York City, the motif definitely is county fair. Ironically enough, the layout was planned ten years ago as a motor speedway. Its backers hoped to take some of the cash, if not the spotlight, away from the Indianapolis Speedway. Somehow plans never managed to jell, and it stood as a sprawling monument to optimism until 1940.

(Continued on page 40*)*

Harry Pownall with Titan Hanover, one of the greatest harness racers of all time and winner of the Hambletonian last year

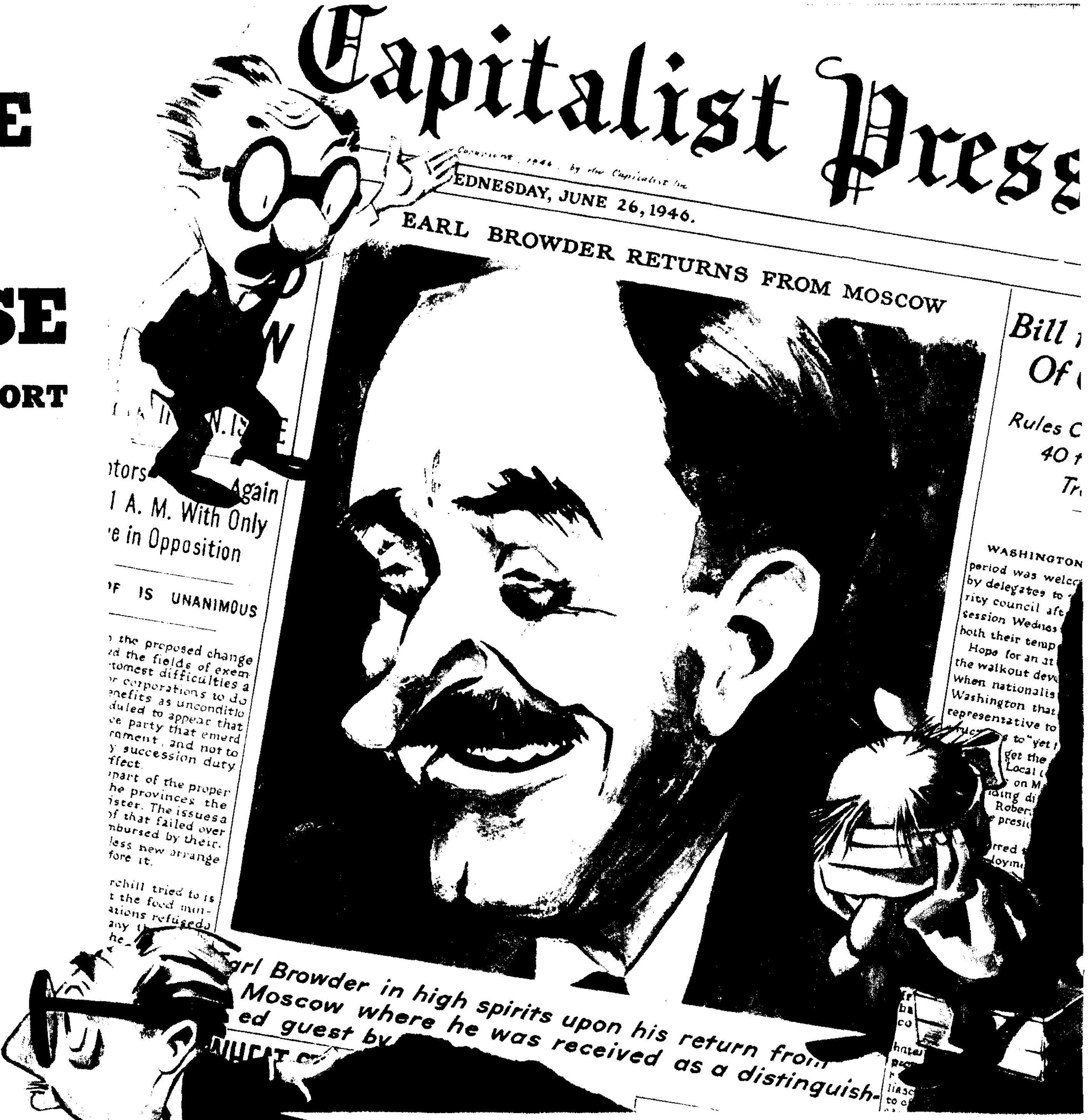
Action shot of a trotting race. Once you could see this sort of thing on New York's Third Avenue



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

BY WALTER DAVENPORT


Capitalist Pres
Wednesday, June 26, 1946.
EARL BROWDER RETURNS FROM MOSCOW
Bill
Of
Again
A. M. With Only
in Opposition
IS UNANIMOUS
WASHINGTON
rl Browder in high spirits upon his return fro
Moscow where he was received as a distinguish-
ed guest by

When newspapers reported that Earl Browder, ousted Communist leader, was well received in Moscow, U.S. Commies began chewing their fingernails, and older members got set for another of the party's breakneck turns

To be a faithful member of the Communist Party of the United States requires a kind of acrobatic agility that frequently finds you colliding with yourself in mid-air. Right now the brethren are holding their breath for another abrupt turn: Browder's back from Moscow

IN a resolutely cheerless nine-story building on East Twelfth Street, New York, the Secretariat of the Communist Party of the United States was loudly attacking the eternal political conundrum of what to do next. The entire building—headquarters of the CPUS—was mauling the same question, from the editorial rooms of the Daily Worker at the top to the Workers Book Shop on the ground floor It's a riddle common to political parties of all colors, blood red to lily-white. Both the Republicans and the Democrats were in similar throes—and making just about as little progress.

But at the moment, the Communist Party of the United States seemed about ready to make one of its famous breakneck U-turns, attended by the usual membership casualties. Earl Browder, deposed secretary (leader) of the CPUS, had just got home from Moscow where he was received as a distinguished guest. William Zebulon Foster, the party's aging, ailing wheel horse who had succeeded Mr. Browder, wanted to resign. Ill health.

The Secretariat, fearful as ever of doing something offensive to Moscow, which was showing no sign that it cared, was debating the possibility of electing somebody young and vigorous to be the party's boss—perhaps Robert Thompson, a member of the Secretariat, an Army veteran of the New Guinea campaign. If only they had some sign from on high—Moscow.

The capitalist press, too frequently the party's principal source of news of what was going on in Moscow, had reported Mr. Browder as being in excellent spirits. This, if true, was not at all reassuring. Mr. Browder is not by nature a person given to high spirits, being a morose personality from Kansas, a stranger to gaiety and optimism in even their gravest forms. In the absence of official advices from Moscow (and directives from the Kremlin to Twelfth Street had become much more infrequent of late) this could mean that Mr. Browder was returning not only as the accredited agent for Soviet publications, including the official newspapers Izvestia and Pravda and the official magazine New Times, but possibly even with political authority.

The horrid suspicion that they had made a mistake when they, the party's high command, had purged Mr. Browder, assailed the Secretariat. After all, no clear orders to do so had come directly from Moscow. Mr. Browder had been deposed after the publication in New York of a polemical crusher written in the French Communist journal Les Cahiers du Communisme by the French Red Jacques Duclos, immediately upon Mr. Duclos' return to Paris from Moscow. Furthermore the CPUS had neither seen nor heard of the attack until it was published in the New York World-Telegram.

Also, even as the Duclos denunciation of Mr. Browder was being printed in the capitalist press, the CPUS had been celebrating his fifty-fourth birthday as Our Peerless Leader. Then suddenly and somewhat to its surprise, the CPUS read Duclos and discovered that Mr. Browder was an enemy of the working class, a revisionist, a realist who would revise Marx to meet modern economic patterns, who would edit a lot of jabberwocky out of the threadbare literature of prewar Communism.

So forthwith ideological foes of Mr. Browder within the party had ganged up on him. Presently they expelled him from the party. Whereupon everyone returned to his cliché-slinging, shaking his head and hoping that this would be a lesson to Browderites. And then the shamefully unabashed Mr. Browder, clutching a passport blessed by the State Department, took off for Russia to find out, as he put it, how his purging had been taken by "my old Soviet friends." And look what happened! Uncle Joe gave him a suite of three rooms and put him on the distinguished visitor food roll! Now what?

Not that the situation within the brawling councils of the CPUS was new. Repeatedly since its birth in 1919 the Communist Party of the United States, which has never risen much above the status of a remote and neglected consulate of the U.S.S.R., has stopped dead in the middle of a hoarse hurrah and started hissing a hero. There was an unrefined character crouching in the sun at the doorway of CPUS headquarters when we called.

The Man Who Laughed Out Loud

Without being asked, he told us that he'd just been excommunicated by the party because he had laughed at Juan Domingo Perón, president of Argentina. This unkempt character had attended a party rally whereat speakers were denouncing Colonel Perón as a Fascist as ill-smelling as Mussolini and a Nazi as foul as Hitler. Then suddenly a Bolo with the New York Times in hand appeared, displayed the news that Mr. Stalin and Colonel Perón were suddenly on the best of terms, and the meeting did an about-face so swiftly that, according to this character, six comrades broke their ankles. Colonel Perón had suddenly become a swell guy. And he, the character, had stood up and laughed so hard that the bouncers threw him out—not waiting to reach a door but using a window.

An undetermined number of Communists have suffered the fate of Mr. Browder and this character. Not waiting to be expelled, an equally undetermined number have resigned from the party or quit without formality. Their principal complaint has been that they are unable to keep up with CPUS' Russian rumba.

Basically the party in America stands for unadulterated 1867 Marxism. Anyone publicly admitting that achievement of such is either impractical or less than feasible is in immediate danger of being excommunicated.

However, the somewhat less rigid minds in the CPUS have tucked pure Marxism away in mothproof bags for the time being at least. They're concentrating on whooping it up for Russia, where Marx is a much livelier corpse than he is here. This calls for mental and forensic gymnastics and ideological jujitsu of a very agile variety indeed, American Communists frequently colliding with themselves in mid-air.

Behind all the official exhortations to the American worker to arise from serf-

ILLUSTRATION BY SAM BERMAN

dom or something is the exceedingly practical, if somewhat bewildering, program: Follow the Moscow line. Fight off tranquillity. Stir up dissension. Behold the tactics of Russia in Yugoslavia, Greece, Austria, Czechoslovakia, the Middle East. Agitate and agitate here at home while Russia churns westward in Europe and southward in the Middle East. Encourage dissension at home, Comrades, and presently bemused America will withdraw from Europe and Asia in confused disgust. In the meantime, Comrades, let us anticipate Moscow's plans as best we can. . . .

For months before August, 1939, when Stalin and Hitler signed that nonaggression pact, the CPUS regarded Hitler and his Nazis as the lowest forms of animal life. Only a few capitalist newspapers were as bold in their editorial enmity as the Daily Worker. Again the American Communists were caught with their braces flapping in the wind. The pact was signed without warning as far as the CPUS was concerned, and the party's back flip-flap was spectacular if not graceful. Hitler did not become exactly a hero, but not such a bad guy either. The war became an imperialist war—just like that.

Pickets at the White House

Franklin Roosevelt, who had been having his ups and downs in party favor, was denounced as a warmonger who had sold out to the international munitions makers. And presently members of the party started picketing the White House, sandwiched between boards advising the country that the Yanks Were Not Coming.

All this was not accomplished without membership losses, a considerable number of sincere Bolos being unable to see a glimmer of decency in Hitler. Nevertheless, the party, heaping scalding abuse on the deserters, proceeded to fight the draft, Lend-Lease, Army and Navy appropriations and so forth, and suddenly found hitherto unnoticed virtues in the isolationists. This sort of thing went on for almost two years.

And then one Sunday morning in June, 1941, word arrived that Hitler had invaded Russia. What ensued within the tortured ranks of the CPUS is still the subject for noisy and acrimonious wrangling. In the furor, nobody notified the zealots who were picketing the White House, so that several of them showed up to take up their daily stroll with the same old signs. Sure, they'd read the newspapers but had decided that what they had read was capitalist and imperialist propaganda.

Two words were forthwith added to the CPUS slogan. It now read: The Yanks Are Not Coming Too Late. Lend-Lease became a holy thing, particularly aid to Russia. Anyone caught opposing the draft got the immediate heave-ho. Hitler again became a beast, and no epithet in the Bolo vocabulary had viler connotation than Nazi. Mr. Roosevelt had not sold out to the international munitions makers after all, and even if he had, it was excusable in the circumstances.

Even aid to Britain became a highly desirable thing. Imperialist war? Throw the Fascist out. This was a war of liberation, of freedom for all peoples, a workers' war. Strikes? Let there be no strikes. And let us all rise and sing The Battle Cry of Freedom. It was pretty terrific.

In December, 1943, at Teheran, America, Britain and Russia not only agreed upon the latter's postwar territorial rewards but, tacitly at least, engaged not to enlarge upon their several stated ambitions. The CPUS became lyrical about Teheran. Here, it sang, was the end of imperialism. And now one could even see the end of the "class struggle."

Today Teheran was "what Russia says it was" and anybody differing is a bloody imperialist with obvious Fascist leanings. That Russia should have ambitions in the Middle East, the Far East and in Mediterranean areas is not imperialism. It's security. Not that the Communist Party of the United States will debate it. But, they'll tell you in Communist headquarters, if you want a sample of imperialism look at America's own plans to set up military bases in the Pacific.

When Moscow withdrew political commissars in the Red Army, the CPUS declared it to be the product of pure genius. When the commissars were reinstalled, hearty cheers rocked American Communist headquarters. Genius again. When Moscow established free abortion clinics, the CPUS asked the world to behold the emancipation of Russian womanhood. When the clinics were closed, that was fine medical judgment.

When ultramodern teaching methods were adopted by Soviet schools, that was evidence of Russia's progressivism. When this was dropped, the CPUS cheered itself hoarse. It's all very difficult to keep up with. Harder even than keeping up with the democracies.

Due to internal dissensions, chiefly ideological but occasionally just crass bourgeois jealousies, the CPUS has occasionally tried to bite its own ear off. To this may be ascribed the American party's many titular changes since 1919—the Communist Party, Communist Labor Party, United Communist Party, Workers Party, Workers (Communist) Party and for a spell, when it wasn't a party at all, the Communist Political Association.

This last was sheer Browderism and it happened in 1943. This was what Mr. Duclos was to thunder about later. It was what Browder's enemies within the party were to use as their reason for deposing and expelling him. But the Communist Political Association came at a time when the American Communists were co-operating like crazy in the war effort, were almost as conservative as the most house-broken Republican.

It's highly unlikely that you'd be absorbingly interested in the details of the CPUS' intraparty squabbles. As we've told you, when the war ended, the Browderites, the revisionists and the neo-Marxists in general were either thrown out or quit. At its peak—say about 1936—the party membership was about 70,000. The more enthusiastic Bolos say 100,000. But it seems generally agreed now that the rolls have fallen to 50,000, about seventy per cent of them white-collar folk. But that's not the worst of it. Income has fallen off at an even more alarming rate.

So now the CPUS is seeking new members—at least 25,000 more. It is seeking, too, $150,000 to rescue its official newspaper, the Daily Worker, from starvation. That man Browder again! When Mr. Browder, the rationalizing revisionist, was cast forth as an enemy of the working class he took with him several well-heeled financial angels. Or at least they just quit.

There was Mr. Abe Heller for example. Mr. Heller came to this country from Minsk fifty-five years ago. Temperamentally very much like Mr. Browder, he is shy, self-effacing, colorless. He waded through the tepid waters of American Socialism and eventually reached the Red Sea, becoming a member of the CPUS, a supporter of Browderism. But in the meantime he made a million dollars or so with some enterprises and as Russia's purchasing agent in the United States, and the organizer and operator of the International Publishers producing radical periodicals, books and pamphlets.

Nobody but Mr. Heller is quite sure how much of his personal income he has plowed back into the party, but he was long the Daily Worker's principal financial support. He followed Mr. Browder to Russia after the purge. Now he and Mr. Browder are about to launch a new Soviet-American publishing business in New York, and if you don't think the boys in CPUS headquarters are worrying you're just not thinking.

The impoverished Daily Worker has slipped to a daily circulation of 23,000—at five cents. The Sunday edition—ten cents—is just The Worker and sells about 80,000. The editorial staff of the Daily Worker operates under a Newspaper Guild charter, of course, but it cannot maintain the Guild pay scale for unhappy economic reasons. And yet such is the zeal and devotion of its reporters and editors that meager salaries are of no particular importance. The majority of the newspaper's editorial staff would doubtless work for no more than food and shelter if it came to that.

MAX HAAS—FROM EUROPEAN

William Z. Foster, shown here speaking at a Union Square rally this year, became party boss when Browder was thrown out. Now his job isn't too secure

Dues Vary According to Income

But it is in the membership drive that anxiety is felt. To be a member of the party costs one a dollar and a half a month. However, if one's wage or salary is more than $25 a week, he is asked to come across with ten per cent thereof. The average member contribution to the CPUS is $35 a year.

The new drive has purpose beyond mere numbers. Mr. Foster sets it forth thus: "The American working class needs a strong Communist Party for the solution of their and the nation's urgent problems. . . . Concentration plans to build the Party in key plants and industries in important industrial towns and working-class communities must be worked out. We must entrench the Communist Party in the basic industries. . . . We should be able to double the membership of the Party by the end of 1946. . . . Every new member is a nail in the coffin of Browderism. . . . The Communist Party of the United States must keep abreast of the world by expanding into a powerful mass Party."

The drive is currently concentrating on veterans, Negroes, farmers, low-wage women workers, public-school teachers, journalists, students in high schools and colleges and, of course, labor-union memberships. Of the latter, Mr. Foster says, doubtless figuratively: "Every fighting militant worker in auto and steel plants, in mines and electrical plants, in packing and railroads belongs to our Party." (No Communist would think of writing the word party with a small p.)

But there are important members of the CPUS who seem less willing to make such rhetorical soarings, now that Mr. Browder is home with his cheeks still warm from Moscow's embraces. Not, at least, until they know more about what Moscow told Mr. Browder or until he shows his hand. After all there is very little fundamental difference between the techniques of Communist and capitalist politicians. Anybody is liable to be double-crossed at any minute.

The membership drive is being conducted without too much bourgeois ballyhoo. There is more joy in headquarters over the conversion of an important union official, an editor, a popular teacher or professor, a clergyman or an influential journalist than in the signing up of ten nobodies. Proselyting is carried on with considerable indirection, too.

For example, strenuous efforts are made to work members into secretarial

(Continued on page 68)

I WANT YOU TO MEET MY SISTER

by

BARBARA DICKINSON

In Sam's one-track mind, friendship had very little to offer when it was mixed up with love — especially if mixed with brotherly love

ON THE day Sam wandered into the office of David Matson, Attorney-at-Law, he looked, in civilian clothes, exactly as he had looked in uniform. Sam had worn a uniform only as substance wears a shadow. The United States Army, capable of almost endless miracles, had not been able to make a soldier of Sam Evans. He remained precisely what he had been before: a musician. A musician of, apparently, considerable talent and a truly remarkable remoteness from all things unmusical. He had been perfectly polite about it, even agreeable; he just somehow failed to become militarized. . . .

Sam sat down in Dave's most legal-looking chair and stared rather fretfully at Dave's legal-looking pin-striped suit. "What those silver bars do for a man!" he marveled. "You're not even pretty any more."

"You look just the same," Dave said.

"I am just the same," Sam said. Which was incontrovertible.

Dave remembered the last time he had seen him, in Burma, sweating incredible music out of a water-logged piano. He even remembered the first time he had seen him, because it made a warm and beautiful memory, unsullied by reason.

Dave, newly commissioned, had reported to his new colonel for his new assignment. Naturally, since he knew practically nothing but law and literally nothing of the so-called "entertainment world," he was made a Special Services officer, whose delicate duty it was to keep our boys happy, amused and, occasionally, enlightened. While this transformation was being brought about, Dave had reason to note that the colonel was not happy. His eyes had a tendency to slide warily from Dave's face to a near-by window. At last he pushed the buzzer that would summon an orderly.

"Get him in here," the colonel said.

It was Sam Evans who was produced by that order, and almost immediately Dave could see what the colonel meant. Sam was a private at that time—he was to end his Army career as a private first class, which was remarkable only in so far as it took him two and one half years to attain that status—and he resembled other privates. His posture was correct, his salute was correct, his behavior was proper and his uniform was in perfect order. And yet he was the most unmilitary specimen Dave had ever seen.

It was puzzling because there seemed to be no physical reason for it. Sam was a tall young man. Only his eyes were odd. They held an expression that somehow contrived to remove him from the room, from any room and quite possibly from this world.

"Evans," the colonel snapped, "exactly what do you think you're doing?"

"Why," Sam said, "I'm guarding the place. I mean, I'm on guard duty, sir."

"That's very good of you, Evans."

"Quite all right, sir," Sam returned courteously. "It was not my own impulse."

Dave felt truly sorry for the colonel at that moment. The colonel passed a hand over his face, sighed, cursed, grunted and presumably asked after the health of his particular fate. "Evans," he finally managed hoarsely, "what did you do before?"

"Before?" Sam asked. His tone was not disinterested, merely puzzled.

"I mean," the colonel said, "before the war." He was not explaining it to Sam. He was explaining it to himself, and it may not have been altogether clear.

"Oh," Sam said. "I played the piano."

"Indeed," sighed the colonel, and a certain amount of blood returned to his face.

"Yes," Sam said. "But I'm not Rachmaninov. And I'm not Richard Rodgers, either," he added thoughtfully.

IT WAS like a vaudeville routine of hypnotic familiarity, and Dave found himself joining in. "You're Evans," he heard himself say firmly, in a mad, doomed effort to clear the whole thing up, and Sam smiled at him very gratefully from that far place where he was.

"That's *right,*" Sam said. He nodded thoughtfully and in some surprise.

Dave hesitated, after his undoubted intrusion, to look at the colonel, and when he finally did so the colonel was looking at him. But not, as he had expected, coldly. The colonel's face was suddenly clear and shining, the face of a very happy man.

"A Special Services officer," he identified Dave tenderly. "Entertainment. Ping-pong tables. Morale. You'll be certain to need, sometime, for something or other, a piano player." The note of command returned to his voice but it was muffled somewhat by a hope of happiness common to all men and not—at least, not exclusively—a West Point tradition. "You've got," he said firmly, "a piano player."

Dave said the only thing he could think of to say: "Thank you, sir."

Sam didn't say anything at all. He just sort of waited.

And that was how it came about that Dave was responsible for Sam's military deployment to points of uniform dreariness where there chanced to be a piano. He always knew where Sam was because he had sent him there, and quite frequently he was there with him. As these encounters accumulated he came to realize that he had grown very fond of Sam and, even more slowly, that Sam had grown fond of him. When Dave spoke to him Sam was inclined to answer, occasionally, at such length that a conversation could be said to have developed. That Sam should so emerge, with apparent willingness, from his own world was a mark of almost hysterical affection.

These memories twisted Dave's face into a grin, which he rather sheepishly allowed to live. Sam was not grinning. His eyes were searing the office with a glance of undisguised suspicion all the while that his hands made vague passes at his various pockets.

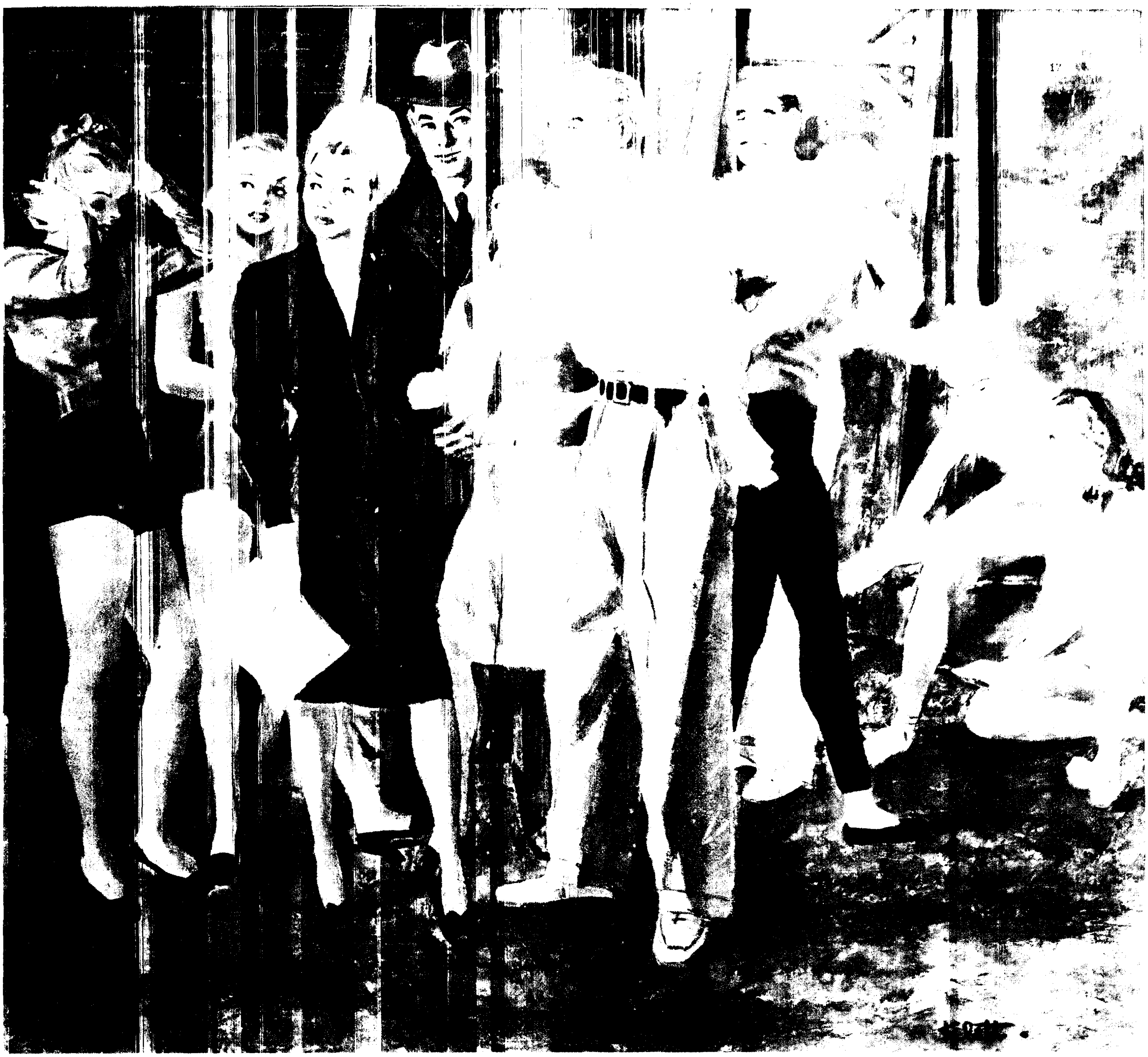
"You're a lawyer, it says on the door," he finally remarked. "But then I once remember hearing you referred to as an officer and a gentleman."

"I am," Dave said stoutly. "I am all three."

"You're crowded. I happen to have need of a lawyer. You could look at this."

"This" he had finally produced from an elusive pocket. It turned out to be a contract, a contract between a theatrical producer and one Samuel Evans pertaining to the writing of a musical score and a resultant exchange of moneys. That was the first thing which startled Dave: the sheer size, the downright splendor of the money involved. The second thing was the shrewdness, from Sam's point of view, of the conditions that had been stipulated. Every possible concession was made to him. A sultan could have lived gaudily on his advance, he was to receive an insane amount upon completion of the score and he even, somehow, retained a piece of the show.

Dave returned the contract. "You don't need a lawyer. All you need now is a throne. Who handled this thing for you?"



"Linda—" Sam shrieked. She hurried from the wings, her eyes wide and startled as she saw his face. All around him was silence

"I did. Is it all right?"

"It's completely legal and absolutely amoral." He looked at Sam curiously. "How did you manage it?"

"Well," Sam said, "you see, I'm pretty good." He housed the contract in yet another pocket and pulled himself gradually to his feet. He smiled for the first time, vaguely but somehow with emphasis and affect. "Thanks," he said. "Come by and see me. Any time. . . ."

Dave, when he considered this reunion, thought that it was typical of Sam not to have mentioned an address but even more typical of Sam that no address had been requested. It was something one would not do, like trying to establish the exact location of a dream.

However, it turned out to be less difficult than that. One lovely afternoon Dave bethought himself of Sam. Sam was indubitably relaxing. Sam was also listed in the telephone directory, with an air of permanence and prosperity, as a resident of the East Sixties.

The building was a converted mansion, distressingly sane, but Dave was reassured to see the apartment door opened by a maid who obviously was not. Loping and suitably silent, she led him through a foyer, a pleasant living room, a hall and into a bedroom. Sam was in bed with a cup of coffee and a beautiful, beautiful girl.

RATHER, Sam and the cup of coffee occupied the bed. The beautiful girl sat cross-legged on the half of it that was otherwise vacant. She wore a full white robe, which enveloped and yet emphasized an incredibly delicate body, and her hair was a soft darkness around a pale perfect face, a darkness that was repeated even more softly in her eyes. She looked like the subject of a deathless poem or possibly the author of one, exquisite and sad, and she stared at Dave.

She said, her voice low and strangely stirring, "Who the hell are you?"

It was a good question. Dave hadn't, at that moment, the smallest notion who he was or had ever been, if anyone. He simply knew with sudden certainty that he was the most repellent and ignoble of all living creatures. That he rose too high and too wide in the air and for no apparent purpose. That his face was a ludicrous shambles.

And he knew that she was beautiful and that such beauty was very, very unkind.

"*Really*, Sam," she said, "you've got to be more careful who you let in here. He's the third Republican this week."

"I'm a *lawyer*," Dave said in horror.

"He's a lieutenant," Sam said. "Or was. . . ."

"Oh," the girl breathed softly. "I'm so sorry—I didn't know." She slid to one corner of the bed, making room for Dave, and smiled at him gently. "*Do* sit down. Will you have some coffee? A drink?"

Dave sat down, not too close to her, and started to say that he could indeed find good use for a drink. These classic and, on the whole, intelligent words were never spoken. His voice, without orders from above, suddenly complained to Sam, "I didn't know you were married."

Sam looked mildly interested. "Neither did I."

"Or—or engaged—?"

Sam thought for a moment. "In what?" he asked cautiously. Then his face cleared. "You're referring to this miserable wench? Oh," he said indulgently, "she just hangs around here."

"I do that," the girl agreed. "I'm a prisoner of love."

"Also a child of nature."

"Also the fly in the ointment."

"Also," Sam said, "my sister." He made vaguely introductory gestures. "My sister, Linda—Dave Matson. She," he added delightedly, "is an old maid."

"I'm simply a bachelor," Linda said

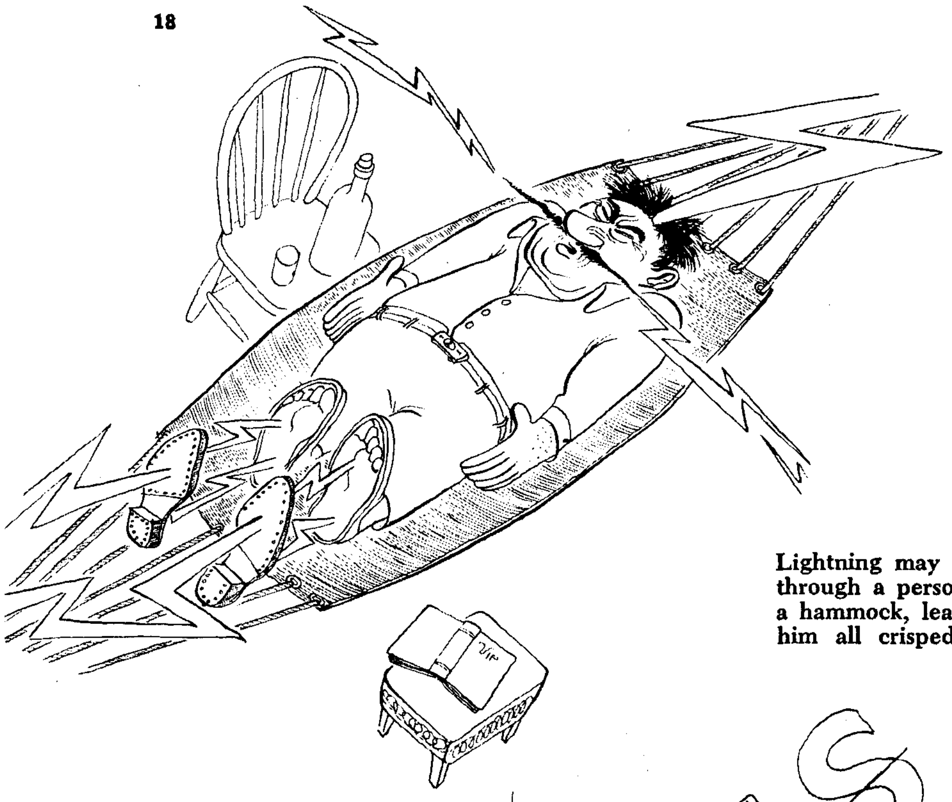
(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

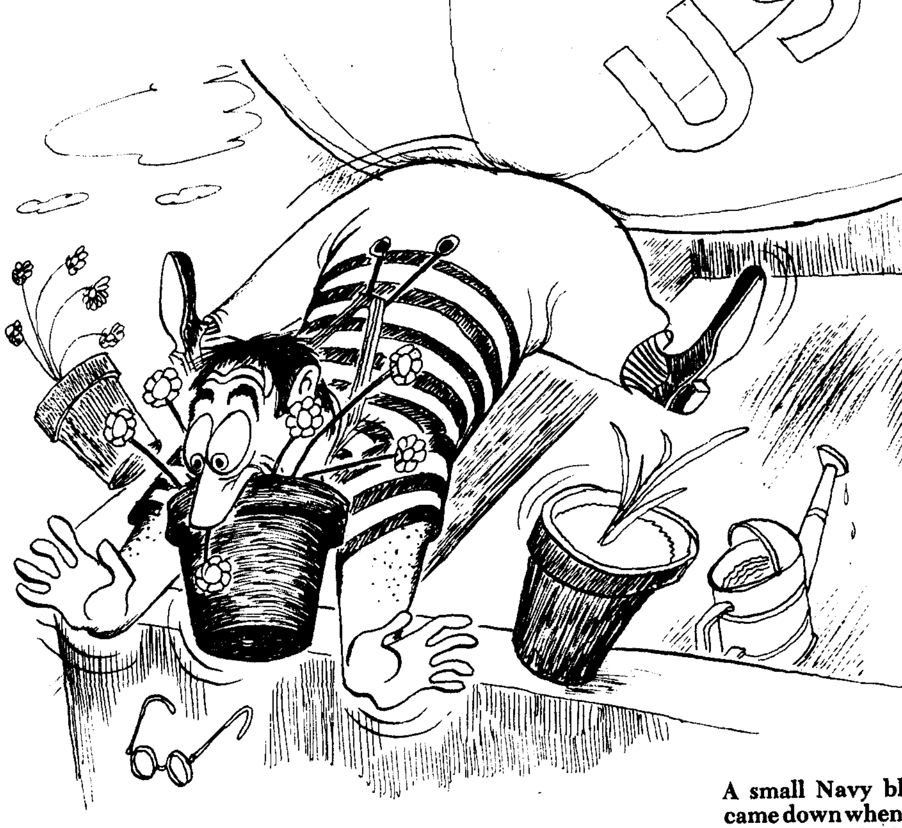
LOW MAN ON A LIGHTNING ROD

BY H. ALLEN SMITH

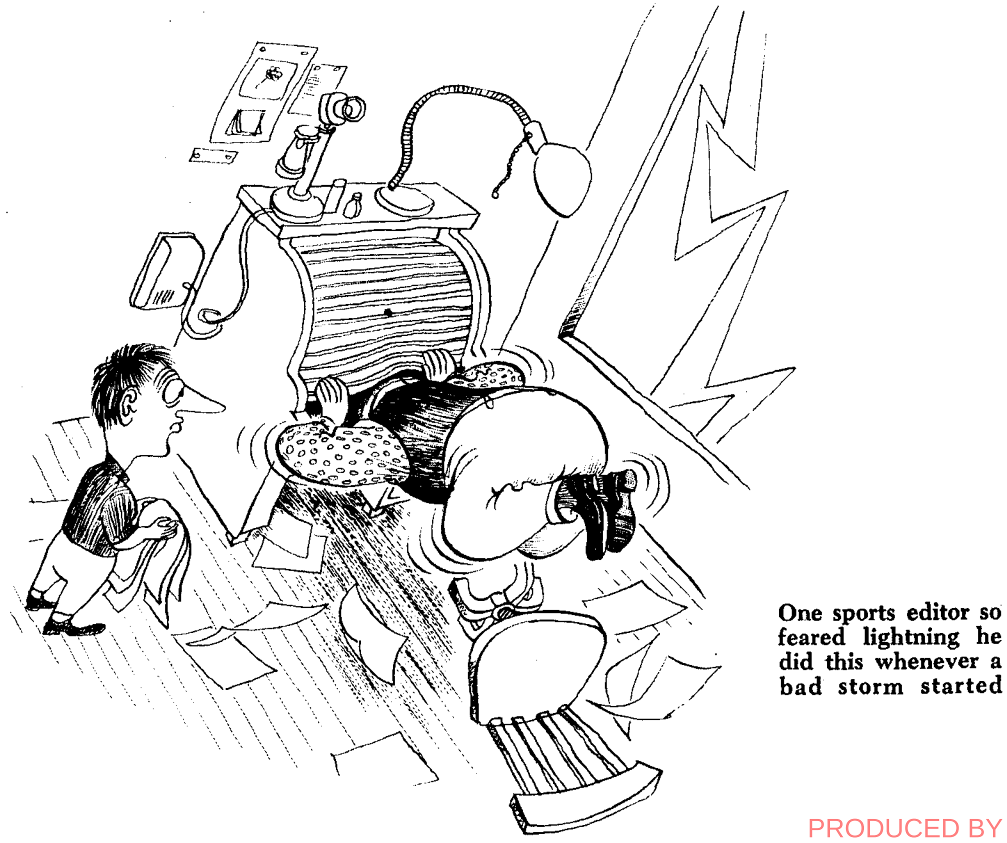
A noted authority on totem poles and putty knives* turns his talents loose on lightning and makes out rather badly



Lightning may leap through a person in a hammock, leaving him all crisped up



A small Navy blimp came down when this man wasn't looking, and nudged him over



One sports editor so feared lightning he did this whenever a bad storm started

A FEW months ago the newspapers carried an item about a girl who was struck by lightning. The bolt didn't kill her, nor did it hurt her, but it did a peculiar, freakish sort of thing to her. It happens that I have been making a study of lightning, so I clipped the item and carefully filed it. Now when I need it I can't seem to lay my hands on it. I clip and file things all day long, every day in the year, and having got them filed I seldom am able to find them again. If somebody really wants the secret of the atomic bomb protected, let him hand it to me and let me file it.

This much I can remember: There was something extraordinary about what happened to that girl. As I said she wasn't injured but the lightning amalgamated her back teeth, or confused the bobby pins she had in her hair, or warped her corset stays, or rectified her ingrown toenails. I think it was the bobby pins—the lightning seized hold of her bobby pins and tied them neatly in bow knots and then went away without so much as disturbing the molecular arrangement of her dandruff. An interesting case. I wish I had the facts.

I suppose that girl will be deeply interested in lightning for the remainder of her days. Certain it is she'll talk about it a lot, quite likely to the point of boring her friends. It'll get so her friends will say, "Oh, for heaven's sake, here comes Genevieve, and I can tell by the look on her face that she's gonna tell about the time her bobby pins got struck by lightning."

In this respect her experience was an unfortunate one. It is comparable to the experience of a man who used to live in an apartment house near La Guardia Field on Long Island. One afternoon this man was on the roof of the apartment building tending to some plants he was trying to cultivate in flowerpots. He was bending over the plants when something gave him a push from behind and sent him sprawling over the pots. He looked around to see who had pushed him and found a dirigible on his back.

It was a Navy dirigible, small as dirigibles go, and it had somehow got out of control and was just bumping along aimlessly. It came down gently onto the apartment roof when the amateur gardener wasn't looking and simply nudged him over. After that it proceeded on its haphazard way. I talked to the man afterward. There wasn't a scratch on him, though I think his mind was affected.

"It felt," he said, "just like somebody had come up behind me while I was bent over the flars and give me a little shove like, and when I turned my head around I was ready to hop up and bust somebody right in the puss, and there it was, a Zepplin on toppa me."

That man became a bore, telling his story over and over to the same people, dating all the events of his life against that moment when a "Zepplin" snuck up on him. He got so he would even approach strangers on the street and, as a preliminary to telling his story, ask them if they had ever been knocked down by a "Zepplin." One day he went up to a cosmetics salesman who was standing in a drugstore and asked his question. The salesman had been tipped off by the druggist.

"You ever happen to be knocked down by a Zepplin?" asked the bore.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said the salesman. "How did you know that? It so happens I was knocked down by a Zepplin back in . . ."

"I mean," the bore interrupted quickly, "I mean when you wasn't lookin'!"

To tell the truth about it, I envied him vigorously, just as I envy the girl whose bobby pins got struck by lightning. Those people represent celebrity through solid achievement. To me they have a much greater distinction than many individuals who today are accorded the rank of celebrity. I have in mind a thing my brother-in-law said to me recently. He belongs to a businessmen's club and he remarked that the club had been having some "very interesting celebrities" at its meetings.

"Who, for instance?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "one of them was Tarzan's stand-in."

Close to the Heart of Nature

All my life I had been a city fellow or a town boy, but a year and a half ago I became a rural-router and came to grips with nature. The tiniest detail of living in the country has been enthralling as well as baffling to me. I am, in fact, going to write a whole book about it, as who hasn't? Right now, however, I'm only going to treat of a single phase of Nature's perverse antics—lightning.

A city fellow moves to the country and in no time at all finds himself willy-nilly (an expression) fooling around with mechanical matters. Always before, when something went wrong it was a simple matter to go to the dumb-waiter and holler down the shaft: "Oh, Sooper!" And the man would come up and fix it. Now I've had to learn about tools and compost and one-quart-equals-two-pints and household hints (to carry a cup of coffee across the room without spilling it on the carpet, leave the spoon in the coffee and it won't slosh around much). Where formerly I thought a toggle joint was a cheap dance hall, I now know what a toggle joint is. I think.

From learning to use tools I soon discovered the importance of improvisation and invention. This is conducive to serious thought and I soon found myself daydreaming over the possibility that, in my tinkering, I might stumble upon some important mechanical discovery that would alter the course of history—that I might find some natural law which other men had overlooked. It had happened to other men, why not to me?

This sort of speculation led inevitably

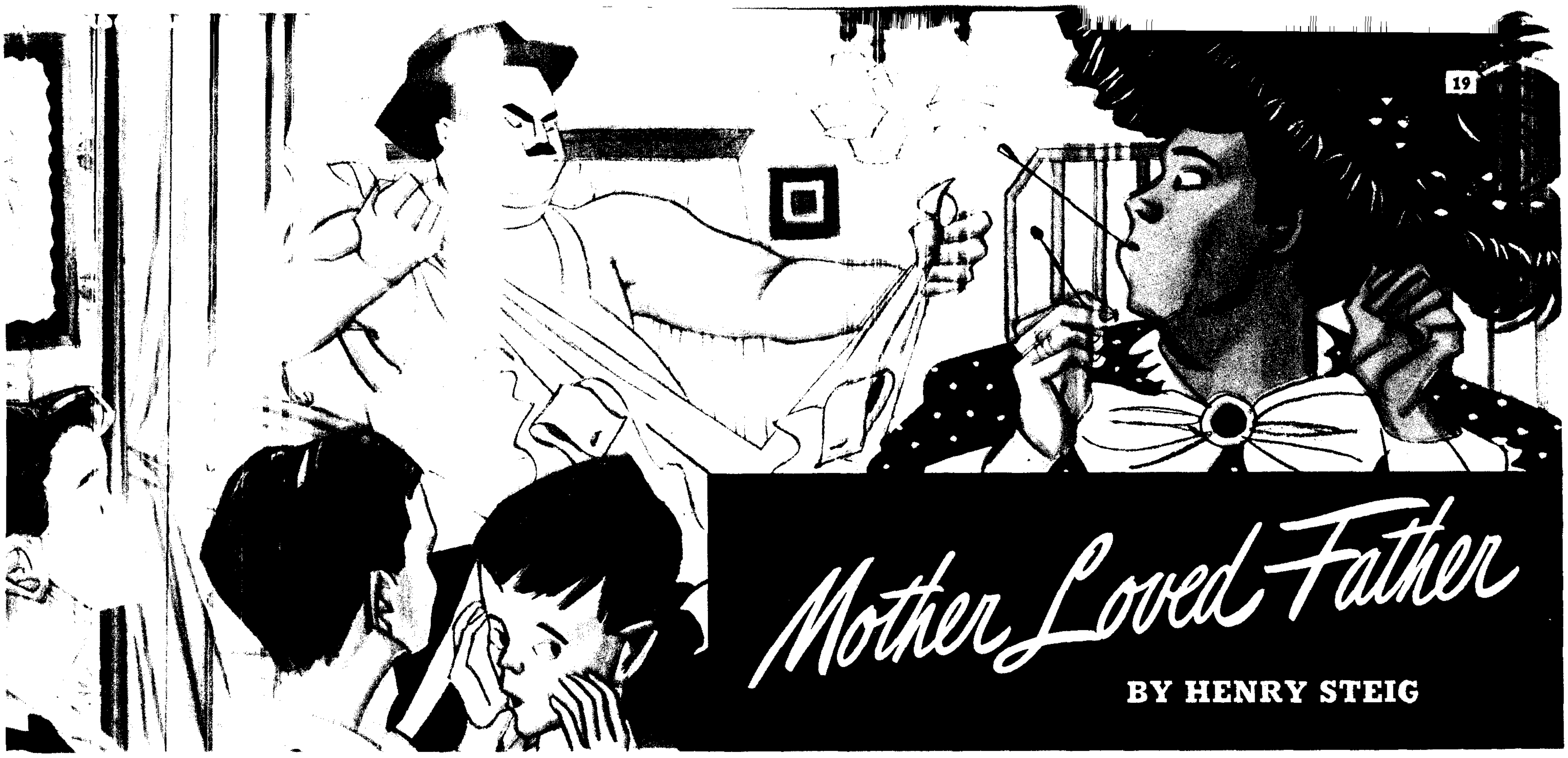
(Continued on page 54)

**See Week's Work, Page 85.*

ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL PARTCH

Mother Loved Father

BY HENRY STEIG



Jerry [illegible] asleep, but Eddie, Paul and I saw it. It was all like a show in a theater—Mama and Papa were the performers, we three the audience

PA[illegible] hurriedly for a m[illegible] appointment. H[illegible] shirt out of his bureau [illegible] on, started buttoning it, a[illegible] place where there was no [illegible] He took the shirt off as if it were [illegible] remembering that there were two others which lacked buttons and that he had told Mama about them days ago.

"Hey, Ella!"

Eddie, Paul and I, at breakfast in the kitchen at the other end of the apartment, only cringed slightly, but Mama, who was busy serving us, put her hands over her ears.

"Ella!"

Mama went out of the kitchen and halfway down the long narrow hallway where Jerry was working out on his kiddy car. "I hear you, I hear you."

"What about these shirts?" Papa demanded.

"Shirts, first thing in the morning!" With Jerry following her, Mama went all the way to her and Papa's bedroom. "Must I fix them right now, this instant?"

"I've asked you a hundred times!"

"Ta!" Mama gasped. "Why do you say such things?"

"A dozen times, at least."

"Only once that I can remember, Dan, and I have a very good memory," said Mama. "I've been so busy—first chance I get . . ." She found a good shirt for Papa and returned to the kitchen to see that her three older sons finished their prunes and oatmeal and cocoa. Jerry went back to the hallway and began riding up and down again. He was three years old. Eddie was fifteen, Paul nine, I eleven.

Soon there was another noise from Papa. He got run into, in the hallway, on his way to breakfast. He limped into the kitchen, rubbing his shin. "A man could get crippled around here! Well, where's my breakfast?"

"Give me a chance to get it on the table."

"I told you I was in a hurry."

"You're always in a hurry."

"The boys got theirs, all right, but when it comes to me—"

"Poor, neglected man. If you want your breakfast on time, don't bother me with shirts, first thing in the morning."

Eddie, Paul and I got out of their way and went off to school.

Early on Sunday afternoon, a few days later, we were all getting spruced up for an outing to the zoo when Papa ran across those shirts again.

"Ella, how many times do I have to beg you to sew a few buttons for me?"

"I'll do it as soon as I can. There are lots of other things on my mind."

"Just some buttons! Don't you want to do it, or are you such an inefficient housewife that it's too much for you, or what?"

Mama controlled herself. She knew she'd better, if we were to get to Bronx Park that day. Papa would just as soon have stayed home as it was: we'd had to do a lot of coaxing to get him away from a painting he'd been working on since early morning—a copy of a post-card view of the Grand Canyon at sunset. "I'll answer you some other time," she said and let him cool off, saving the day. Papa forgot about the shirts and the outing was a success.

Mama had a lot to do, running the house and looking after us, and for one reason or another she didn't get to those three shirts in time to avoid a scene. Papa, who was getting very tired of putting them on and taking them off, ran afoul of one on a night when he and Mama were dressing to go out—they had family-circle tickets for the opera.

"Damn it, Ella!" he said, waving the shirt at her, "why don't you attend to this? I can never get you to do the least little thing for me, damn it!"

"Ta! What a low, mean thing to say!" Mama replied. "Just for that, you can sew the buttons on yourself!"

"You refuse! I beg you a thousand times to do a single little thing for me, and you refuse!" Papa seized the shirt by the tail in both hands and tore it straight up the back. He dug out the other two shirts and tore them in halves.

JERRY missed it—he was asleep in his crib in the dining room—but Eddie, Paul and I saw it. The three of us had gathered in the parlor, adjoining our parents' bedroom, to find out what was going on. It was all like a show in a theater. Mama and Papa were the performers; the lit-up bedroom was the stage; the wide opening between the two rooms, framed in wine-colored portieres, was the proscenium; we three were the audience.

Mama stared at the rags at Papa's feet. "So that's the kind of mood you're in!" she said.

"Three perfectly good shirts," said Eddie, who was in his second year at high school. "What a grandstand play!"

"Don't interfere!" Papa shouted.

"Take it easy—you'll wake the baby," I said.

"That's all we need," Paul said.

"Shut up in there!" said Papa.

"That man is out of his mind," Mama said. "I'm not joking, I really mean it!" She took off the hat she'd been fussing with, which looked like a nesting eagle, and put it back in its huge hatbox. "A nice evening I'd have had with him!"

"Aw, Ma!" Paul said.

"I'm staying home—I'm not going out with a madman."

"So!" said Papa. He got the tickets, held them out in front of Mama's nose, tore them in halves, then quarters, then eighths, and let the pieces flutter to the floor.

We held our breaths for a moment. Then Mama said: "Another one of those gestures of his! And he thinks he's done something smart. Well, we'll see." She took a small valise out of the closet, dusted it off, and began packing it.

"What are you doing, Mama?" I asked. "What's the idea?"

"I'm going away, that's what."

Papa threw his hands in the air, tramped into the parlor, put a light on near the phonograph, and got out an album of opera records. He'd been all set for I Pagliacci and he was going to have some of it.

"Where to?" Eddie asked Mama.

"Maybe Aunt Eva's, maybe a hotel—"

"A hotel," Papa said above the music. "Maybe the Waldorf."

"Yeah, Ma," Eddie said. "It takes dough."

"I've got money, don't worry about it," Mama said. She must have meant the money Papa had given her for next week's groceries. "And I could easily get a job, you know, if it came to that. Good dressmakers are always in demand."

"You're just fooling," Paul said.

"Oh, no, I'm not."

"You're really going away?" I said. "For how long?"

"I don't know. A week, at least. I need a rest from that man."

"She needs a rest from *me,* ha-ha," Papa laughed.

"If not for my sons, I'd stay away for good," Mama said. She closed the bag and put on her coat and everyday hat.

Eddie, Paul, and I watched in disbelief. How could Mama go away and leave us for a whole week? How could she let the house go to pieces, as it surely would, without her, in much less than a week? And who was going to do the cooking?

"Aw, come on, now, Ma—forget it," Eddie said.

"Not this time," said Mama.

"You can't go," Paul said. "We won't let you."

"Let her, let her," said Papa, changing records on the phonograph. "She has the right to go if she wants to."

"A lot he cares," Mama said.

She tiptoed to the dining room for a last look at Jerry, who was still fast asleep. Then she came back, kissed her older sons goodby, picked up the bag and headed for the front door. But we got there first.

WHILE we pleaded and struggled with her, Papa, near at hand in the parlor, was getting deep into the finale of I Pagliacci.

"Let her go, boys," he said. "Let her go, if that's her wish. *'La commedia e finita.'* "

After a minute or two, Mama gave it up. "At least my sons love me," she said and let us take her to the bedroom.

"Talk about grandstand plays," Papa muttered, closing up the phonograph.

We helped Mama off with her coat and saw that the bag was emptied and put back in the closet, where it belonged. Then, sighing, Mama sat down with the torn shirts and began examining them. Papa came quietly to the doorway and looked in.

"Such nice shirts—it's a crime," Mama said, shaking her head.

Papa kept quiet.

Mama turned the shirts over and over on her lap. "You did a good job," she said at last. "It's hopeless."

"And if Mama can't fix them, no one can," Eddie said.

"I suppose so," said Papa. And then, trying to keep a straight face: "Well, I needed some paint rags, anyway."

"There you are!" Mama said. "Is that man a lunatic or isn't he? I leave it up to you." But now she was smiling.

Eddie, Paul, and I looked at each other. It had suddenly struck me, and my brothers too, I guessed, that maybe Mama and Papa had counted on us not to let her go away, but none of us said anything about it, ever.

a short short story

complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

SURESHOT MERMAN

By Amy Porter

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX

Ethel Merman has a Broadway record of ten hits, no flops. A fitting person to play the role of Annie Oakley, likewise a gal who never missed

IT TOOK Ethel Merman just ten minutes to become a star. When she came on stage in her first Broadway show, Girl Crazy, she was strictly a nobody from somewhere in Astoria. She sauntered across the stage, a startling character with a round face, a bush of dark hair, a red blouse, a tight black satin skirt split at the knee. She stood there spraddle-legged, in the cocksure, insolent way she has.

She opened her mouth, wide. The voice came out, loud, in a song about a floozy named Delilah. . . . The great big Merman personality grabbed hold of that audience and held it. She finished off Delilah, and went on into *I got rhythm, I got music, I got my man, who could ask for anything more?** Hips and hands and head and voice, all went into the music, not thrown in there any which way, but blended in with symphonic precision. She lifted I Got Rhythm up to glory, and from that moment on, Broadway was hers. It still is hers.

Those ten terrific minutes happened 16 years ago. Between then and now Merman has established an unchallenged Broadway record: ten consecutive hits and no flops, not one. Her non-Broadway accomplishments include seven movies, marriage, two babies, and plenty of lusty living.

And her pace is accelerating, not diminishing, with the masterful Merman keeping a firm executive hand on all phases of her complicated life, the while she gives eight hearty performances every week in the most strenuous, and probably the best, Broadway role she ever had.

For her work in Annie Get Your Gun, Merman receives constant praise in the public prints, constant applause from capacity audiences, and a good steady 10 per cent of the gross, or about $4,500 a week.

"Yep, I am just a very happy character," she says.

She seems happy, too, bouncing around in her big duplex penthouse apartment on Central Park West, where she and her husband, Robert Levitt, and their two infant children live the year round, scorning the country, which in Ethel's opinion is disgustingly full of sweat and flies and mosquitoes and far more heat than you get in a breeze-swept apartment 15 stories up.

Upstairs a child started yelling. "Will you listen to that racket!" said Ethel, frowning, but not meaning the frown. "Hey, Littlebit," she screamed up the stairway, "stop that screaming!"

Littlebit's real name is Ethel Merman, Jr., and she is four years old. "You know who they say she inherits her temper from, don't you?" said Ethel, Sr., whose quick off-and-on temper is well known

The boy, Robert, Jr., is a year old.

For the children's summer comfort, the parents had a wading pool installed on the terrace—"and that ought to end the last argument for the country."

In the daytime the best view from the Merman-Levitt place is looking out over the greenery of Central Park. In the nighttime, the best view is looking down Broadway, all bright and beautiful against the dark. Ethel loves to look down Broadway. From her living room she can practically see her own name in lights, or anyway she can see the glow in the sky cast by the light of her name.

"Ethel Merman"—the letters are three feet high—"in Annie Get Your Gun."

A Backwoods Career Girl

The show tells the more or less true story of the sharpshooting life of Annie Oakley. Annie was a backwoods girl from Ohio who, when her little brothers and sisters were hungry, went out and shot rabbits and ducks and deer and things to feed them with. Then one day she wandered into town when they were holding a shooting match. She outshot the well-known sharpshooting showman, Frank Butler. They each shot at 25 live birds from a trap. Butler hit 24. Annie hit 25. She went on to fame throughout this country and abroad as the star attraction of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, licking everybody who challenged her to a shooting match, including Russia's Grand Duke Michael.

Even Chief Sitting Bull, the leading Indian of the day, acclaimed her a master markswoman. He called her "Little Sureshot," adopted her as his daughter and made her an honored member of his tribe, the Sioux. And Annie married Frank Butler.

Most of this comes to pass in the show, too, in superlative style: Book by Dorothy and Herbert Fields, music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, direction by Joshua Logan, production by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein . . . In fact an all-star job throughout.

Of course you worry for a while, there, as to whether or not Annie is going to get Frank (Ray Middleton) because, as she says in her song:

You can't shoot a male
In the tail
Like a quail,
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun.†

But you oughtn't to worry about Annie or Merman either. Annie was the kind of girl who, when she set out after pigeon, man or money, brought home pigeon, man or money, as planned. Ethel operates in the same sure way: picks her target, aims, fires, and hits the bull's-eye—every time.

People disagree on many points in Ethel's character—she is stingy with money or extremely generous, depending on who's talking. She is difficult and temperamental—or the best working companion in show business.

But nobody denies Ethel's strong will. Her work comes first, absolutely. The minute a show starts, she stops all drinking and all smoking.

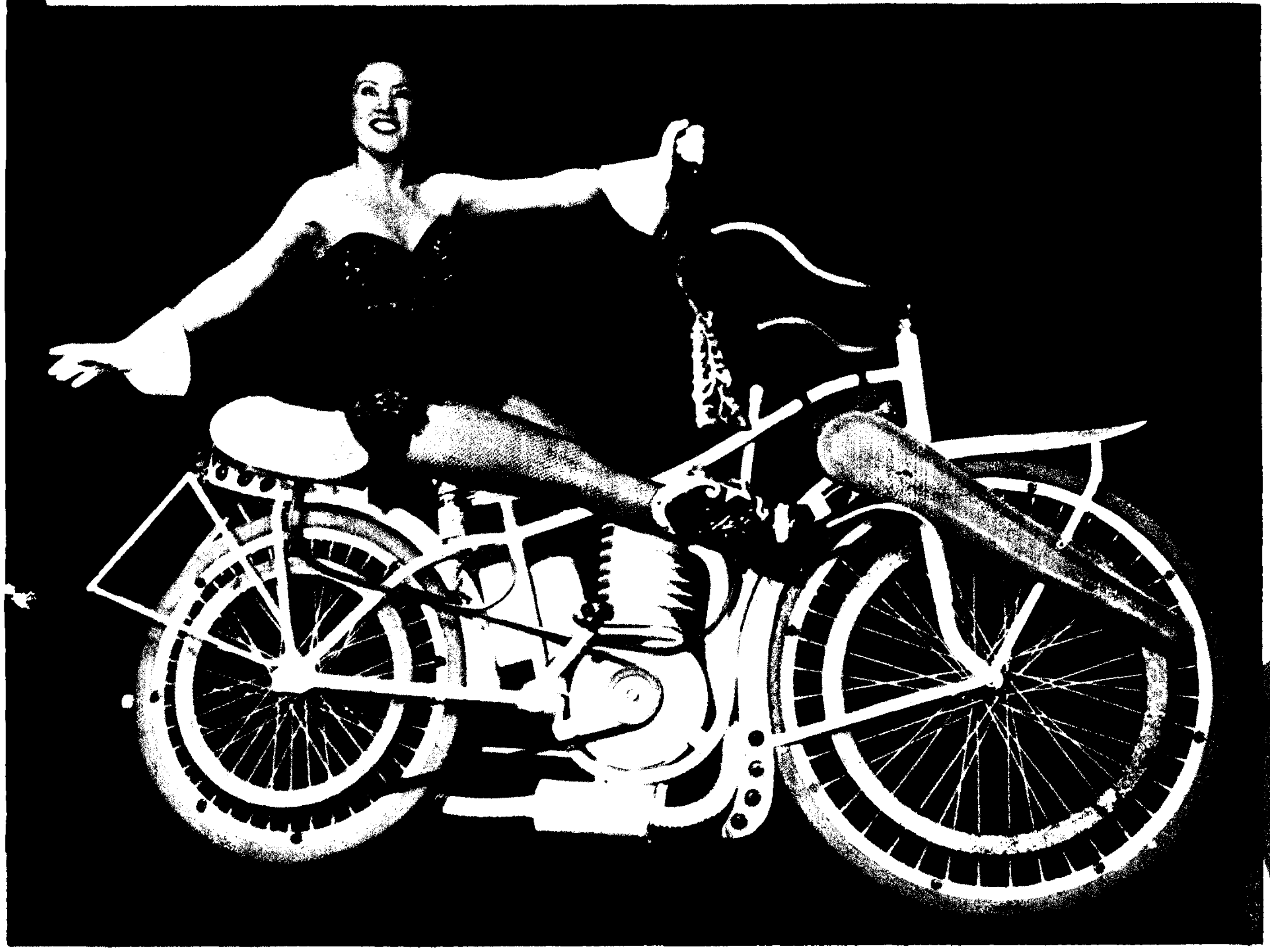
And it's too bad if she catches anybody in the cast drinking, either.

"I smell liquor on you!" she'll charge, and tear into the offender: "You—who do you think you are, trying to ruin this show! I work hard, and you'd better do the same. No more drinking!"

Ethel is hard on herself in lots of ways. She has four or five servants, but she is her own housekeeper, attending to every last household detail. If a bathroom floor needs scrubbing and there's nobody around to do it, she'll do it, and well. She is her own secretary, too, and efficient at it.

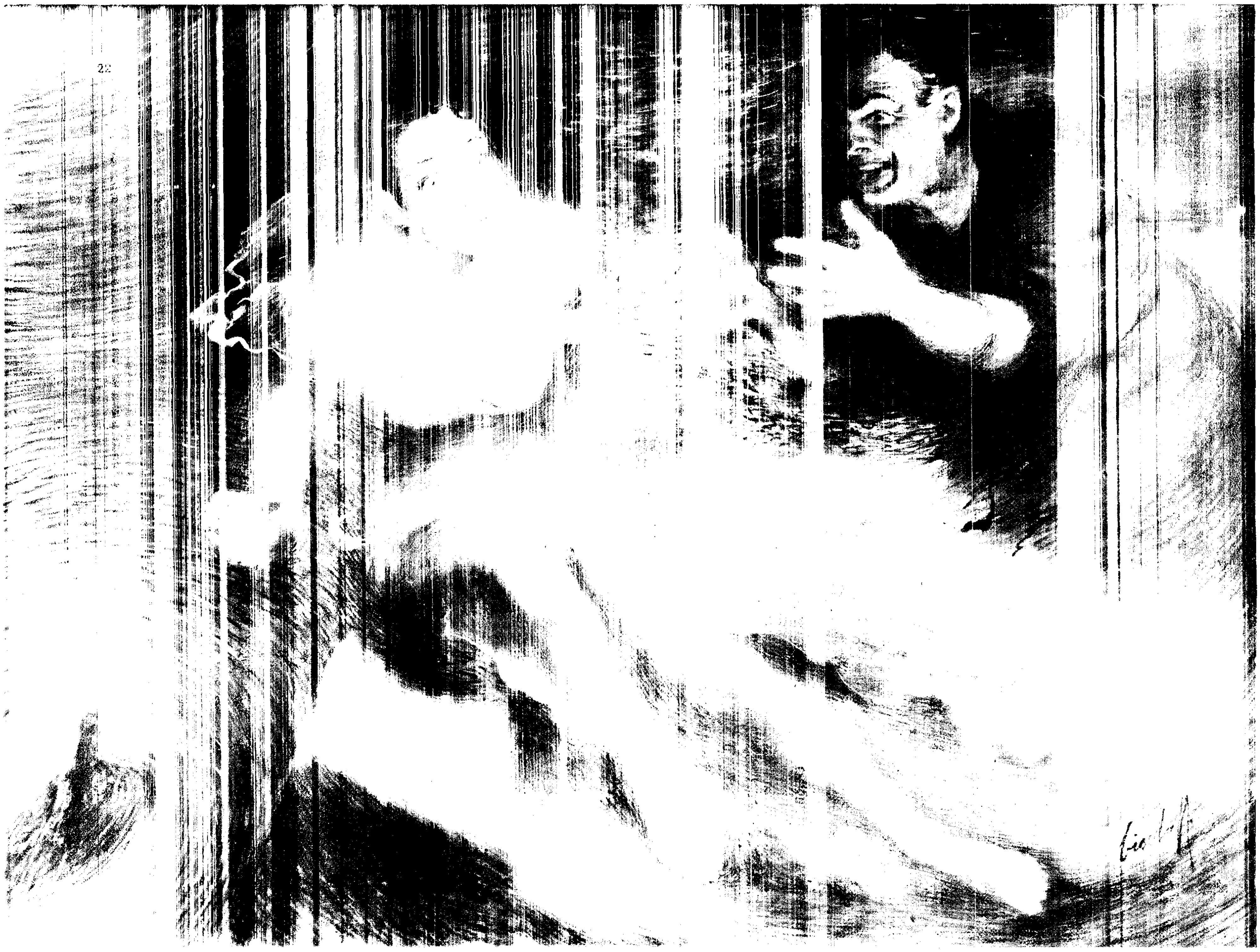
The day after Annie opened, a friend of hers offered to lend her a secretary to help her acknowledge all the flowers and telegrams. "Thanks just the same," said Ethel, "I sent the last note off this morning."

(Continued on page 82)



I Got Rhythm by Ira and George Gershwin. Copyright, New World Music Corp.

†*You Can't Get a Man with a Gun, Copyright 1946. Irving Berlin.*



A light fell across Alison's face and she swayed, a hand beating the empty air. Cordeley cried in fury as he saw her hesitate

Sleep, My Love

BY LEONARD Q. ROSS

The Story:

ALISON CORDELEY is a young matron afflicted with sleepwalking. She finds herself in Boston after a mysterious train trip she cannot recall.

RICHARD CORDELEY is Alison's husband, apparently devoted to her, but actually working against her, trying to make her commit suicide in her sleep, so that he will be free to marry

DAPHNE VERNAY, a strip-tease dancer, who is playing Cordeley for all she can get. She is the stepdaughter of Cordeley's accomplice,

VERNAY, who finagled Alison's Boston trip. Upon her return, he masquerades as Dr. Rinehart, a psychiatrist, frightens Alison horribly—until she faints. Vernay escapes, and Cordeley, finding his wife unconscious, calls in the real

DR. RINEHART. Cordeley tells him Alison imagined the interview with Vernay, but the doctor finds this hard to believe.

BRUCE ELCOTT, whom Alison met on the plane coming home from Boston, is intrigued with Alison, takes charge of her a few days later at a party when Cordeley pretends to be called away on business.

CORDELEY meets Daphne, gives her a string of pearls. She accepts them, but refuses further entanglements with Cordeley until he is rid of Alison. . . .

III

THEY were dancing on the crowded floor of the Club Flamingo, and they were not talking much. When the music stopped, Alison said, "I suppose I'll never stop being surprised by you, Bruce. You dance beautifully."

"Why should that surprise you?" he asked.

"Because it just does."

He offered her a cigarette, and she noticed his watch band; it was made of silver, engraved.

He held out the band for her. The engraving said:

Bruce Elcott
Nobel Prize Winner 1941

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "I'm not *that* gullible! You couldn't have won a Nobel prize."

"I just had it engraved. It doesn't hurt anybody."

She studied him and shook her head fondly. "How did you learn to speak Chinese?"

"By putting my tongue against my teeth about ten thousand times, and I was in China for several years."

"Doing what?"

"Oh—different things. . . . You'd enjoy my trophies. I have some magnificent specimens. I collect honors. Take the fencing tournament at the Olympic Games in '36, for instance. You should have seen me in the finals!"

"You won, didn't you, Bruce? You went out and got a loving cup with two crossed rapiers and had it inscribed: 'Bruce Elcott, First Place, Olympic Games.'"

"It was the happiest moment of my life."

She leaned her head back and laughed heartily. "You're not married, are you?" she asked.

"How can you tell?"

"Any woman could spot you in a minute. You're the bachelor type."

"Am I?"

Something in the way he said it made her look up quickly. "Do you want to marry?"

"Don't be maudlin, woman. Don't you know that asking a man if he wants to get married is like asking a bee if it wants to make honey?"

Alison had no reply to that. So she started another topic:

"You've had the same background as Dick, went to the same sort of schools, certainly came from the same sort of family, but you're different. My father taught me to be suspicious—not of men,

(*Continued on page 33*)

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY E. BISCHOFF

THE TRUTH ABOUT HENRY KAISER

BY LESTER VELIE

Can Kaiser do with automobiles and houses and washing machines what he did with ships and steel during the war? That's the yet-unanswered question that makes him, at 64, the enigma of American industry

Conclusion

WHEN Henry J. Kaiser, storming Washington in 1940 for war work, pounded into the office of Leon Henderson, then in OPM, the cornered Henderson picked up the phone and called a Justice Department lawyer who had been jousting with the aluminum and magnesium "monopoly."

"There's a man in my office who says he can make fifty million pounds of magnesium, and if you don't hurry over he'll make it right here," he said.

But when Kaiser started in on Jesse Jones for a magnesium plant loan, his irresistible force met the immovable banker's eye.

"Ever made magnesium before?" Jones asked coldly.

"No."

"I suppose you have a tested process for making it?"

A tested process? Kaiser had bought patents on a "carbothermic" method, which apparently had never produced metal except in the mind of its refugee scientist inventor, who had developed it in Austria and Korea. It appealed to Kaiser, because he could use in its manufacture the gases employed to heat his Permanente cement kilns.

The government was pouring out millions of dollars to build magnesium capacity to be operated by producers at no risk to themselves. But with Kaiser, Banker Jesse Jones drove a shrewd bargain: thirty million dollars with which to build a plant, guaranteed by the earnings of the Kaiser shipyards, to be repaid in full plus 4 per cent interest.

When Kaiser's young sand-and-gravel men started to react the highly incendiary powdered magnesium against explosive gases, as indicated in the Hansgirg patents, a break in a pipe line sprayed inflammable dust, which blew up on contact with the oxygen in the air and killed two men.

To prevent the magnesium powder from blowing up before it could be translated into solid magnesium metal, Kaiser's men put oil in the dust. Dubbing this mess "goop," they heated it to 600 degrees centigrade with the aim of vaporizing the magnesium powder and precipitating it into crystals.

Then, as they labored with Kaiser at their backs in quest of magnesium metal, someone got an idea. Powdered magnesium was the primary incendiary bomb material during World War I. Why not make an incendiary of goop?

Kaiser's incendiary researchers filled empty beer tins with goop, put glass vials of water in them and tossed the cans into the cement quarry. The water oozed from the vials, and the beer cans burst into satisfying flame, as oxygen in the water ignited the goop.

The emboldened incendiarists got bigger cans, more water and started tossing goop incendiaries from the top of the Permanente cement-plant water tower to the road some 80 feet below. When the homemade bombs failed to go off, they got the guards out to shoot at the cans until they ignited.

Meanwhile, Kaiser's metallurgists had worked out the Hansgirg process and were producing magnesium metal.

Now, laden with goop, the exciting by-product of his magnesium venture, Kaiser rushed to Washington to see the Chemical Warfare Service.

That meeting flared into headlines. For goop was to be the incendiary that burned out the heart of Japan. This was the incendiary that the Army's Chemical Warfare Service later described as the "fourth and highest step in the development of incendiaries for the Army and Navy Air Forces, the incendiary nothing could put out."

The Chemical Warfare Service placed orders for all the magnesium goop that Kaiser could produce for a year. Kaiser made 86,000,000 pounds of it (of which about a third was magnesium powder). In addition he produced 23 million pounds of magnesium metal.

Critics described the magnesium project as Kaiser's biggest flop. Jesse Jones' Houston Chronicle cited it "as the most expensive process of all those employed by the government or private industry," pointed out that subsidies to Kaiser above the ceiling price for magnesium "cost the government $1,000,000."

A Lesson in Arithmetic

To this Kaiser replies that the government spent $370,000,000 to build plants to make urgently needed magnesium, but it didn't spend a penny on his plant, because he borrowed the money, $30,000,000, and paid it back to the RFC in four years plus $3,500,000 interest.

Besides, he says, figuring that the government will never get back the $370,000,000 it spent on magnesium plants, its magnesium cost the government from 63 cents to $1.10 a pound (depending on operating costs in the various plants). When the $3,500,000 interest he paid back to the government is taken into account, says Kaiser, his magnesium cost the government—even with the Metal Reserve subsidy—only 17½ cents a pound. A bargain, Kaiser comments.

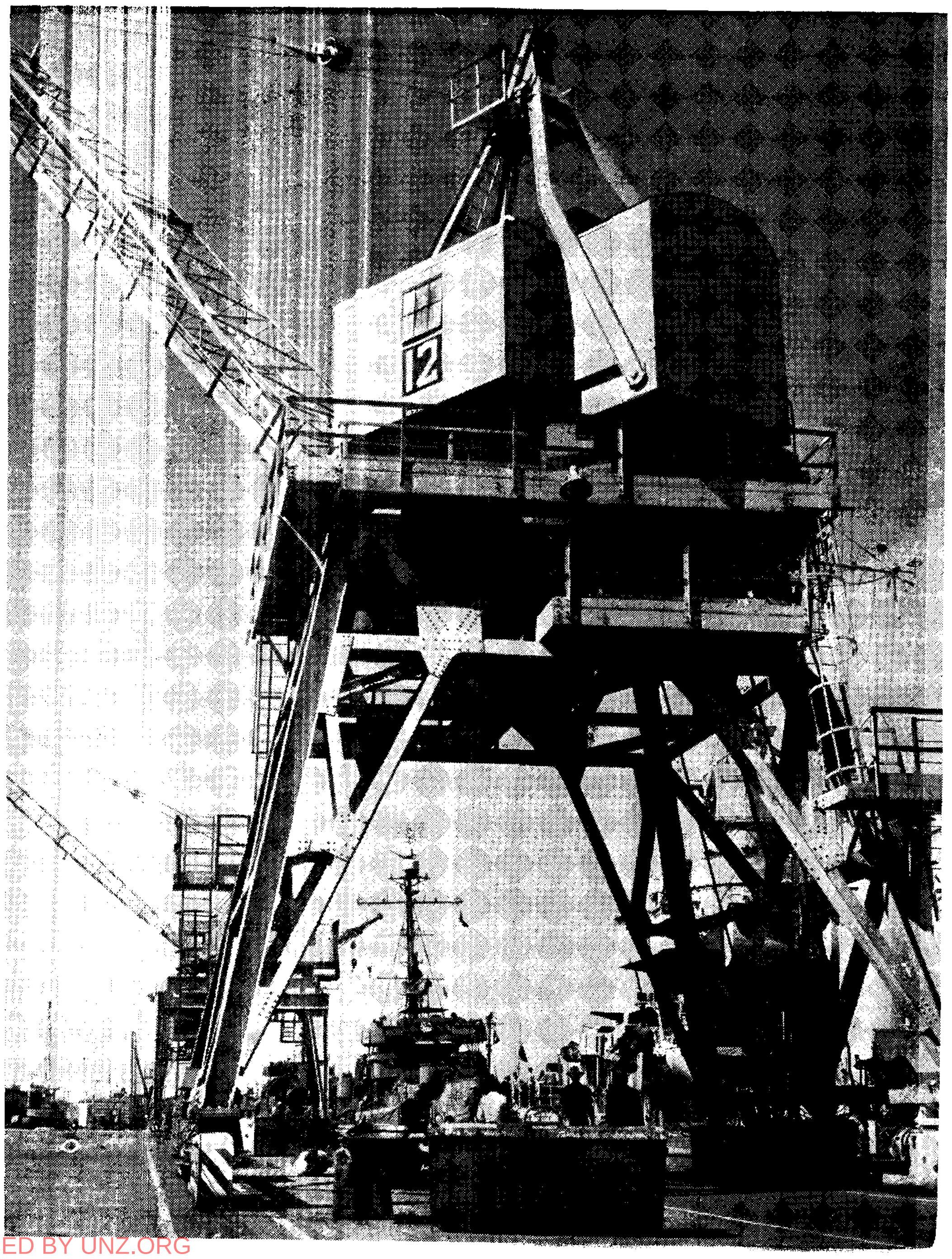
Like most bargains, it was to the advantage of one party. Kaiser lost money on magnesium during the war, although he came out with a magnesium plant, now closed as his engineers try for a cheaper process. But to Kaiser, the magnesium story has not yet really begun. He has just created (and sold) a two-part magnesium bus, complete with magnesium rest rooms for ladies and men. After the aluminum car of the future is obsolete, Kaiser sees a magnesium car lighter than that.

Like the magnesium plant, the Kaiser shipyards now lie largely idle (except for ship-repair work) as Kaiser labors to

(Continued on page 63)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

[illegible] teel for the West rolls out of Kaiser's Fontana, Calif., plant, operating [illegible] pacity. Below are some of the huge cranes that lifted prefabricated [illegible] ns into place to make possible Kaiser's amazing ship-production records



BOSTON'S *Incredible* CURLEY

BY JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

The investigations, scandals, fines and general trouble that seem to plague James Michael Curley, bother Boston voters not a bit. He's their boy and they take care of him, financially and otherwise

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX

JAMES MICHAEL CURLEY was found guilty by a District of Columbia jury of using the mails to defraud. He was sentenced to six months in jail and appealed. All of his trials and court appearances have been completely publicized and this one was no exception. Every shred of testimony was printed and broadcast even as he was campaigning for office, and yet he was elected mayor of Boston by the largest majority in the city's history.

Curley's record is fantastic and fabulous. He has tangled with courts, finance commissions and investigative bodies so often during the past half century that the people of Boston have long since become indifferent and bored by the details. Brass bands and cheering sections met him as he came home from the courthouse in Washington. The spectacle was well photographed and people outside of Massachusetts found it hard to believe.

How and why does Boston tolerate Curley? The country at large looks upon Boston as a freak city hoodwinked by a political Barnum, mesmerized by his voice and oratory or struck helpless by his political machine. Curley is no political Barnum. His voice is commonplace and he has no machine worthy of the name. He will not be impeached. He will run the city from jail if necessary—with the approval and applause of the electorate. He is mayor because the people of the city wanted him and they are satisfied. They may even elect him governor again.

To explain Curley it is necessary first to explain the Boston Irish and the other people who elect him. Whatever may be said about Curley can be said about them. If Curley's actions in office are reprehensible, their actions in electing him are equally so. They know all about him. They know what to expect of him. They elect and re-elect him in spite of boldface sweep headlines condemning him and the almost evangelical exhortations on the radio imploring people to repudiate him.

Myths and legends are being draped upon Curley; most of them are sheer nonsense. Yet the truth about him is not too obscure. Most of his critics have judged him by the record without going behind it for the background and causes of his acts and decisions. The common portrait of Curley as a ruthless dictator is actually a caricature. He doesn't compel the people of Boston to do and think what he tells them. The reverse is true. They know what they want him to do. They tell him so and make no bones about it. When he makes mistakes, they chastise him. When he gets out of hand they defeat him. When the record is finally written, he will be listed as the last of the paternal city bosses.

Political purists may shudder at it but the bald fact is: The people of the city love him. They've been electing him to public office for half a century and they'll keep right on electing him as long as he lives. In office, he lives and entertains lavishly. Out of office, he is usually broke, and the people of Boston have a wholesome respect for an ex-officeholder who is broke. It's clear then that while he might have lived high at their expense while in office, he didn't make use of the opportunity to live that way for life. They feel that he has made mistakes, some of them serious ones, but that the good he did will live after him.

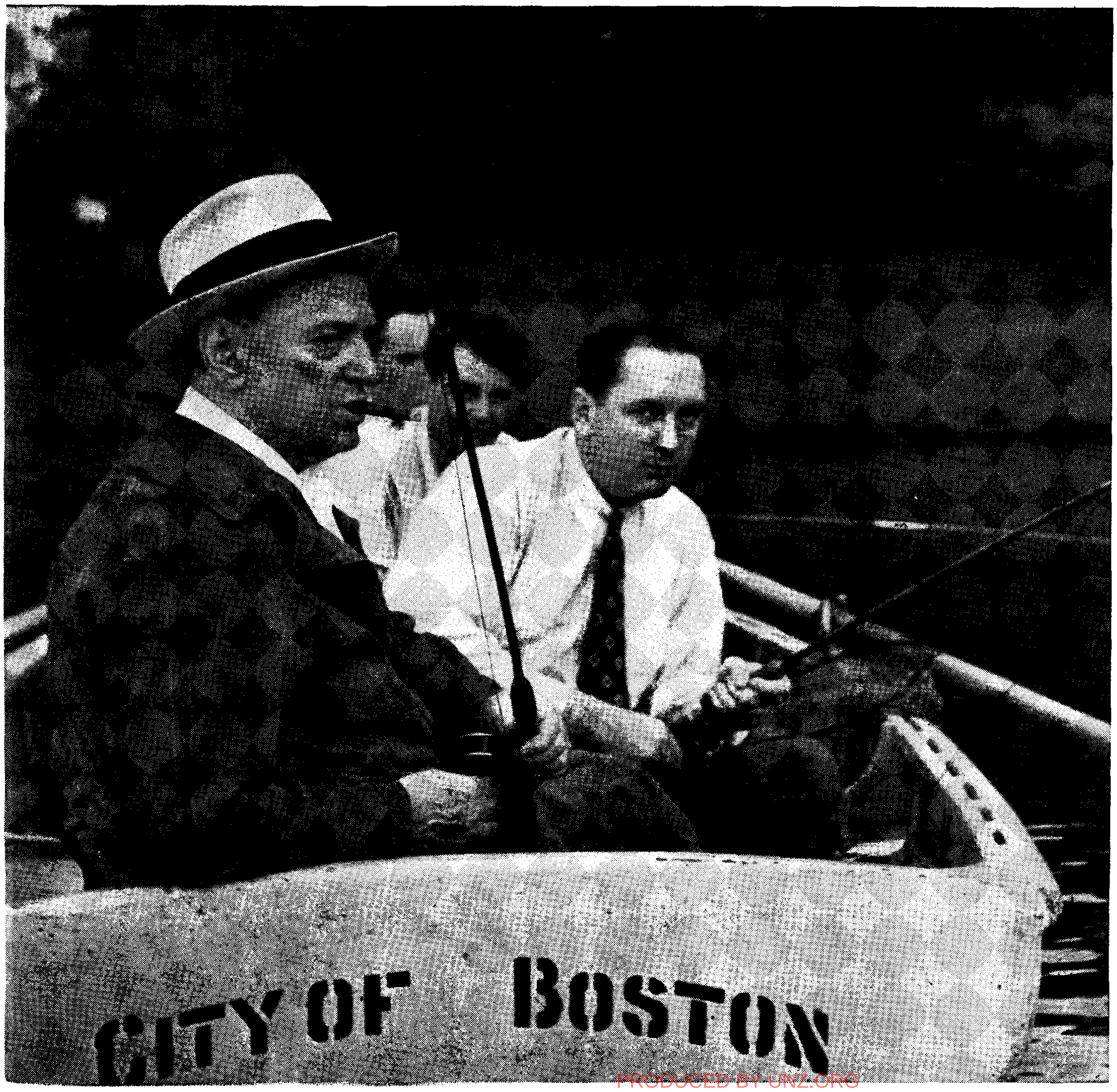
His Washington trial will shake the confidence of the Boston Irish in Curley far less than any other in which he is involved. He is still their leader and chief marksman in the century-old feud between the Beacon Hill Hatfields and the Irish McCoys from Cherry Valley. This vendetta has been going on now for almost a century, since the great immigration of 1847, and the Boston Irish have all but won the fight.

Pomp and Pageantry at Harvard

When James Michael Curley as Governor of Massachusetts was invited to participate in Harvard's tercentenary commencement in 1935, he made such a spectacle of it that Harvard and the Boston social set covered their mortified faces. He arrived with an escort of lancers, an impressive display of national guard, pomp, ceremony, gold braid, fanfare and beating of drums. Actually, he was following in minute detail the pattern of colonial governors, was being true to the tradition in a stricter sense than the officers and fellows of the Harvard Corporation. The yearly ceremony has not been held since.

A scion of Roxbury and Kerry Village, without a college education, at the appointed time Curley spoke his piece in the accent of an Oxford Don. He was the star orator of the day, making one of the best speeches of his career, and he stole the show as usual. It was the only Harvard commencement for which the Irish turned out en masse. Boston Irish kids are taught almost at their mothers' knees to root for Irish Boston College first and then for Yale. They stood on the side lines, grinning, enjoying the spectacle, saying: "That's our Jim. He did it again."

He knew what he was doing, and so



Occasionally in the early morning Mayor Curley goes fishing in Jamaica Pond while big-shot politicians line the banks. With him here is his son, Leo, right

did they He was thumbing their noses at Harvard and the Beacon Hill crowd, paying them back in part for those long bitter years in Boston when every Help Wanted sign carried the line: "No Irish Need Apply." The memories of the Boston Irish are long.

Every voter in Boston has been hearing for almost half a century the charge that Curley is a grafter, but they vote for him just the same. They know what they're doing and they know their Curley. He doesn't take bribes. He doesn't sell jobs or appointments; nor does he raid the city treasury. He couldn't. The eyes of six reporters and the Finance Commission, all watchdogs, are on it all the time. He doesn't get tips on the market or make "wise" investments.

He doesn't clip anybody and yet while he's mayor his income is far in excess of the $20,000 a year the job pays. It is no specified sum. It's whatever he wants whenever he wants it, or needs it. The Boston Irish, the Boston Jews and all the Boston racial groups see to that. Sometimes they ask him how much he wants or needs. Sometimes they guess at it. If he needs it, he accepts it. If he doesn't, he refuses it. It may be $50,000 one year and $150,000 the next. It's the accumulated contributions of thousands, given in consideration of past favors—it's never an over-the-counter bargain for current or future favors.

Hundreds of persons benefit heavily and thousands substantially in every Curley administration. His budget this year calls for the expenditure of $55,455,000. Well over 1,000 persons will be paid for machinery, merchandise, supplies and services out of that sum. In figuring the price he will ask, each of these persons will include a certain amount—usually 10 to 15 per cent—to cover sales expenses, commissions, discounts, etc. It's the normal practice in business. But when they deal with Curley they don't have to pay out that 10 to 15 per cent because Curley avoids salesmen and intermediaries and deals directly with the boss of the firm involved

The result is that this year those who do business with the city will have savings of between $5,545,500 and $8,318,250 which they would not have had if the same business had been done with anyone except the city.

Two Codes of Business Ethics

There's nothing illegal about any of this: it's the common practice of private business. But the common practices of private business become graft and corruption in public business—if the 10 to 15 per cent is paid to a public official on the sly for his role in completing the deal. With Curley that doesn't happen.

But suppose that a few months later, when it became noised about that the Boss was running low on funds, a contractor or broker, who because of the nature of sale to the city got out of city business a commission free of sales expense or splits that he would not normally get in private business, dropped out to the house and said: "Things have been going pretty well, Jim. It's been a good year up to now. I thought you might be able to use this," and dropped a couple of thousand dollars in his lap. What does a city boss do then? Say, "Thanks Old Man; that's very thoughtful of you," or does he spit in his eye?

Born in a tenement in the Roxbury section of Boston in 1874, Curley attended public grammar school only until he was 10 years old. His education was cut short by the death of his father, which left the support of his mother to James and an older brother, John. He got a job as an order boy in a grocery store and finished his education at night school. He became a clerk in a bakery supply house and even before he was old enough to vote began ringing Roxbury doorbells, giving street-corner speeches and doing ward chores. By the time he was 26 he was a member of the Boston Board of Aldermen.

He climbed the political ladder fast, went on to the state legislature and in 1910 he was elected to Congress from the 10th Massachusetts District. He was re-elected and in 1913 he returned to Boston announcing that he would contest for the mayoralty with any candidate who might care to accept his challenge. He was elected and would have been re-elected if the law did not prevent him from succeeding himself.

He was elected again in 1920 and again in 1928, and before that term had expired became a candidate for governor. He was elected and before his term expired announced himself a candidate for U.S. Senator against Henry Cabot Lodge in 1936. But he got out of hand as governor and the Boston Irish punished him by defeating him. He remained out of office until 1942 when he was again elected to Congress from Charlestown, a Boston suburb.

James Michael Curley has a temper. His worst friends and best critics concede that he is a master of city and state administration when he works at it and can be restrained from blowing his top. Curley's enemies—usually Mayflower descendants, blue bloods or bankers—are expert in making him mad. When that happens, he does things that the people who elect him don't want him to do, and then the Boston Irish have a hard time whipping him back into line.

But Curley knows politics and politicians. He is probably the country's first expert in city government in all of its ramifications. He knows and understands businessmen and bankers in their relationships with the city and state. He can sense their motives and foresee their profits on any deal. He can jockey one against the other.

His Fine Public-Works Program

Yet when he is out of office, when he must make a living in business, he is as unskilled as a high-school freshman. He treats businessmen like politicians and gets into trouble. Nobody could fool him in the building of magnificent holes in the ground like the Sumner Vehicular Tunnel or the Kenmore Subway Extension, and yet out of office he has put his own money into worthless holes in the ground—gold mines that were sold to him by slick confidence men. Years ago he said, "Public service is my business"; he has been ridiculed publicly for it often, but it seems to be the truth. The only hospitals, schools, solariums, subways, tunnels and municipal improvements that Boston has received in the past 35 years were built by Curley.

Now he plans to sweep all parked automobiles off Boston streets into a massive garage under hallowed Boston Common, build an elevated highway around the city, hand over to veterans all city-held property for homes and apartments and rebuild several fire-trap schoolhouses. Mayflower descendants, coupon clippers and the people who worry about tax rates are having the jitters because real estate in Boston is already unmercifully taxed. They're sharpening a new supply of barbs to needle him and make him mad.

There will be scandals in this administration. There will be because scandals and Curley go together as naturally as pork and beans. When it is all over, the dwindling cluster of Boston blue bloods who, Curley says, think they were appointed by God to guard the city of Boston, will charge that the city treasury is as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Curley will retort that the treasury is in better condition than it was before he took office and will have an official audit to prove it. But the Boston Irish and the city at large will pay very little attention. They will have the garage under the Common, the elevated highway, and there will be G.I. homes and apartments.

There will be an investigation. Somebody will try to haul Curley into court or throw him in jail, and the facts will become so clouded by Curley's strangely honest and unconcerned failure to explain the questionable improvement step by step that nobody will be able to figure out who is right. And the people of the city won't be interested in any part of it but the outcome.

The last time that happened was in the General Equipment case in which Curley was charged with clipping the city on a contract. The chief witness against Curley was an admitted perjurer

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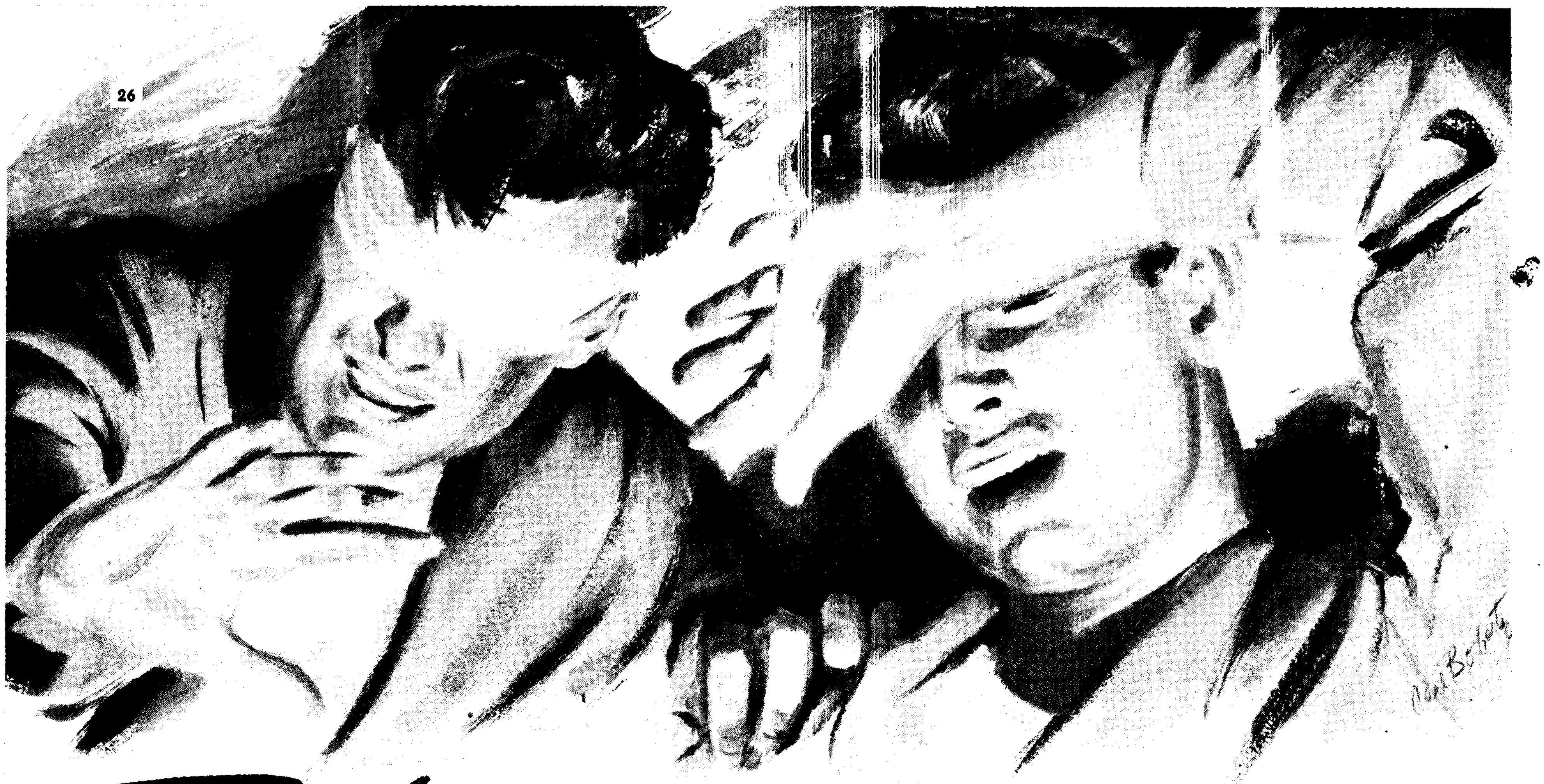
ASSOCIATED PRESS

Curley's conviction of mail fraud in Washington, D. C., didn't prevent a mob of his supporters and friends from welcoming him when he arrived home



The Leopard

BY ROBERT RICHARDS

"Someone may get to us," Johnny the Ball said. "Let's wait a few minutes and see." Then there was a solid crash and hot air, and hotter flames, pressed into the room

You get to see a lot of things when you're blind. How to snap a girl's heart on a leash, how to use your sightless eyes as a weapon, if you want to

IT WAS strange the way it happened. She hadn't been with me three seconds, not long enough for me to light up a cigarette, but she said, "Well, Pops, you haven't changed."

I knew what she meant, too. I felt it inside me, even if I was blind in both eyes, walking around the bottom half of a deep, dark hole. The strings were still there, just as they had always been, and all that I had to do was to start pulling. One hard jerk and Minerva would come back to me.

And there was a tight little knot behind my ribs, turning and twisting. I still wanted her pretty badly myself. I guess I wanted Minerva more than anything.

I thought about Johnny the Ball lying in a room across the hall. He was flat against his bed, doing nothing but thinking. Johnny had never learned that sometimes you must stop thinking. He was so damned young, and he took things too hard.

"Relax, boy," I told him. "Take it easy." But he wouldn't, not Johnny.

"Does it hurt, Pops?" she asked.

I rubbed a hand across my eyes. "They're dead," I told her. "Nothing hurts much if it's dead, honey."

"Sometimes I prayed that you would be dead, too," she said. "Did you know that over there? Did you ever think about it?"

"I felt it," I said. "Yes, many a time with the flak coming up, I looked out and felt it."

I thought for a moment that I had heard Johnny cry out, yelling my name just the way he had done that afternoon. The afternoon that our B-17 caught fire and the fighters kept coming in, like ants around a cracker box. I listened hard, but I couldn't hear a thing. "Imagination," I told myself. "Nothing but imagination."

Minerva's voice changed then. It sounded like a telephone girl's when you keep giving her the wrong number. I knew that she was trying to be tough, trying to be cold. It's simple to evaluate voices when you're blind. "It's all over with us. You know that, Pops?"

"I do," I said. "Of course, I know it."

"That's good," Minerva told me. "I'm glad that you realize it, because it'll save us both trouble. I'm in love again, you see. I'm going to get married."

"Just like that," I said, "without getting any green light from old Pops?"

"You were my boss long enough, Pops. You kept me singing low notes most of the time, remember? Sometimes you were fun, sometimes you made me laugh, but I'll always believe that you liked to see me cry."

"Just the same, if it hadn't been for the war, baby, we would be married now," I told her. "If they hadn't put me into a monkey suit, we'd be man and wife. You know that as well as I do."

"Then let's call it one of the war's little blessings," Minerva said. "Let's be frank, boy, and call it that."

I smiled and sat down by a window. I knew that it was near a window because I could feel the wind stealing through the cracks and blowing across my arm. "Lucky for you, all right," I said. "I wouldn't be much of a catch now, would I? With plastic eyes?"

THEN Minerva's voice became suddenly afraid. "Don't you do it," she said. "Don't start hitting below the belt now. You can't work on me like that."

But I knew that I could, without any trouble. I could go to work on her just as easy as anything, if I wanted to do it. Minerva Deane had loved me most of her life, had tailed me around like a shoeshine boy, and it was hard for her to change. We had grown up together on the same street, and she had always been my girl. I guess that's why I never appreciated her, I mean the way she should have been appreciated. I guess that's why I kicked her around sometimes.

I liked the horses too much, that was my trouble. I liked to bet, and I always liked to see them run. "One more killing," I always said, along with the other suckers. "Just one more big win, baby."

I should have known better. I was born in Kentucky, three miles down a dirt road from an exercise track, and I used bluegrass for a toothpick. I knew a dozen thoroughbreds by their stable names before I was four.

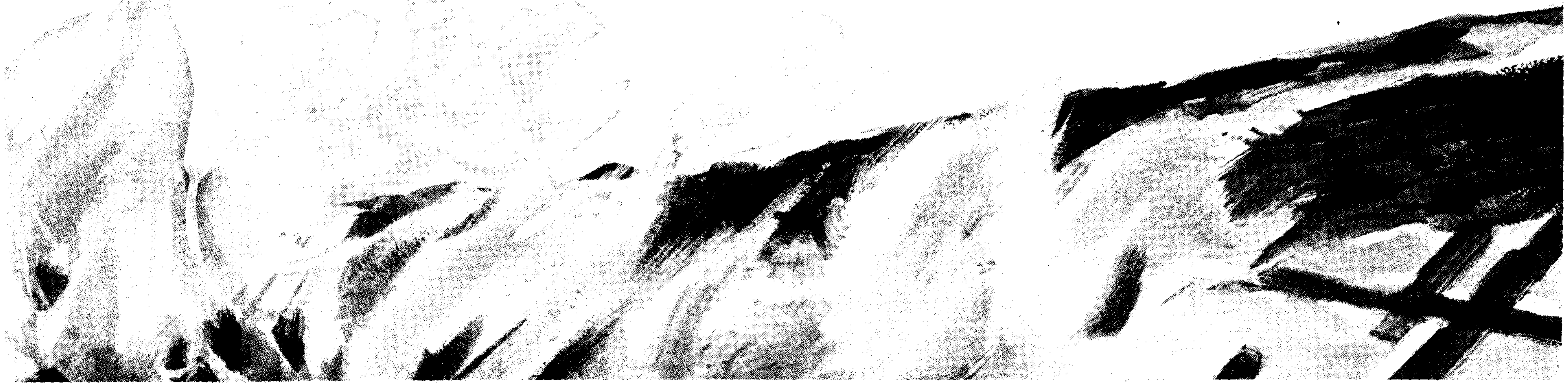
It was down home that I picked up the name of Pops. Even when I was a kid, still wearing short corduroys, I went around handing out information and advice. If I told folks that a horse was good in the mud, or nasty at the post, they knew I was pretty apt to be right.

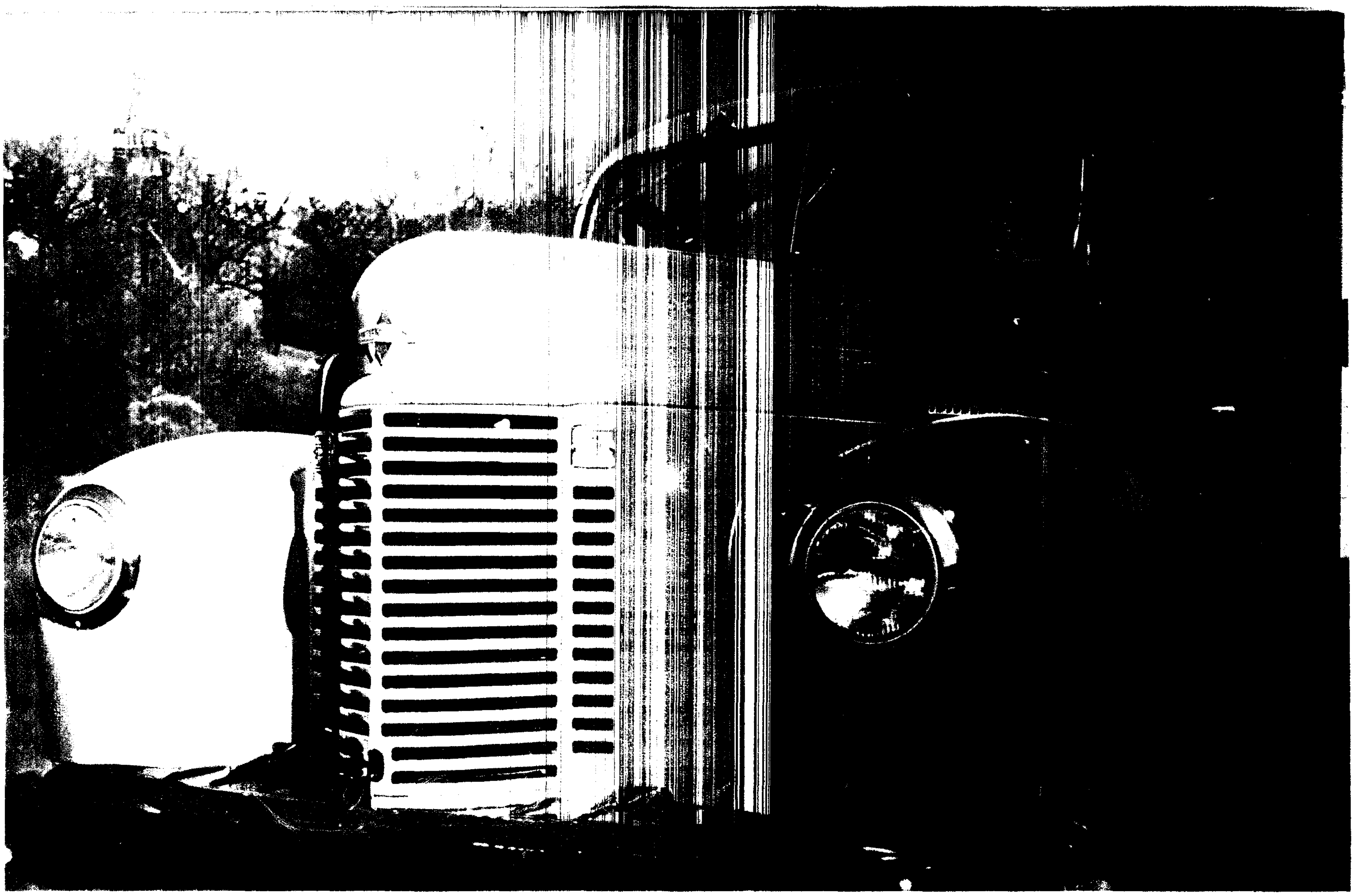
Once Minerva's father told me, "You're no good for her, son. You're turning her into clay inside. You leave her alone, and quit coming around. I like you, I like you fine, but I like her better. One of these nights you'll be minus a head."

So I had stayed away for a while,

(Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ





LIGHT-DUTY [illegible] Truck

Yes, International Light-Duty Trucks are all-truck. They are designed as trucks, engineered as trucks and built as trucks. They're powered by a *truck* engine—the famous International Green Diamond. They make *no* compromise with passenger car construction.

A complete line permits International to recommend the best light-duty truck for any job—best for efficiency, best for lowest operating cost, best for longest life.

The very name, International, is a warranty of truck quality. That name represents more than 40 years of motor truck manufacturing experience.

And here's an unusual record: For the last 15 years more *heavy*-duty International Trucks have served America's commercial truck transport than any other make.

And an unusual service feature: *All-truck* service is supplied by the nation's largest company-owned truck service organization, International Branches—and by International Dealers.

For all-truck performance—*International!* For all-truck service—*International!*

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Motor Truck Division
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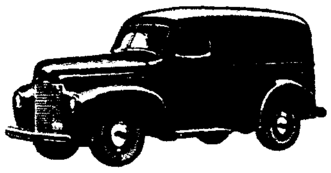
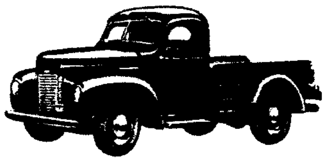
Tune in "Harvest of Stars" Sunday, 2:30 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time. NBC Network



Panel Body



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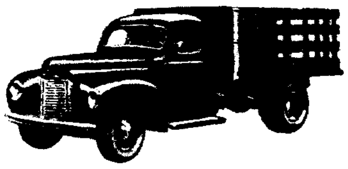
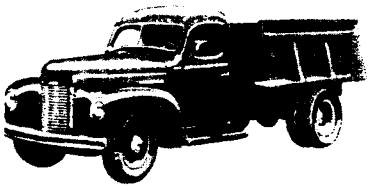
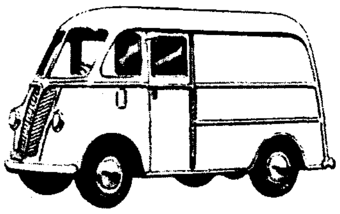


Panel Stake



Dump Truck



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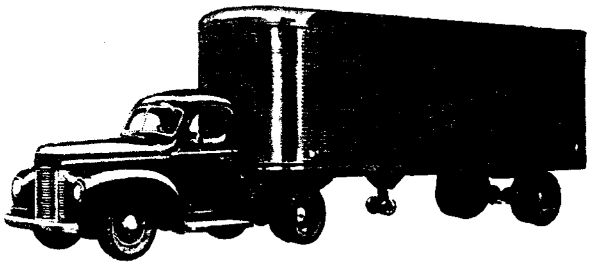
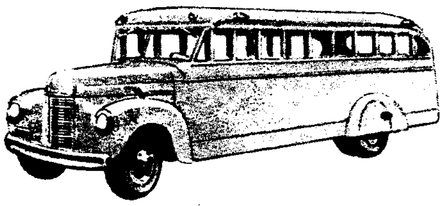


Tractor and Semi-Trailer



School Bus

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

BY JIM MARSHALL

Anytime you need a train wreck, a fire or a stampede, Mr. Breezy Eason is your man

Eason arranged a chariot race, complete with crack-up, for the movie Ben Hur. To make it exciting, he offered a $300 prize to the winner

LIONEL LINES

That's Breezy flat on his back, the better to study the details of a little locomotive disaster he has in mind for a forthcoming movie

EARLY every morning when Mr. Reeves Eason—a Friar Point, Mississippi, boy—wakes up on his San Fernando Valley ranch, he confronts a problem. With the four breakfast eggs, or maybe six, shall he have a T-bone steak, six lamb chops, a couple of pounds of home-spiced sausage, a hunk of venison or a slab of bear meat? The small matters of flannel cakes, potatoes, buttered toast, grapefruit, orange marmalade and coffee take care of themselves. They're standard.

The grave business of deciding what meat to have is important, because unless well fortified, Mr. Eason might find himself faltering at his grim business of wrecking trains, setting forests afire, blowing up forts, stampeding cattle herds, arranging battles between enraged stallions and making ocean liners collide, often with dreadful sound effects. Mr. Eason's business is to let loose movie violence of such horrible intensity that atom bombs seem like love pats in comparison.

In the past few years Mr. Eason has had himself a wonderful time organizing about twenty forest fires, cattle stampedes and horse battles. In between, he has wrecked about twenty-five trains, four or five ocean liners and a couple of pirate ships. All the catastrophes looked fine on the screen, fooling even the kids, who are the bitterest critics of movie violence and dare everyone to convince them it's real. As a matter of fact, it seldom is.

"Trouble is," mourns Mr. Eason, who acquired the sobriquet "Breezy" somewhere along the line, "that a real catastrophe generally looks tame. I worked for an outfit once that demanded honest-to-Hannah stuff. We went up into the Santa Cruz Mountains and leased a logging road and bought a locomotive and some log cars and started them down a grade toward a rickety bridge, with five cameras grinding.

"It was just wasted dough. The train went through the bridge all right, but it was about as exciting as a Republican primary in Mississippi, where I came from. We went back to the studio and did it with miniatures, and people fainted at each screening."

Breezy got into the bust-'em-up business years ago in Santa Barbara. He was singing in the old Potter Hotel and was a bit of a dude, appearing in public in impeccable suits, spats, pearl-gray gloves, derby hat and Malacca cane. This, too, at a time when such an outfit produced varying reactions in the West. It was almost as dangerous as being christened Cuthbert or Percival.

A movie outfit was making Westerns around Santa Barbara, and Saturday afternoons the cowhands—genuine—used to stage informal rodeos at the company's corral. Mr. Eason strolled down there one afternoon and naturally was coaxed to ride a bronco. He responded with nonchalance, having been raised with horses on his father's plantation. At the end of the wild ride, he gave them a wow finish by leaping from the sunfisher's back to the corral fence, derby gracefully raised in salute.

"Well, you done right noble there, son," said an old cowhand. "Fluke, no doubt. How about bulldoggin' us a steer?"

So Mr. Eason bulldogged 'em a steer, wiped his hands on a clean linen handkerchief and took another bow. At this moment, you might say, whole new vistas opened up for him. Tom

(Continued on page 30)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

Where "Good Taste" counts

IT TAKES the skill and experience of a fine cook to produce a summertime food classic like this tempting platter. And it takes the skill and experience of generations of expert blenders to give its companion in good taste—Seagram's 5 Crown—*its* appealing flavor and welcome smoothness.

That's why Seagram's 5 Crown should always be present "where good taste counts".

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

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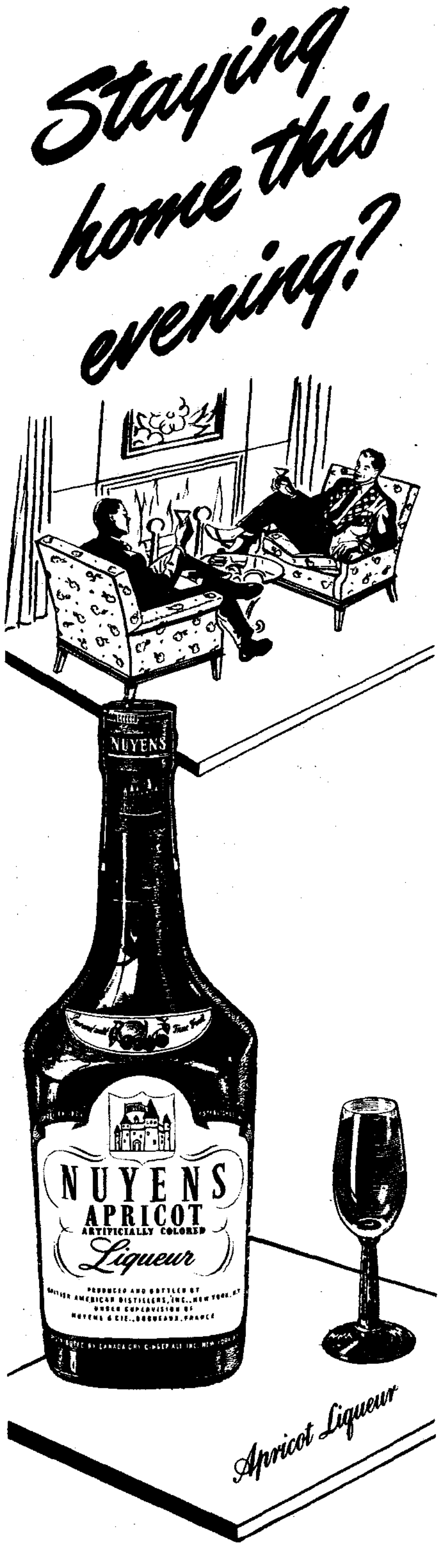
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK



Nuyens liqueurs are at home by every fireside. Blended in America for 10 years, just as in France for 140 years, these savory cordials are rich in flavor, aroma, body . . . fit your budget, too.

Apricot Cocktail
1½ oz. Nuyens Apricot Liqueur, 1 oz. Gin, 2 Dashes Lime Juice, 2 Dashes Orange Juice. (Shake in ice.)

NUYENS
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KEEP ALL FOUR ON HAND:

Creme de Menthe
60 proof
Triple Sec
80 proof
Creme de Cacao
60 proof
Apricot
60 proof

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Catastrophe Maker

Continued from page 28

Ricketts, the movie company's director, gave him a job as assistant, which in those days included script writing, rounding up props, hiring talent, seeing that the horses got fed properly, rescuing drunken cowhands from the cops, playing five or six roles in various disguises, cutting the film and lending actors money.

Mr. Eason at once cast aside his former character and became a bit of a swashbuckler. He had been doing a one-man act on the Orpheum circuit, singing a British version of Everybody's Doin' It, called I S'y, Old Fellah, Everyone's Indulgin' In It. The Prince Albert, top hat and monocle he had worn on the stage were cast away and Mr. Eason adopted the chaps, hickory shirt and high boots of a more virile civilization.

In no time at all he was organizing catastrophes on a big scale—being careful, however, to preserve actors as much as possible in order to keep down insurance premiums. He invented ways of throwing horses and riders in battles and chases, and avers today that he never once hurt a horse or a man.

"When we made Charge of the Light Brigade with Errol Flynn," Breezy remembers, "I had thirty-six horses and their riders in the air all at once, tripping them during the charge by various devices, including the now-outlawed Running W, and trip wires. No casualties; only a few bruises. Some of the boys didn't know how to fall."

A horse knows how to fall and usually escapes unhurt. A horse won't trample anyone, either. You never see a villain mashed to death under pounding hoofs.

One Sure Bet on the Horses

"We've tried, again and again, to make galloping horses step on dummies," mourns Breezy. "They won't do it. I remember a cavalry officer once won a lot of bets by lying down in front of a troop of about fifty mounted men and letting them ride over him. A horse will pick its way no matter how fast it's going. Cow won't, though. You can have a villain tromped by a stampeding herd any time."

Mr. Eason once had cause to thank horse sense for his life. He was staging the chariot race in Ben Hur when a four-stallion hitch got loose and came at him. He wound up under the team, unscratched.

The chariot race came along after Metro had spent $3,000,000 on Ben Hur. The only trouble with the race was it didn't look like a chariot race and thus exposed the film to the taunts of the little ones in audiences, a fate unthinkable to the late Irving Thalberg, who was master-minding the epic. The race was authentic, all right—six chariots, each drawn by three spirited nags. But tame.

Breezy ordered twelve chariots (extra heavy ones so they'd hold on the curves) and four-horse hitches. He fired all the fancy drivers, recruited from trotting race circles, and hired a dozen cowhands at small dough, with a $300 prize for the first chariot home. The race was a riot, with seven crack-ups and only five drivers finishing the course. Mr. Eason, beaming with pride, turned to Mr. Thalberg.

"How was that, Irving?" asked Breezy.

"Fine!" said Mr. Thalberg. "Only one thing—Ben Hur came in last."

"Why didn't you tell me he was supposed to win?" complained Mr. Eason. He repaired the wrecked chariots, iodined the bruised drivers, hung up another $300 purse—and this time Ben Hur won.

In David Selznick's Duel in the Sun, Breezy staged a spectacular train wreck without knocking the paint off any equipment or cracking a collarbone. The company leased the 57-mile-long Sierra Railroad, running from Oakdale to Tuolumne in the Mother Lode country east of San Francisco. The train, consisting of an old 1871 Baldwin locomotive, five freight cars and a caboose, was supposed to hit a broken rail and dive off down a bank, with the engine crew joining the angels en route.

It looks that way, on the screen. Actually the sequence was made in three parts. On the spot, the train came blasting down the track and apparently hit the broken rail—actually it just went speeding on its way. The film was cut just as the locomotive hit the fatal spot. The real wreck was done with miniature equipment in the Selznick studios. Then the wreck itself was built on the bank beside the track in the Sierras, out of composition board and old lumber. The whole thing was composed for photogeny, stuffed with dynamite, wired for electricity, piped for steam and painted for Technicolor.

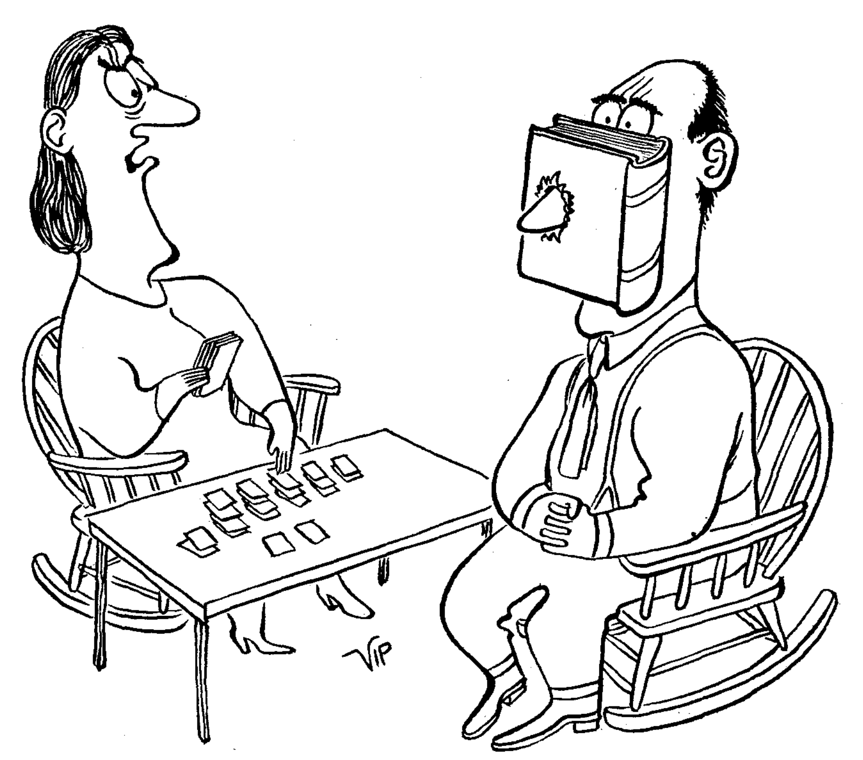
Ironically enough, the day before the shooting, a *real* freight train *was* wrecked on the road, derailing four cars. Mr. Eason looked it over hopefully. It wasn't, however, the type.

"Didn't look dangerous," he says. "Kids would have said we faked it."

Mr. Eason also put on a battle between a stallion and the villain. He used four stallions. All four had to be sprayed with water color of the same shade, the epic being in color. In black and white, you can use roans, bays and blacks as doubles for one another—they all look the same color, to the camera.

Unless it's done right, horse stuff never looks dangerous. In the old days, Tom Mix once snuck up on a bandit lair outside of which about twenty horses were tied. He carefully cut the cinches almost through and tied all the cinch rings to a post. When the bad men came dashing out to catch him, they mounted their horses—and all the saddles came loose.

"It was an awful mess," recollects Breezy. "Several men got hurt—and it didn't look like anything on the screen. Just a lot of horses and men and dust. Had to be done over, with about six horses and everything fixed and timed. Nobody hurt in the retake—and the kids whooped at it."



"Are you going to sit there all night with your nose stuck in that book?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Forest fires, too, don't look like forest fires—or what audiences think forest fires should look like. In the long shots, they're usually miniatures, in which the flames and smoke can be controlled by fans.

"The best way to make a forest fire," says Breezy, "is to buy about a hundred acres of timber and cut firebreaks around about twenty acres of it. Then you spread the ground thickly with pine needles, lay tar-paper paths through the territory, tack more tar paper on trunks, put dynamite charges in trees you want to fall and spray the whole thing with crude oil and distillate.

"After that you wait for a windless day, spot your fire engines around, get your airplane propellers set to make a gale as needed, line up half a dozen cameras at strategic spots and set her off. Boy! She looks natural!"

Catastrophes are so safe now that where regular stunt men are employed under recognized stunt directors, the insurance doesn't even go up.

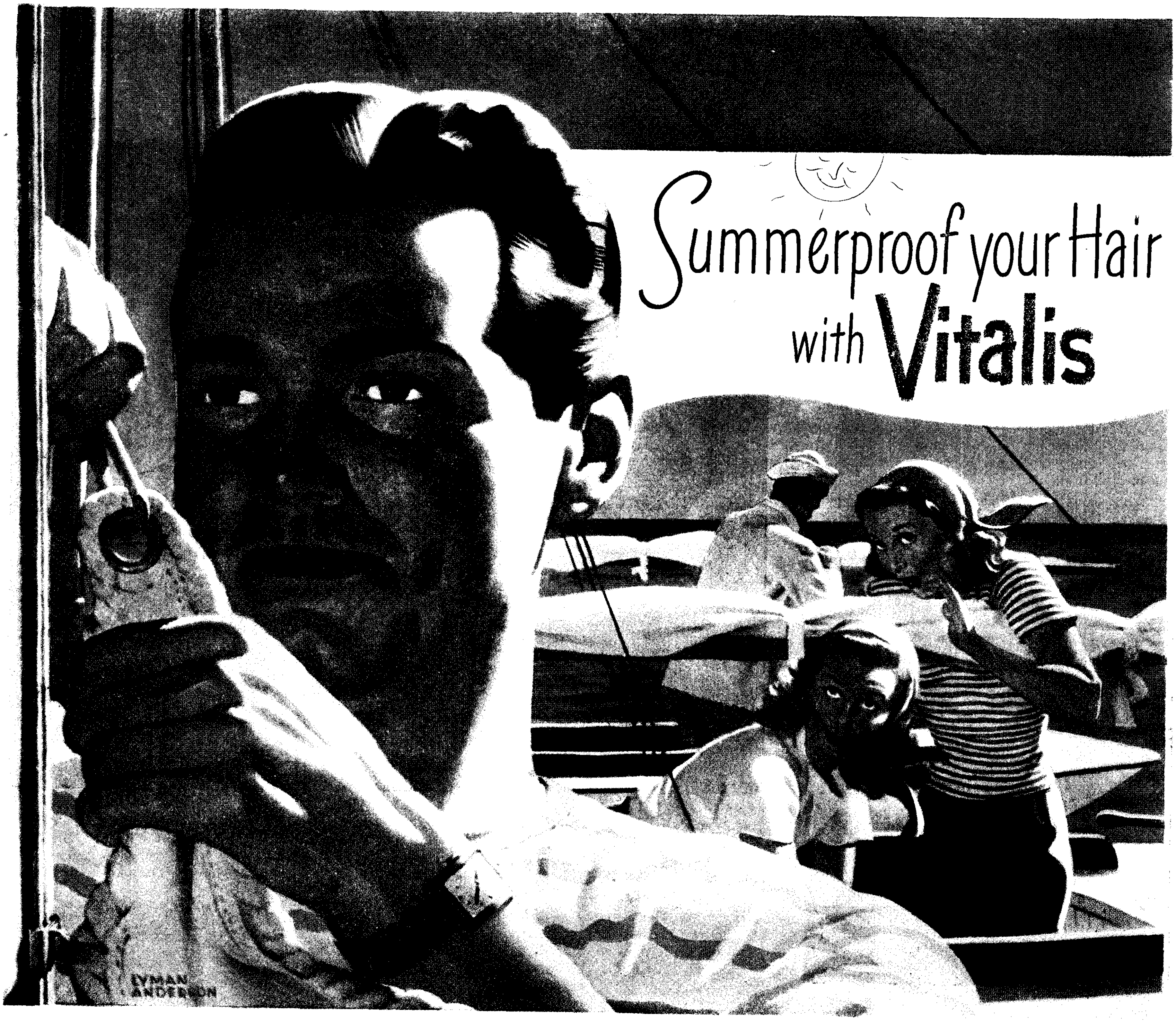
Some catastrophes cost a lot of money; some don't. A good train wreck will set a studio back about $50,000; an ocean wreck about the same. Plane crashes are not expensive—the cost of the plane and the pilot's fee. Spectacular, too—even if they are real. Burning cities come high, although much of the action is in miniature. Gales and tornadoes are mere matters of airplane propellers working over the tank on the back lot.

When not busy with his catastrophe-catering, Breezy lives on his valley ranch amid whitefaces, sheep, chickens, turkeys, pigs and other livestock, including a buck deer. Everything is violent. The freeze room for meat operates at twenty below; statues piped for high-pressure water, remote-controlled, squirt at visitors; window washing is done with high-pressure hoses and there is a general air of battle, murder and sudden death over the place. During the war, Mr. Eason had a pseudo-Army rank of Major Disaster.

Breezy quiets frightened ranch visitors who expect plane crashes, train wrecks or cattle stampedes to pop out at them.

"Ain't nobody been killed here—yet," he reassures.

THE END



Summerproof your Hair with Vitalis

Summer can really make trouble for your hair!

Precious natural scalp oils are baked out by the sun, washed out by showers and swims, dried out by the wind.

It'd be easy for you to wind up with the kind of dull, brittle hair that wouldn't lie down for anything less than a steamroller. *Except* . . .

Now that Vitalis is back you can "Summerproof" your hair! You can give it a fast one-two, weatherbeating workout that'll keep your hair *down*—and you handsome. Handsomer than you've been in many a summer!

here's how, use

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

1. Before you exercise, take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils help your natural scalp oils in protecting your hair. Now . . . 10 seconds to comb and look who's the handsomest *man* at the ball game, the tennis court or wherever—*You*, Friend.

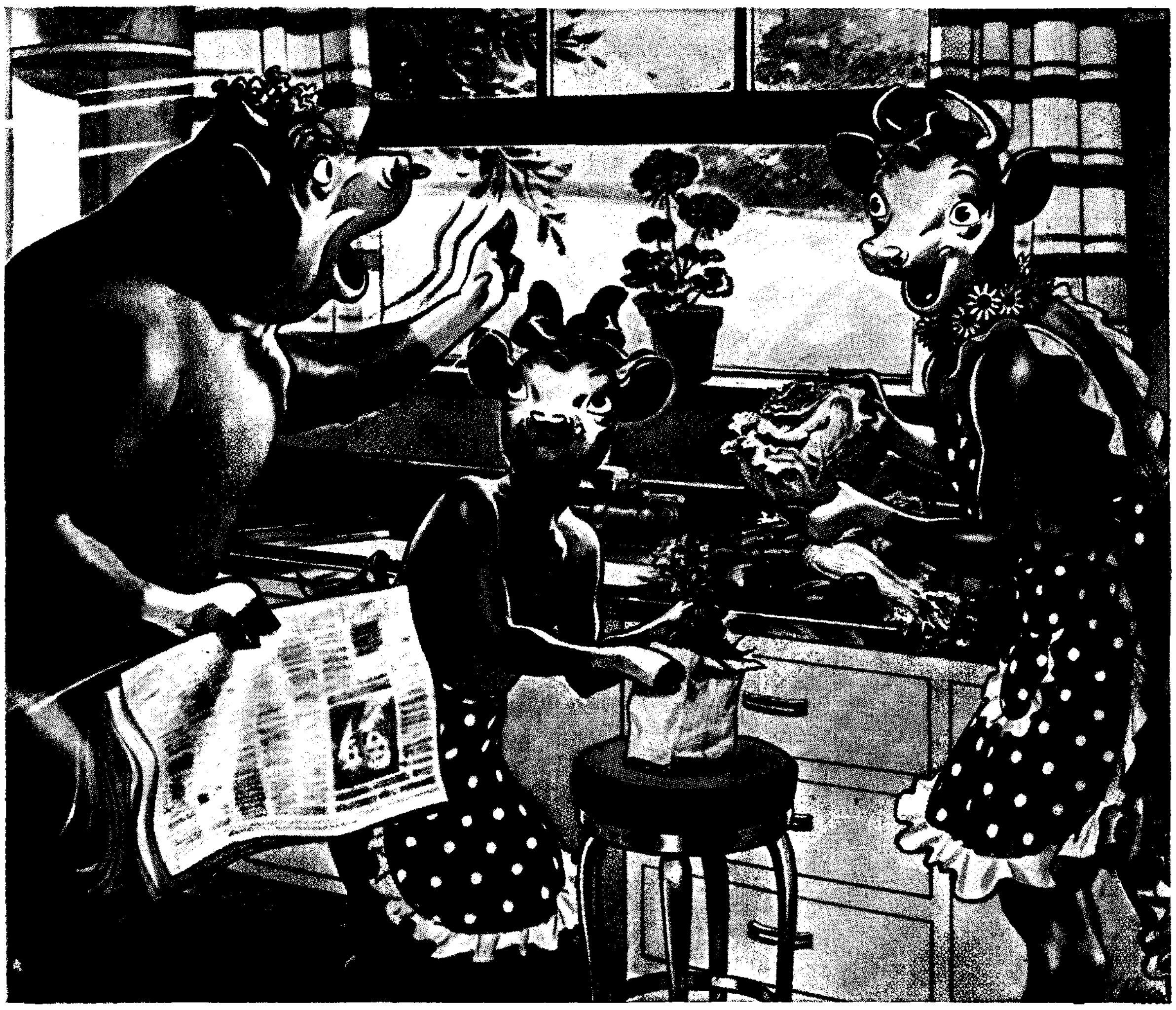
VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK N.Y.

Product of Bristol-Myers

2. After you exercise: Once more, Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" . . . doing a different job, this time. Vitalis helps to replace the natural oils lost to sun, wind and water. And, Man, *feel* that stimulating tingle as you work Vitalis on your scalp, routing loose dandruff, helping to retard excessive falling hair. Then comb—and you're a match for the loveliest lovely! Set to stay that way, too. Get a bottle of Vitalis today!

"But, dear, husbands don't go home to mother!"

LAUGHED ELSIE



"WHO'S GOING home to mother?" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "Nobody's going *any* place till I get to the bottom of this plot!"

"Whatever are you talking about, dear?" asked Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"As if you didn't know!" ranted Elmer. "I tell you, woman, a guy will stand for a lot of things—but starvation is NOT one of them!"

"Starvation!" gasped Elsie. "Why, darling ***dear,*** is someone trying to starve you?"

"Don't give me that innocent stuff!" snapped Elmer. "I saw those summer menus of yours, and if they don't sound like starvation—"

"Don't be silly, sweet," said Elsie. "Of course, they're not all filled with heavy boiled dinners and rich winter puddings. But *my* hot weather menus are as carefully balanced as my winter ones. Every day's meals supply all the food essentials."

"Who wants to eat ***essentials?"*** mimicked Elmer. "Woman, I want food!"

"And food you shall have—real food," said Elsie. "You can whip together all sorts of delightful, little-work-for-the-cook meals with: vegetables—both green and yellow—fruit, tomatoes, bread, milk, and, of course, a good, sound, body-building protein."

"What in thunderation is a *protein?"* asked Elmer. "Some newfangled way you cooked up to starve me?"

"Goodness, no," giggled Elsie. "I'm talking about things like cheese. Cheese is a perfectly grand summer protein food, because it's wonderful in cooked dishes, and wonderful *as is.* Take that great cheese food, Borden's Chateau. (That's the one with the mild flavor of American Cheddar.) You can make glorious soufflés, rabbits, toasted sandwiches, omelets with it. Or you can just shred it into a nice mixed green or fruit salad."

"Look, woman!" said Elmer. "I like my cheese in one nice, big hunk."

"Then," blithely suggested Elsie, "help yourself to a nice big hunk—or a triangle or a square—on the side. All *Borden's Fine Cheeses* are concentrated nourishment, no matter how you slice them."

"And no matter how you slice *anything,"* snorted Elmer, "it still comes out Borden's."

"Not always, angel," chirped Elsie. "Here, for instance, is a timely summer tip: In hot weather, when your body loses so much moisture, it's wise to drink more water. And it's also wise to use extra salt—"

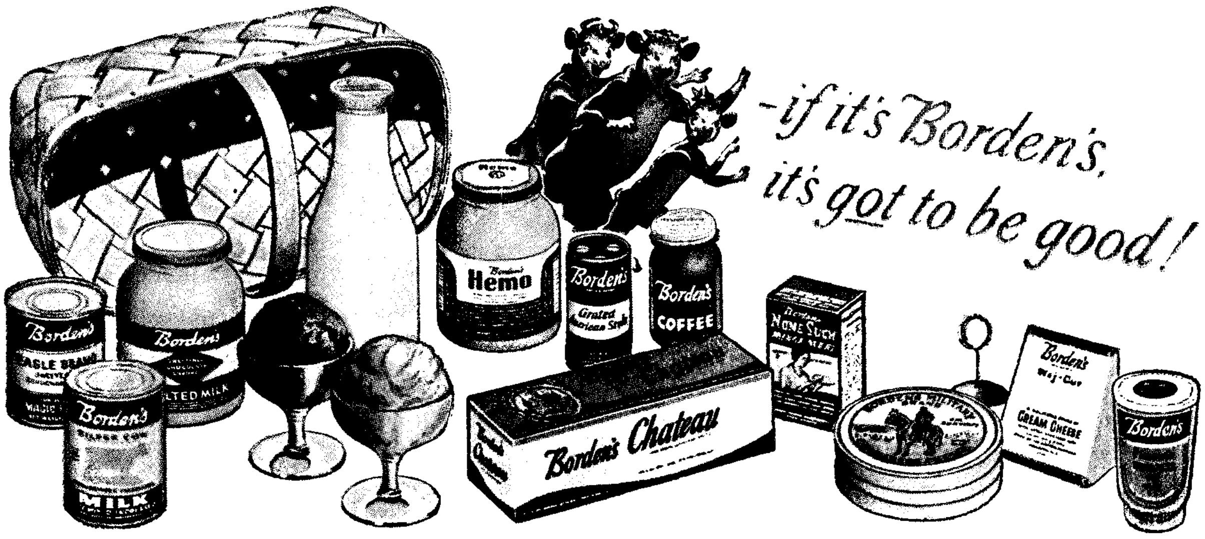
"I knew it!" cried Elmer. "I'll be getting a pinch of salt for dessert tonight, if I don't put my foot down."

"Now, dear," smiled Elsie, "even little Beulah knows better than that! *Everybody* knows that the dessert of all desserts right now is *Borden's Fresh Peach Ice Cream.* It's so luscious, such heavenly refreshment. And one of the grandest *foods* ever. Think of the glorious cream and rich milk that go into it! Think of all those ripe,

juicy, peachy peaches! Think—"

"Quit thinking, woman," drooled Elmer, "and trot out your ice cream. *I'll* tell you if it's any good."

"Oh, don't bother to tell me," said Elsie. "I know—the whole world knows—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*



© The Borden Company

Tune in
TOMMY RIGGS and BETTY LOU
Friday Evenings—CBS

Sleep, My Love

Continued from page 22

but of people. He told me that I was marked out for two things: 'philanthropy and fortune hunters.' I remember how I laughed when he said that. It wasn't easy being his daughter. I don't mean to make it sound that silly or involved. I always had a secret desire for someone to come along and sweep me off my feet and make me forget caution and propriety, and all the things I had been taught, the things you and I and Dick were taught. Every woman has a spot in her heart for a rogue. It was curious about Dick and me. I never would have thought that he—but he did sweep me off my feet. He was ardent and fascinating. I think I was the envy of every debutante in New York. But Dick isn't at all what he looks like, in some ways. I think he had all the really deep and troubling emotions bred out of him, or repressed or something. He's always correct, always controlled. I suspect there is a part of him I've never really known, a part he can never let go with me." She glanced up.

"Go on," Bruce said.

"My mother was the grand lady; my father—he was one of the robber barons. He lived in Montana as a boy and worked in a mine. He had the kind of vitality you can only get when you've fought and clawed your way up. Sometimes I wish Dick would—" She hesitated. "I've been telling you very personal things. No, you're not like Dick. I don't imagine you ever flee from violent emotions or anything. . . . Now I've talked too long; suppose you bare your inner soul and tell me what I started to ask: why you've never married."

"You force me to use a cliché: 'I've never met the right girl.' "

"Nonsense. There are doz—"

"You're quite wrong." Then he was silent, gazing at Alison.

"What's your dream, Bruce? You with your ironic laugh and your cynicism. There's something behind it, something you cover up. What would she be like?"

"I shall now get shamelessly poetic; there are no witnesses, so if you ever quote me, I'll deny every word." He turned his cigarette around between his fingers. "She would have a soft voice and she'd walk like a queen. She'd have a sense of humor, and a respect for ideas. She'd never dominate a conversation, and yet every conversation would revolve around her. She'd like old things best—old friends, old pictures, old books. She'd like to be alone a certain amount of the time because she'd find herself interesting, and she'd let me alone a certain amount of the time because she'd respect my privacy. She wouldn't be a slave to a mink coat. She'd know the difference between a problem and a crisis. She'd be a woman, not a child." Then, searching for something flippant to say, something to destroy the mood and bring the words back to what was governable, he said, "And that way madness lies." He glanced at his watch. "It's half past twelve. You're due home by one. I detest people who are sentimental."

"And I," she said, as she took his arm, "am suspicious of people who aren't sentimental. You're very nice, Bruce Elcott."

THE street light from Sutton Place filtered through the curtains palely. Cordeley was in his pajamas. He stood at the front window, looking down to the entrance of the house. He saw the limousine pull up. He looked at his watch. It was just after one. Then he saw Josslyn open the door and he saw Bruce Elcott get out of the car. Cordeley's lips twisted tight as he cursed under his breath. He grabbed his robe and hurried into the hall, noiselessly, pausing at the top of the stairs, standing in the shadows against the wall and looking through the balustrade down the stairs. He heard the door open. He waited at the head of the stairs, poised, ready to go down if Elcott entered. Cordeley saw Alison silhouetted in the doorway and he heard the murmur of their voices, but he could not hear the words.

"I won't try to thank you again," Alison was saying.

"I wish you would try. I like to hear you talk."

She gave him her hand. "I've had a wonderful time, Bruce," she told him. "You know it. You're a marvelous companion."

"Send me a cup. 'Elcott—Ladies' Escort. Blue Ribbon.' "

"I—I wish things were different, Bruce," she said unexpectedly, and before she could say more or before he could ask, she continued quickly, "You won't forget to come to dinner tomorrow night? Seven-thirty."

"Of course."

"Until tomorrow, then."

He held her hand. He was looking at her curiously. "I've behaved tonight, haven't I, Alison?"

"How do you mean?"

"I haven't asked any—embarrassing questions. About Boston, or that detective at the airport."

"Oh."

"I'm still curious." He paused. "In case you want to say anything," he said, "just fire away. I'm an awfully good listener, when I try."

"No," she said slowly, "I don't think I want to say anything."

"I'll make it easier for you. I know how you got to Boston."

She looked at him.

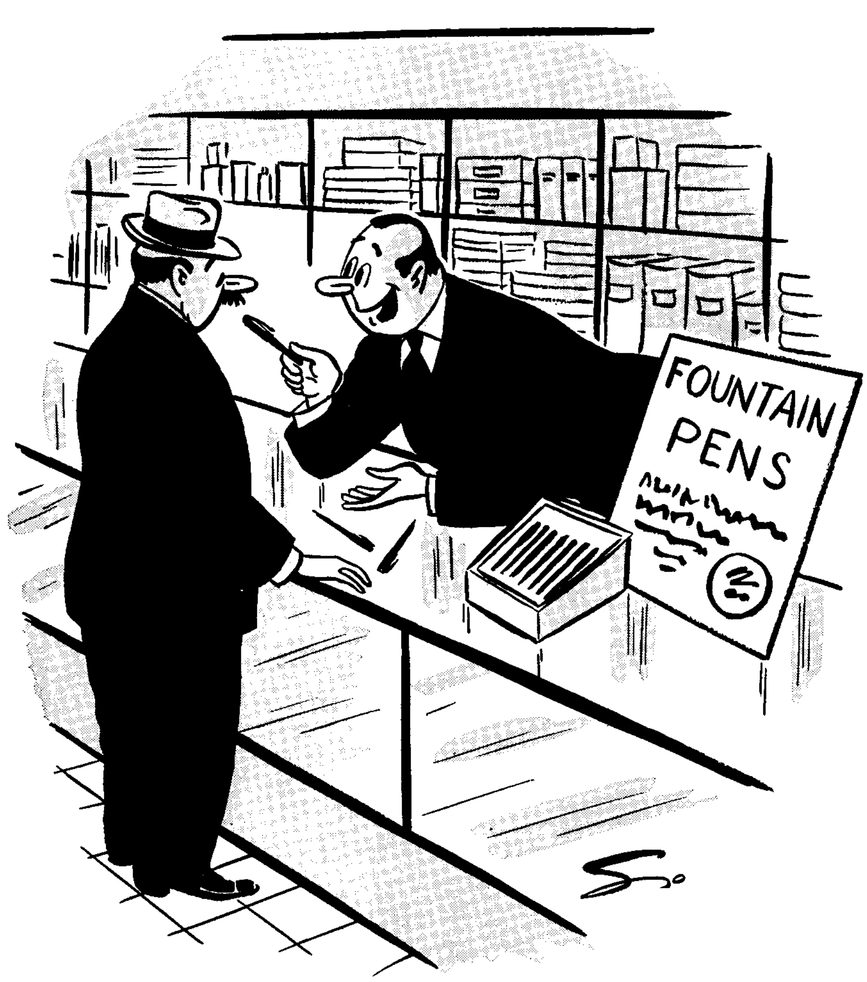
"It's nothing to be ashamed of, Mrs. Cordeley. Some of my best friends are somnambulists."

"How did you find out?" she asked.

"From Barby. Good old Barby. I telephoned her this morning about some bonds she has to clip. She couldn't wait to tell me how she had flirted with that nice, plump detective and got the whole story out of him. Barby's a shameless creature. Always sticking her nose into other people's business. Shocking manners."

"You mean you asked Barby to find out. Didn't you?"

He scratched his chin wryly. "Trapped. So now I know your dread sin, Alison. So"—he hesitated—"if there's anything you want or need, I—you know what I mean." It was odd to see him awkward with words. He was trying to say something, indirectly, leaving all sorts of openings for her to take advantage of, if she wanted to.



"This is the latest in pens. You have to fill it every day"

COLLIER'S SIMON KATZMAN

"Thank you, Bruce," she said. "I don't think there's anything I want—or need. Good night."

She closed the door and stood motionless for a moment, leaning against the door. Then she smiled, for his friendship and his awkward effort to help, and she took off her wrap and put it across her arm.

Through the banister, from the head of the stairs, Cordeley watched her. As Alison started toward the stairway he stepped back quickly into his bedroom.

The house was very quiet. Just as Alison put her foot on the first tread, a light went on in the living room—one lamp. One lamp had been suddenly lighted. It threw Alison's shadow across the stairs in broken, squared-off edges, like a figure on a sampler. Alison turned. "Dick?"

There was no answer.

"Dick, is that you?" she called.

There was no answering sound.

Alison frowned. The light from the living room lay across the carpet in a thin cone. She started into the room; and she stopped with a convulsive gasp, horror-stricken—for there, seated in the big chair, his face half lost in the shadows, staring at her with an indescribably flat and sodden expression, was the man in the horn-rimmed glasses.

THE man sat absolutely still, not moving in any reflex of recognition, not moving his eyes or lips or head or hands or giving the slightest tremor of indication that he saw her. Through the bars of her terror she saw that the fireplace poker was lying across his knees, the brass griffin on the handle gleaming evilly, and there were dark gloves on the man's hands.

In her throat she felt the cords struggling leadenly, like hands fumbling with an object which dissolved in each hold, trying to shape a comprehensible sound: "Dr. Rinehart."

The man stood up very slowly, his shadow crawling up the walls and flattening across the ceiling, and he raised the poker and took a step toward her mechanically, paused, took another in excruciatingly slow motion, the poker held stiffly before him, his face grotesque and vacuous, devoid of life as he stumped toward her in a heavy, stilted stride.

The gears of terror locked, at last, and Alison lunged out of the room blindly and started for the stairs. She heard her voice ripping out a shrill, prolonged scream.

The man in the horn-rimmed glasses turned, put the poker back in the fire set quickly and snapped off the lamp.

"Dick!" she heard herself screaming. "Dick, Dick, Dick!"

Cordeley came running down; he caught Alison in his arms halfway up the stairs. "Ally, for God's sake!"

"There—the room—Dr. Rinehart!"

"What are you talking about?" He had her by the arms; he was shaking her.

"He's there! He tried to kill me!"

Cordeley ran down the stairs and through the doors into the living room. The side window was open, the drapes fluttering slightly. Cordeley closed the window and bolted it, then he snapped on all the lights and called, "Where, Alison? There's no one here."

She came to the entrance of the room, her wrap trailing on the floor. Cordeley was standing in the center of the room with a baffled expression. Alison stared at the empty chair near the fireplace.

The servants came into the hall, confused, frightened in their half-wakedness, blinking in the light, tying their robes with fumbling fingers. "Mrs. Cordeley. . . . What is it?"

"There's no one here, Alison. Don't you see?"

Alison looked around the room slowly, examining every corner, every piece of furniture. "He was sitting there! He was waiting for me! He wanted to kill me, Dick! He stood up and started toward me with the poker in his hand."

"The poker? It's right here—where it belongs."

Haskins and Mary exchanged quick glances, then looked from Alison to Cordeley.

"Every door and window in the room is locked, Ally."

"Dick, he's here! In the house! He must be in one of the other rooms."

"We'll search the house."

The four of them went into the dining room and snapped on the lights. They went into the butler's pantry and the breakfast room and the kitchen. Haskins tried every door and window. "They're all bolted, sir, as you ordered."

"He couldn't have gone upstairs," said

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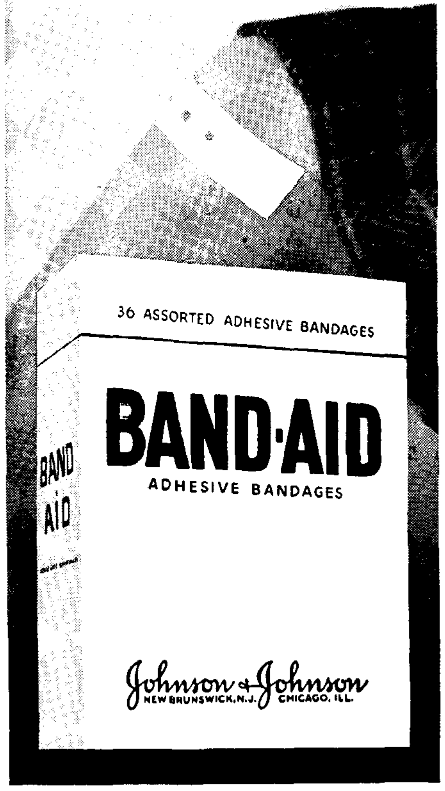
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Cordeley. "I came down the stairs. You ran up."

Alison passed her hand across her brow. "He was here. He tried to kill me."

Haskins and Mary made awkward movements and looked at Cordeley. He said, "Mary, would you be good enough to make some hot chocolate for Mrs. Cordeley? . . . Come, Alison, I'll put you to bed."

"Dick, you've got to believe me! I'm not crazy! He—"

Suddenly the front doorbell rang with a vibration that echoed through the house. They wheeled around automatically. Cordeley glanced at Alison and Haskins and Mary. He went to the door and opened it the smallest bit, so that they could not see who was there.

"Hello," came Bruce Elcott's voice.

Cordeley let the door swing open.

Elcott held out a white glove. "Sorry to be a nuisance, but Alison forgot—"

Alison came to the door, crying, "Did you see Dr. Rinehart leave the house?"

"Doctor who?"

"A man—in horn-rimmed glasses! Heavy, middle-aged."

"Why, no."

"Did you see—anyone leave this house?" asked Cordeley carefully.

"No." Elcott frowned. "Was there a doctor here?"

Cordeley hesitated, then gave a sigh of despair. "Alison isn't feeling well. She's had a terrible shock. Alison *thought* there was someone in the house."

She shook her head slowly, staring at her husband, speechless, and she turned away and ran up the stairs. Elcott's eyes followed her in bewilderment.

"Thanks for returning the glove, Elcott. Alison's—very ill. I'm afraid I can't explain any more. Good night."

Halfway down the street, Elcott turned and looked back toward the Cordeley house. He saw the lights go off downstairs. The whole house was dark now. He walked into Fifty-third Street.

Mary was carrying a tray up to the second floor. Cordeley took it from her. "You'd better get some sleep now, Mary." He held the tray and started for Alison's room, but when he heard Mary's footsteps no more he put his hand into the pocket of his robe and took out a folded little packet. He opened the paper and poured a whitish powder into the glass of chocolate. Then he knocked on Alison's door, quite gently, and went inside.

THE *moonlight* ran across the bed and the floor in a silver strand. There were no lights on in the room. Cordeley was stretched out on the bed in his robe and slippers, smoking in the darkness.

Downstairs, the grandfather clock chimed three times. Cordeley snuffed his cigarette out and got up. He opened his door slowly and stepped into the hall. He listened. There was no sound throughout the house—no sound except the metronomic beat of the clock downstairs. He went to Alison's room and opened the door.

She was lying limp and flat, her hands on the pillow on either side of her like a child, breathing very deeply—deeply and evenly. He came to the bed and felt her pulse. She did not stir.

Cordeley went to the windows which led to the balcony and unlocked them. There were several lights on in the large apartment building to the left of the house. But as long as he stood in the doorway, he was hidden from the building next door by a trellis of honeysuckle which rose from the balcony wall. When he saw the squares of light in the building, he smiled.

He came back to the bed and kneeled on the floor; he put his lips very close to Alison's ear. In a high, soft, monotonous, almost feminine tone he began to speak: "Dr. Rinehart . . . He's got the poker . . . I'm scared. I'm scared. He's coming toward me. The poker . . . He's going to kill me. . . ."

A little moan came from Alison's lips and her head swayed in her narcotic sleep; a half-realized fear crept across her face.

". . . Kill me. Run! Run! I've got to! I can." He put his arm under her shoulders and lifted her up, raising her off the bed, and all the time his mouth was close to her ear, murmuring in that relentless, excruciating tone, "Get away . . . I've got to. He'll kill me, kill me."

Her mouth was open; she was gasping the air in hoarsely; apprehension and terror swarmed across her face. Her eyes opened slowly, but she was sightless, and she made small movements with her arms, stumbling forward in Cordeley's grasp, groping for some unseen door. "Faster, faster . . . He's after me. Closer. Closer. Oh, God!"

HE LED her to the balcony. Below lay the flagstone terrace, and the spiked iron fence. Then he released her, leaning back into the shadows of the trellis, whispering, "Run. Run. Now. I can. Hurry. Hurry." She took a step forward by herself, her hands touching the balustrade, and another step, and another, following the fantastic instruction, awkwardly obeying the imperative, irresistible command of her own simulated voice, re-enacting the recent trauma. A breeze from the river blew through her hair, fingering her strained face, billowing the folds of her nightgown. Her eyes were enormous now, haunted, racked by a nameless compulsion. She was at the balcony balustrade. "Up . . . Over . . . I must . . . Escape . . . I'll climb over." She put a knee on the balustrade slowly, leaning forward, summoning her dazed strength for the effort. She began to climb over.

Another light went on in the tall building next door and the light fell across Alison's face. She hesitated, automatically, as if some new sensation were communicated to her unconsciousness. Cordeley turned in fury. He leaned back deeper into the shadow of the trellis. He cried softly, "He's behind me. He'll kill me! Up . . . Up . . . I can. I must."

Far below, from the river, there came the mournful wail of a tugboat. Alison's eyes seemed to be coping with the new light, and she swayed, a hand beating the empty air. A cloud passed across the moon. And suddenly she sank back, her knees sagging, her whole body going limp, and she collapsed and slid to the floor with a long sigh.

Cordeley glanced at the lighted windows, his face pale, consumed with anger. Someone was walking around in the lighted rooms. Cordeley stared at Alison, appraising her lifelessness. "Up . . . Up . . . I must." She did not stir now. She was slumped against the balustrade, her eyes open, glazed, sightless. She was gasping for breath. He went back into the bedroom. He put his elbow against the large lamp on the night table and pushed it off. It crashed to the floor.

In the room below, the sound of the falling lamp awakened Mary. She sat up, looking at the ceiling.

Cordeley pushed the night table over.

He went into his bedroom and closed the door. He heard Mary's footsteps in the hall; she clattered up the stairs; he heard her knock on Alison's door. "Mrs. Cordeley! Mrs. Cordeley!" Cordeley heard her open the door and hurry into Alison's room. Then he heard Haskins coming up the stairs. Cordeley opened his door, fumbling with his robe, rubbing his eyes.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

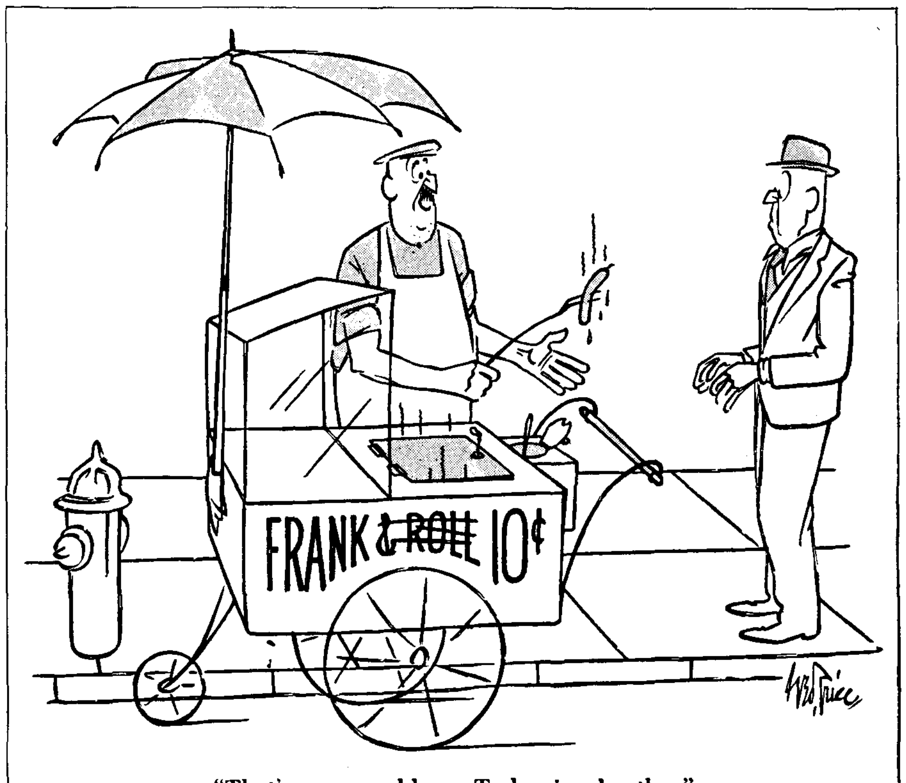
He hurried into Alison's room behind Haskins Mary was struggling with a form on the balcony. Mary cried, "She's all bruised. She could have killed herself!"

Alison, her eyes fixed in horror, was making small gasping sounds. "He'll kill me . . . I must . . . Up, up . . ." A trickle of blood was running down her arm.

Cordeley bent down and picked her up and carried her into the room.

Haskins said, "Shall I call Dr. Melford?"

"Yes, Haskins. Call Dr. Melford." Cordeley put Alison down on the bed. "And go to the house next door. There are some lights on. Someone must have seen her walk out. Find out how long she'd been standing there, trying to kill herself."



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SHE awakened slowly. There was a little lattice pattern on the bed, the shadow of the morning sun through the trellis. She turned her head to the small clock on the table next to her. It was nine-thirty. She yawned and ran her hands through her hair and pressed the button for Mary three times.

Then she got out of bed. She washed her face in cold water, splashing it on her face and rubbing herself vigorously with the towel, and while she was brush-

Thrilling moment in the 20-year-old film DON JUAN, *featuring John Barrymore. This was the first full-length sound movie.*

The modern movie is 20 years old on August 6

Twenty years ago the movies added sound to sight. DON JUAN was the film. A year later came THE JAZZ SINGER, the first feature to use lip synchronization.

Both films were produced and presented by Warner Brothers. The equipment which made them possible was developed and made by Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric Company. These two units of the Bell System have continued to apply their skills to improve sound reproduction. They have contributed greatly to the high quality sound heard in the movies of today.

Bell scientists were able to solve the talking picture problem because of their continuous study of every means to improve communication. The "talkies" came directly out of telephone research.

The modern movie has grown so that it speaks in peace and war around the world. It has become one of the great agencies affecting the heart and mind of man.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ing her hair there was a knock on the door. "Yes."

Dick entered, carrying her breakfast tray. "*Good* morning, Mrs. Cordeley. Look who's Mary's little helper and guess what we have for breakfast for you this fine morning, madam. Double orange juice, muffins, soft-boiled eggs, bacon, very crisp and very dry"—he was whipping napkins and silver covers off each plate as he spoke, revealing what was underneath—"a whole pot of marmalade *and* your favorite beverage, hot and fresh and piping. Now if you'll settle right back into bed where you belong, and try to act like a lady of leisure, which you most definitely are, I shall kiss you on the forehead the way any first-rate butler would, and tell you how lovely you look."

"Good morning, Dick."

He kissed her on the cheek. "My strength is failing. This tray's heavy."

"Put it on the table." She sat down on the love seat and he put the tray on the coffee table and sat down next to her. "Aren't you going to the office? It's late."

"Right away," he said. "How did you sleep?"

"Like a dead woman. I'm still drowsy."

"That's what hot chocolate does for you—relaxes the nerves. I learned it from my grandmother. She insisted on two full cups every morning and two before retiring. She always claimed that was why she lived to the age of eighty-eight. That and not eating meat, onions, garlic or raw lettuce. Chocolate soothes the stomach, she said."

"It didn't soothe mine," Alison said. "It was too sweet."

"It's got to be sweet to take full effect," he said casually. "Grandmother always used three tablespoons. Did it disagree with you?"

"I had a ghastly dream."

"Oh?" He looked at her in surprise. "I thought you said you slept like a—"

"I did. That's the way I dreamed, too. Like something dead." She frowned. "It's odd, but that's the way it was."

"What did you dream about?"

ALISON rubbed her temples. "I'm not sure. It's terribly mixed up. There was—yes, I was being chased and I had to get out of bed and run somewhere, a long way off, and climb over a fence to get away . . . Ugh." She wrinkled her nose. "I'd rather forget it."

"You probably dreamed about what happened last night."

"Yes, Dick." She turned to him quickly. "We've got to do something about what happened last night—about Dr. Rinehart! You know that, don't you? He *was* here. Either he was trying to scare me out of my mind or—" She hesitated. "You don't believe me, do you?"

"I—"

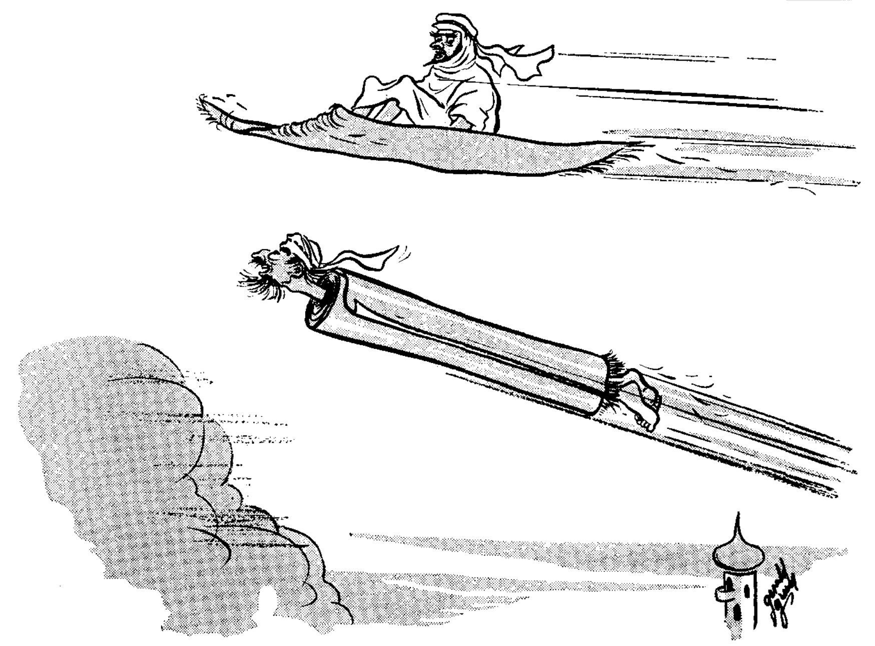
"I know you don't, and I can't blame you and that's the worst of it! I don't know how that man could have gotten out of the house, Dick. But he was there! I tell you—"

"Ally!" He took her hand. "I do believe you! I'll always believe you. Of course, Dr. Rinehart was here, if you say so!"

"Dick—"

"Oh, I'm ashamed of myself for doubting you, my dear. It was just that I was so worried about you. I don't care what the evidence looks like, Ally! Last night or ever! I don't think you're crazy. I'll always believe you, Ally. Remember that. I'll always believe you and stand by you! I'm going to the police, Ally! We're going to swear out a warrant for the arrest of the mighty Dr. Lawrence Rinehart! That's why I waited until you got up. I wanted you to know and I wanted to get your promise that you'll bring charges and face that man once and for all and—"

"Dick," she cried, "if you knew how I felt last night when I knew you didn't believe me and we couldn't find a trace of that horrid man, when Bruce came to the door and I thought: Thank God! Bruce saw him! Perhaps Bruce caught him! And then Bruce hadn't seen him either, and the servants hadn't, and you told Bruce that I just had a shock and wasn't well, as if I were someone who had gone out of her mind and needed to be treated like a babbling child who was seeing ghosts—"



"It's warmer this way at high altitudes"

"Hush, Ally." He put his arms around her. "I'll never forgive myself for that. You don't have to worry any more, Ally. I'll be damned if that man can get away with anything like that! Will you face him, Ally? Will you come to the district attorney's office?"

"Of course, I will. Anywhere. Anytime. Thank you, Dick. Thank you—"

He squeezed her shoulder and got up. "Good girl. I'd better run now. There's a lot to do."

Just as he was going out, she asked, "What happened to the lamp?"

"The lamp?" He turned to her. "What lamp?"

"The one that was on the night table—there."

"Oh, that one," he said. "I knocked it over by accident. Awfully sorry. I'll get you another."

"When did you knock it over?" she asked.

"Last night—after you were asleep. I came in to see if you needed anything."

"And I didn't hear you? I didn't hear the lamp fall or—"

"You *were* sleeping heavily," he smiled. "I really must dash now."

"Dick, did *I* knock that lamp over?"

"You? How could you? Now stop worrying—"

"Did I—walk in my sleep last night? Please tell me. Tell me the truth."

"Now, Ally, for heaven's sake—"

"Dick!"

He sighed. "All right. Yes, you did knock the lamp over. You probably tossed around in your sleep—you said you had a bad dream—that was it, of course—you had a nightmare and you must have knocked the lamp over with your arm. It's perfectly simple so don't start worrying about it. I did that once when I was at college, after a binge—"

Her hands went to her throat.

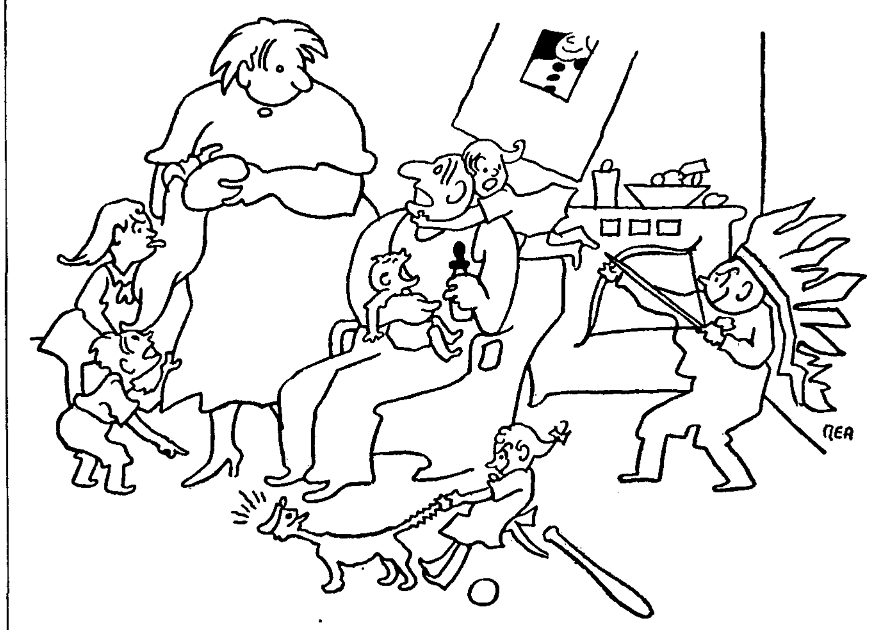
"Everyone knocks things over in their sleep at one time or another, my dear. Don't let that get you down and spoil everything when it's going so well again. It's a new day, Ally. Things will be fine again."

"We'll have to do something about—my nightmares," she said.

"Of course, we will! One thing at a time. There's no rush. Ronnie says you're much better. Now you finish that breakfast and make yourself pretty and I'll call you and let you know what happens." . . .

Bruce Elcott entered room 2804 in the Shipley Building with a broad smile. "Hello, Richard."

They shook hands. "Sit down, Elcott. What can I do for you?"



"But why *should* the nations of the world want to live together like one big family?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I thought perhaps I could do something for you." Elcott took off his gloves and laid them on the desk. "You know, I haven't been able to get that business of the man who left or didn't leave your house out of my mind."

Cordeley glanced up.

"After I left you last night, I kept thinking about it. I couldn't get to sleep. Something kept itching in what is called my subconscious, trying to tell me the most extraordinary thing."

Cordeley waited.

"Just as I turned into Sutton Place, to return Alison's glove, I saw— Do you have a light? I'm afraid I'm out of matches." He held his cigarette out, smiling.

Cordeley picked up the desk lighter and squeezed it. Elcott inhaled elaborately. "Where was I?"

"Just as you turned into Sutton Place, you saw—"

"Oh, yes. I saw someone near the house."

Cordeley ran a pipe cleaner through his pipe. "How—clearly did you see him?"

"I didn't say it was a 'him,'" said Elcott pleasantly. "I said 'someone' . . . But you're right, Richard. It was a man. He was down at the other end of the street, turning into Fifty-second Street as I came to your door. I thought nothing of it at the time, naturally. It must have been the man that Alison was talking about."

CORDELEY leaned back in his chair. "You're quite wrong. It couldn't have been the man Alison meant."

"Oh? Why not?"

"You may have seen someone on the street, of course. Our house isn't the only one on Sutton Place. You might have seen a guest of—the Parkhursts, for instance. They threw a large party last night. But whoever you saw couldn't have been the man Alison described."

Elcott scratched his head sheepishly. "How can you be sure?"

"Because there was no one in our house last night."

"He *might* have been."

Cordeley shook his head. "That's impossible. Quite impossible."

"Perhaps he was a burglar," Bruce suggested. "Perhaps you ought to call the police."

"You don't understand, Elcott. I've gone all through this with the police. They investigated thoroughly. This has happened before, you see."

"You mean the same man—"

"The same story, from Alison. I had hoped it wouldn't be necessary to tell you, for Alison's sake. It's damned embarrassing. Alison is a very sick woman, Elcott. She walks in her sleep. She has terrible hallucinations. She imagines things. She acts out the most extraordinary nightmares. Last night she was possessed by the idea that a weird man with a poker was trying to kill her. Before that, it was something else—that a doctor had come to the house, gave her a fantastic examination, and told her she was—insane." Cordeley shook his head. "This is not a problem for the police. It's a problem for a psychiatrist. She almost killed herself last night. The maid found her on the balcony trying to climb over."

"Good Lord! I didn't realize—"

"Now you know why it was difficult to explain."

"Yes, of course," Bruce said sympathetically. "Poor Alison."

The buzzer sounded. Cordeley picked up the telephone. "Yes, Miss Walker. . . . Tell them I'll be right in. . . . Sorry, Elcott. You must excuse me now. Some clients."

Elcott rose with a sigh. "I hope you'll forgive me, Richard, for butting in. I guess I'm a fool. I just hoped that the man I saw *could* have been—what did Alison say he looked like?"

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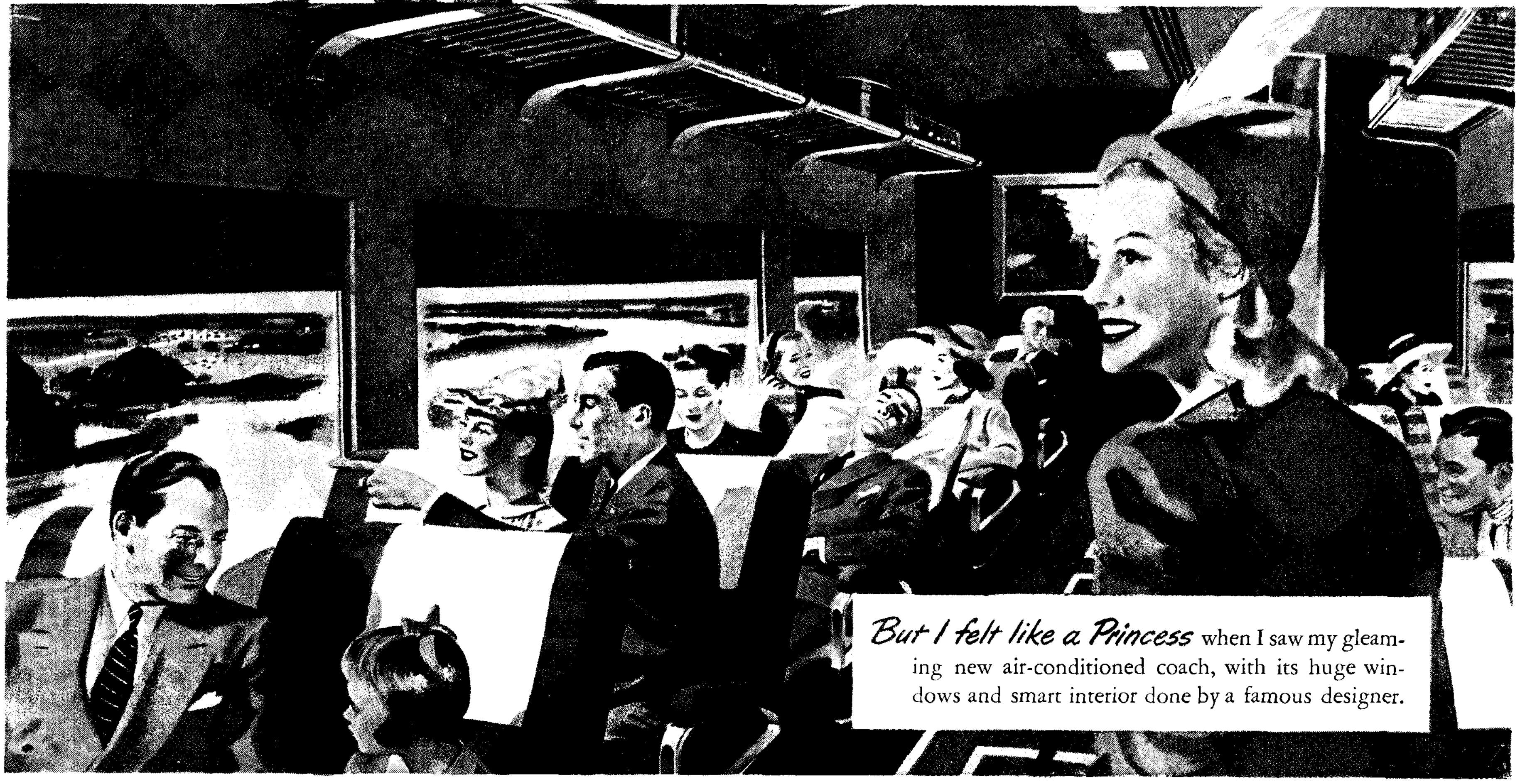
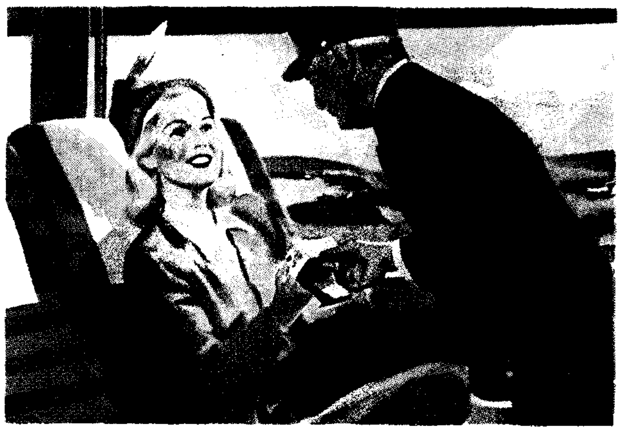
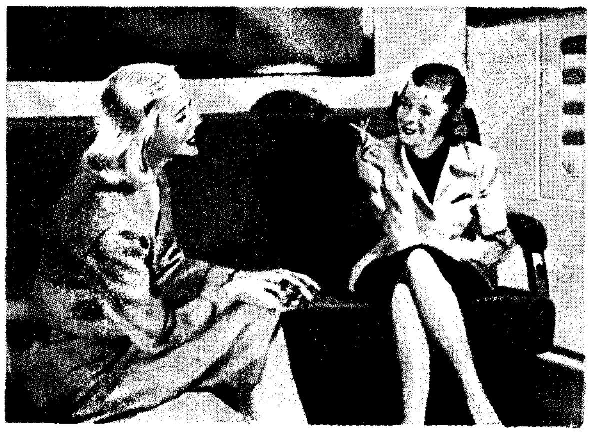


But I felt like a Princess when I saw my gleaming new air-conditioned coach, with its huge windows and smart interior done by a famous designer.



Reserved for Her Highness is the way I felt about the wonderful, soft reclining seat reserved for me at no extra charge on this luxurious New York Central coach streamliner.



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"She gave some queer description. I forget."

"It was something about horn-rimmed glasses, wasn't it?"

"Something like that."

"Yes, I remember now. A heavy-set man, middle-aged. Doctor something. Didn't she say he was a doctor?"

"Dr. Rinehart was the name she gave," said Cordeley. "She's developed an obsession about that name. That's the whole point, Elcott. Because Dr. Rinehart could not possibly have been at our house. He is tall, thin, has gray hair, and does not wear glasses. I wanted Alison to consult him, before this last spell. She refused to. She gets these fantastic delusions about him—that he breaks into the house, that he tries to murder her. This morning she demanded that I swear out a warrant for his arrest! That's all we need. A suit for false arrest from a man of Dr. Rinehart's reputation! . . . It's ghastly."

"How awful. If there's anything I can do—"

"I'm afraid there's nothing either of us can do, old man. Thank you."

"Is dinner still on for tonight, Dick?"

"What?"

"Alison asked me to dinner tonight. Won't it be awkward?"

"Oh." Cordeley hesitated. Then he smiled. "It will be all right. The doctors say we should go on with our normal routine, above everything. We mustn't arouse her suspicions. It's good for Ally to see people. Only you won't mention any of this tonight, will you, Elcott? It would be most upsetting to Alison—and dangerous, perhaps. Goodby, Elcott. Would you mind leaving by this door, please?"

ELCOTT went through the door marked PRIVATE into the corridor. He took a step or two, then paused. He lighted a cigarette and thought for a while. Then he went back to the door and opened it, saying, "Oh, Richard—"

Cordeley was on the telephone. His face went dark when he saw Elcott reenter. He put his hand across the mouthpiece. "I forgot my gloves." Elcott picked the gloves off the desk. "Damn' nuisance, gloves. Someone is always forgetting them, aren't they?"

Cordeley waited until he heard Elcott's footsteps echoing down the corridor, toward the elevators, then he said into the phone, "Go on . . . You're sure of that, are you?"

The man in the horn-rimmed glasses replied, "Positive. I took the side path to the drive. I didn't use Sutton Place at all—coming or going."

Cordeley nodded. "That's what I thought. No, there's nothing wrong. I think it would be wise if you changed your glasses now. That's right. Your glasses. I think you ought to start wearing a pair without rims.". . .

Alison was dressing when Mary brought her the morning paper and started to carry out the breakfast tray.

"Mary," she asked, "what happened last night?"

"Happened? When, ma'am? Has something happened?" Mary's simulated innocence was not persuasive.

Alison pulled up the sleeve of her blouse; there was a long scratch on her arm; it had been painted with mercurochrome. "Where did you find me?"

"Mr. Cordeley gave me strict instructions—"

"That's all right, Mary. Mr. Cordeley told me all about the lamp I knocked over. Where did you find me?"

Mary faltered, "On the balcony."

"When?"

"It was late. After three o'clock in the morning."

"What was I doing?"

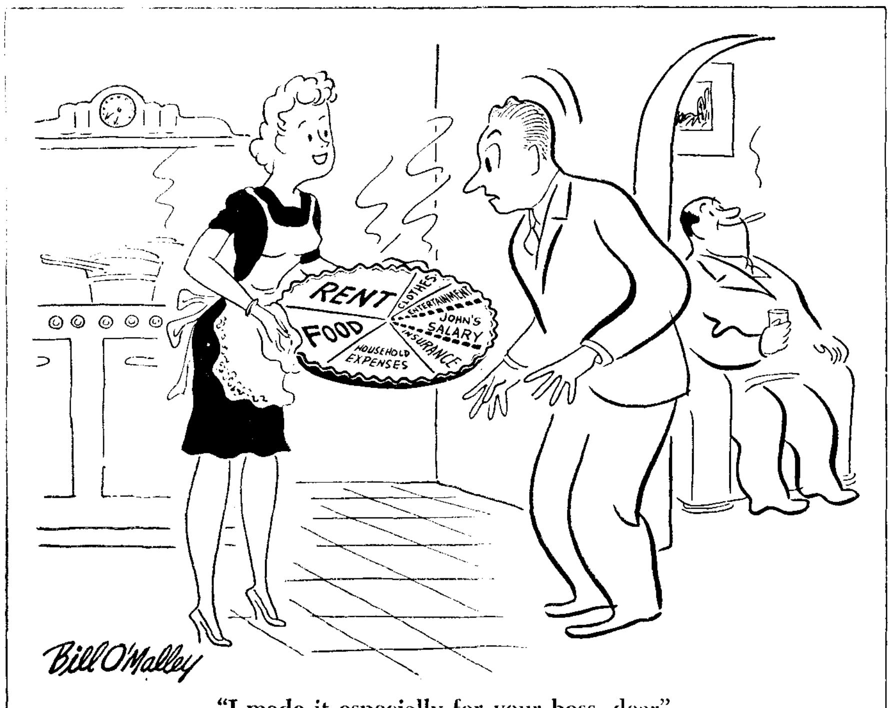
"You—you were right over there, Mrs. Cordeley. Against the banister. You were in your nightgown, looking scared-like, like you saw a ghost in your sleep."

"Thank you, Mary. You might take that tray down, too. Last night's—" Alison's eyes fell upon the empty glass, the glass from which she had drunk the hot chocolate. "And please don't put so much sugar into the chocolate, Mary. I don't like it that sweet."

"Please, ma'am. Don't tell Mr. Cordeley I told you about last night. He was very strict about that to Haskins and me. He didn't want you to know. He worries something awful about you. . . . He hoped the cocoa would settle your nerves and—"

Something in the phrase sent a little frown across Alison's face, some thought forced itself upon her, a troubling thought that would not be disowned, that set off a shattering concatenation of ideas. Alison's eyes were riveted on the dry, brownish, empty glass on the tray as Mary carried it out. She picked up the paper quickly and began to read. But she could not read; she had no interest; her mind kept spinning around the glass, the glass once filled with chocolate, very sweet chocolate, the empty glass, and a vague, insistent thought swirled through her head: *It relaxes your nerves. . . . It's got to be sweet to take full effect. . . .* She flung the newspaper down in a gesture of impatience with herself. "No. It's absurd," she found herself saying.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "I made it especially for your boss, dear" BILL O'MALLEY

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No matter how much you pay, no other fountain pen can give you more writing satisfaction than your Esterbrook. No other fountain pen can meet every one of your writing demands more completely. Here's the pen that gives you the right point for the way you write—*precisely* right for your hand or for your specialized writing job.

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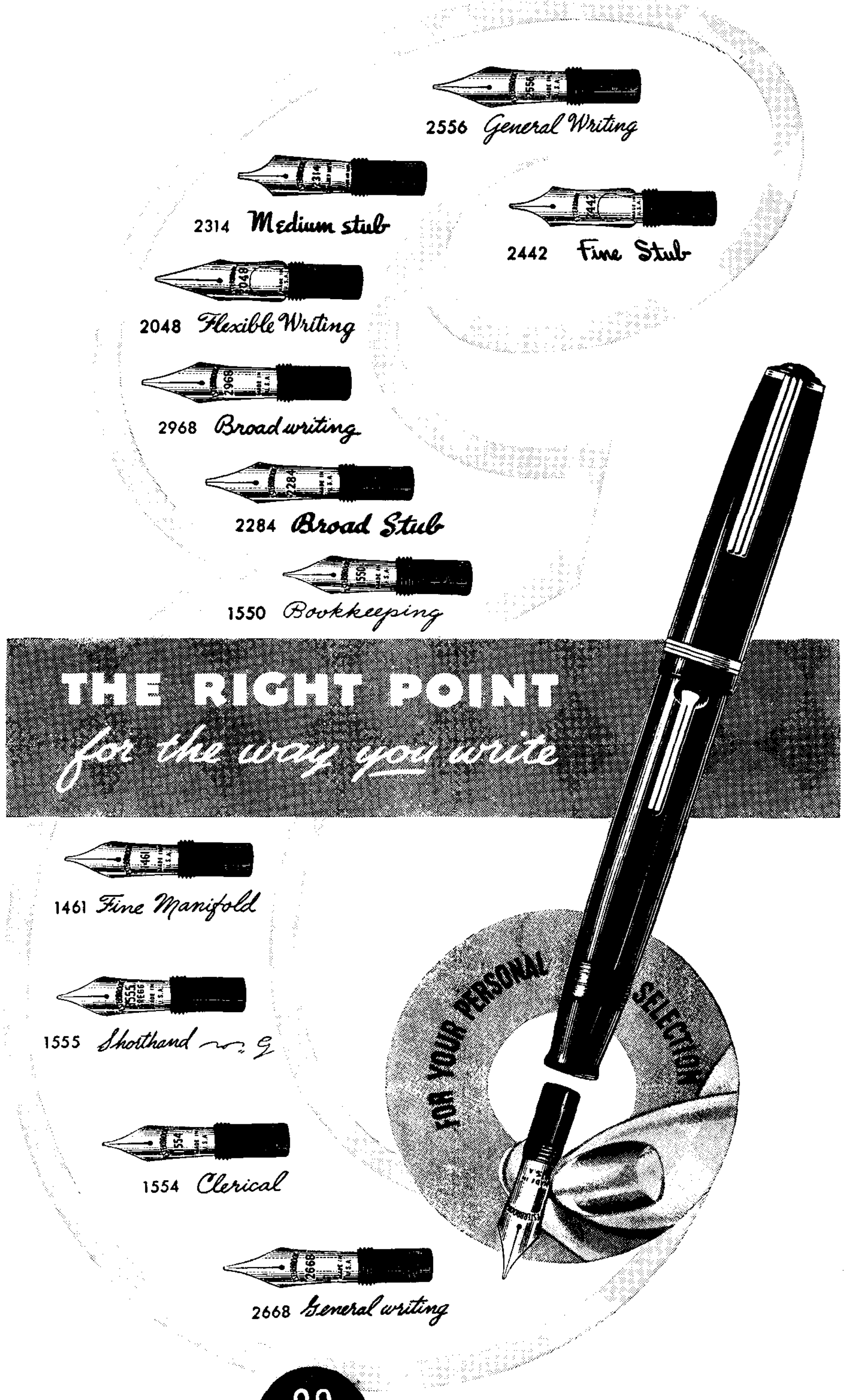
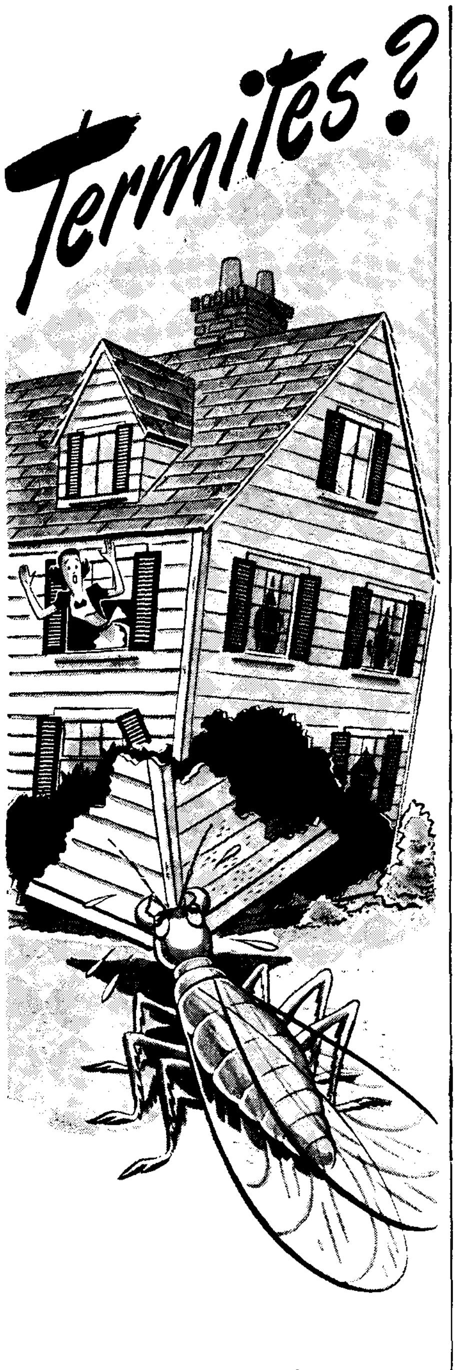


33 NUMBERED POINTS

Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN



Better look up "Exterminators" in the Classified

In the Classified section of the Telephone Directory you'll find a handy exterminator service.

By giving specific information, the Classified helps solve many household and business problems.

In offices, homes and factories the Classified answers such questions as: "Who sells office supplies?" "Where's an authorized serviceman for my brand of radio?" "Where's the nearest lumber dealer?"

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Cinderella Sport

Continued from page 13

That was the year the Dunnigan-Penny *Pari-Mutuel Bill* was passed by the New York State Legislature. Its principal purpose was to allow the wagering public to chunk out money on running races, but it also carried a rider permitting machine betting on pacers and trotters. The rider wasn't a legislative afterthought, but the result of much corridor button-grabbing by a small group of harness lobbyists.

Golden Rule for Track Patrons

Their leader was J. Alfred Valentine, an East Williston, Long Island, banker and Presbyterian Sunday-school teacher. He now operates the Roosevelt Raceway jointly with Robert G. Johnson, a Wall Street banker. For a $1,500,000 plant, the Raceway is remarkably homespun. One rainy night last season, disappointed fans were amazed to see Valentine coming down the aisle of the Long Island Railroad track special, refunding their fares for a fruitless ride. On another chilly night, the Roosevelt management handed out hot coffee and sandwiches to fans with Red Cross efficiency.

These homey touches have been good business. During its first year of operation, the average daily attendance at the Raceway was seven thousand four hundred persons. Now more than twice that many turn out. It is not unusual for the pari-mutuel windows to take in as much as $500,000 on a Saturday night. The total pari-mutuel take for a season is in the neighborhood of $25,000,000.

The true harness-racing enthusiast looks with a benevolent but wary eye at this monetary interest of the public. Maintaining a stable of trotters and pacers costs money, and the reawakened interest of the public means larger purses and better tracks, but every effort is made to discourage the sharp-faced touts and cold-eyed sportsters who frequent running tracks. The owner of one bay trotter has one thing in common with his more affluent brethren, such as the Harrimans, the Posts, the Blisses, the Davises and the Bostwicks. He wants to keep the sport clean, and he is a jealous guardian of its traditions.

However, the paddock is always open to outsiders, and a flock of Johnnies-come-lately, operating on a lot of enthusiasm and a little money, are in there fighting for the money and the glory. In most cases, they train and drive their own horses. Sometimes they cash in heavily.

Whenever sulky jockeys gather they cite Norman Lynch and Russell Hudson as examples. These two Hudson, Delaware, chicken farmers made a modest entrance into the owner class in 1941 when they went to York, Pennsylvania, to take in the annual "bargain basement" sale of standard bred horses. They found the bidding too high in the regular auction, but before they left completely discouraged, they took a hopeful look at five yearlings on which there were no bids. Out of the lot of "no bids" they found two which looked promising. Lynch paid $400 for a fidgety filly called Pick-up. Hudson counted out $350 for a colt, Timetable.

Just three years later, Timetable was the champion four-year-old of the Eastern Circuit, undefeated in his class and with thirteen straight victories under his light harness. At Roosevelt Raceway alone, the former castoff's earnings totaled $16,000—almost forty-six times his original sale price. Hudson sold Timetable to a Canadian syndicate in 1944 for $18,250.

Lynch's Pick-up had a record only a *little less sensational.* She was a consistent money winner, taking something like $8,000, but her earnings would have been much higher except for one thing. She was usually running against Timetable and consequently she had to be satisfied with second-place money. Lynch has refused an offer of $17,000 for his $400 find.

There are dozens of these new-type owner-drivers around any modern sulky track. Saratoga Raceway seems to have attracted a bumper crop of them. When the Championship Stallion Stake opened on August 1st, entries included a Stockton, California, society woman; a college professor from Vermillion, South Dakota; a railroad engineer from Canada; and an RFD mailman from South Glens Falls, New York. Also present was a former president of the New York State Senate, and a former racket-busting district attorney from Albany, New York.

Nearly all these enthusiasts are part-time drivers, but definitely not amateurs. Taking a seat on a fragile little sulky with a thousand pounds of finely muscled racing machinery almost in your lap isn't a business to take lightly. From the grandstand, it looks easy to drive the little go-devils. It isn't. Drivers must carry a stop watch in the left hand, a whip in the right and reins in both. When he takes his seat, the driver spreads his feet and thrusts them into stirruplike little metal clasps jutting out from the long, incredibly frail-looking sulky shafts.

HOLD ONTO YOUR WALLETS, BOYS—HERE COME THE AUGUST FUR SALES!

No matter what any mere man may think
It's never too hot to try on mink.
And any woman whose mate is able
To pay, would be thrilled to steam in sable.
Give Mama a chance to stew in skunk
And she won't care if she's called a lunk,
For though the weather is hot as Hades,
Expensive furs appeal to the ladies.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Drivers are so close to the horse that sometimes its flowing tail slaps them in the face. To keep from being blinded, some drivers put wrappings around the horse's tail, tie it to the seat and sit on it.

Drivers' Two Chief Worries

Serious accidents are rare in the sport, though, and the average driver seldom fears, or even thinks about them. His principal job is to fix a watchful eye on competitors to keep from being "holed in," and a careful rein on his horse to keep it from "breaking." There is always a possibility of this. Running or galloping is the horse's natural gait, and no matter how many generations of breeding and training have preceded him, instinct causes him occasionally to break into his ancestral stride. If a horse persists in "breaking," he is labeled a "smelt," harness man's talk for a poor pacer or trotter. Moneyed owners turn the job of training their horses over to professionals, but most part-time owner-drivers do the job themselves.

Women have always played a big part in harness racing. The leading woman owner-driver in the big time today is Miss Hellen Davis, the Stockton, California, socialite. A trim, graying woman, Miss Davis won't trust her horses to the care of grooms when she ships them *across country. She travels in the same* boxcar with them.

The owner of the costliest, if not the biggest stable of all, is Mrs. James B. Johnson, heiress to the Dodge millions. She has poured out some $500,000 on pacers and trotters. Just last year she paid a record price of $73,500 for two promising yearlings, Bombs Away and Victory Song.

That's a lot of money, especially when it is remembered that up until five years ago, if a horse had won all the ten major stakes in existence the purses would not have been more than $65,000. And no horse ever won them all.

The Record-Breaking Titan

Until two years ago, most sulky fans would have laid better than even money that no horse could have won all the top events if he tried. Since that time, Titan Hanover has pranced magnificently on the scene and they aren't so sure. This big, clean-limbed bay holds no records sacred.

Titan is the property of E. Roland Harriman and his nephew, Dunbar B. Bostwick. He was originally bought as a yearling for $3,000, and almost immediately he set out to become a legend. He became the first two-year-old to trot the mile in 2:00—a mark two-year-olds have been trying to hit for seventy-five years. Titan did his miracle mile before a record crowd at Lexington, Kentucky. When the Hambletonian came around there seemed little doubt that he would take this classic. He was such a heavy favorite that the pari-mutuel windows had to refuse to take bets on him. The fans seemed unaware that there were other horses entered in the event.

Titan proved that he was of the same opinion. He romped home a winner. A week later he entered the $5,000 Arden Stake and showed his heels to the field. In the first heat, he also set a record by clipping three quarters of a second from the world's record for a mile on a half-mile track. To prove that this was no fluke, Titan unlimbered his long legs in the second heat to hang up the same record.

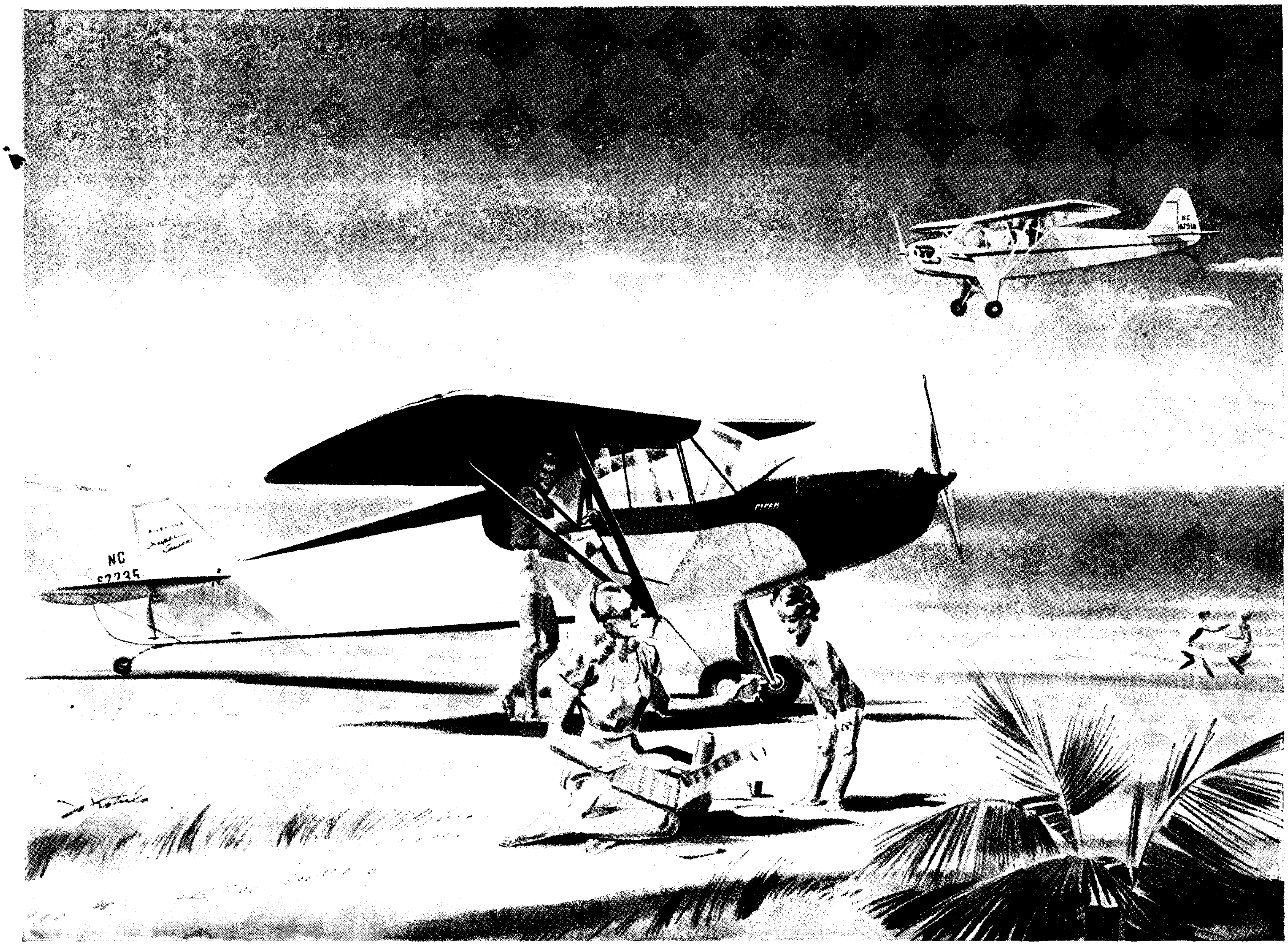
This show of speed brought his earnings for seven straight heats to $62,000. Quite a return from a $3,000 investment.

During the latter part of last season, Titan was unable to find competition. When his owners sent him to Du Quoin, Illinois, to enter the all-ages trot, the other entries promptly withdrew. Titan had to run against the stop watch.

Old "Pop" Geers is the hero of all sulky drivers. Pop was born Edward Lawrence Geers, and he came from the Big Bend section of Tennessee. For fifty-three years, Pop averaged driving in a hundred races a season. During the nineties his name was a household word. Between 1899 and 1919, he won approximately $1,500,000. Of this amount, only eighty cents came from wagers. In 1924, when he was seventy-three, Pop was asked if he intended to retire. His scarred, wrinkled old face showed his amazement. "Doggone, I ain't never thought of quittin'," he said. "What'd I do if I quit drivin' hosses?"

Two months later, Pop limped out to mount his sulky on the raceway at Wheeling, West Virginia. At the three-quarter pole, the aged reinsman had his horse Miladi Guy in second place. Suddenly Miladi stumbled. Pop was thrown from his precarious perch. He died as he had lived—among the pounding hoofs and whirling wheels.

THE END



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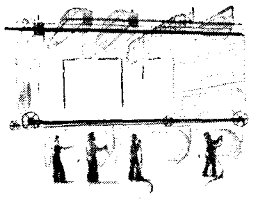

A FERRIS WHEEL used in making airplanes? Sounds strange . . . but when Piper first revolutionized airplane manufacturing by setting up mass production methods, the "ferris wheel" was one of the factory's exclusive developments. Similar in design and action to the regular circus wheel, this ingenious device speeded up wing and fuselage finishing, helped Piper turn out more planes than all other light plane manufacturers combined!

Many such modern plane-making methods saw their first use in the Piper factory. Today, as always, new and more efficient Piper production skills bring you a Cub that costs less than any other airplane—only $665 down. It offers better gas mileage than the average car. And it's so easy to fly that most of today's pilots won their wings in Piper Cubs!

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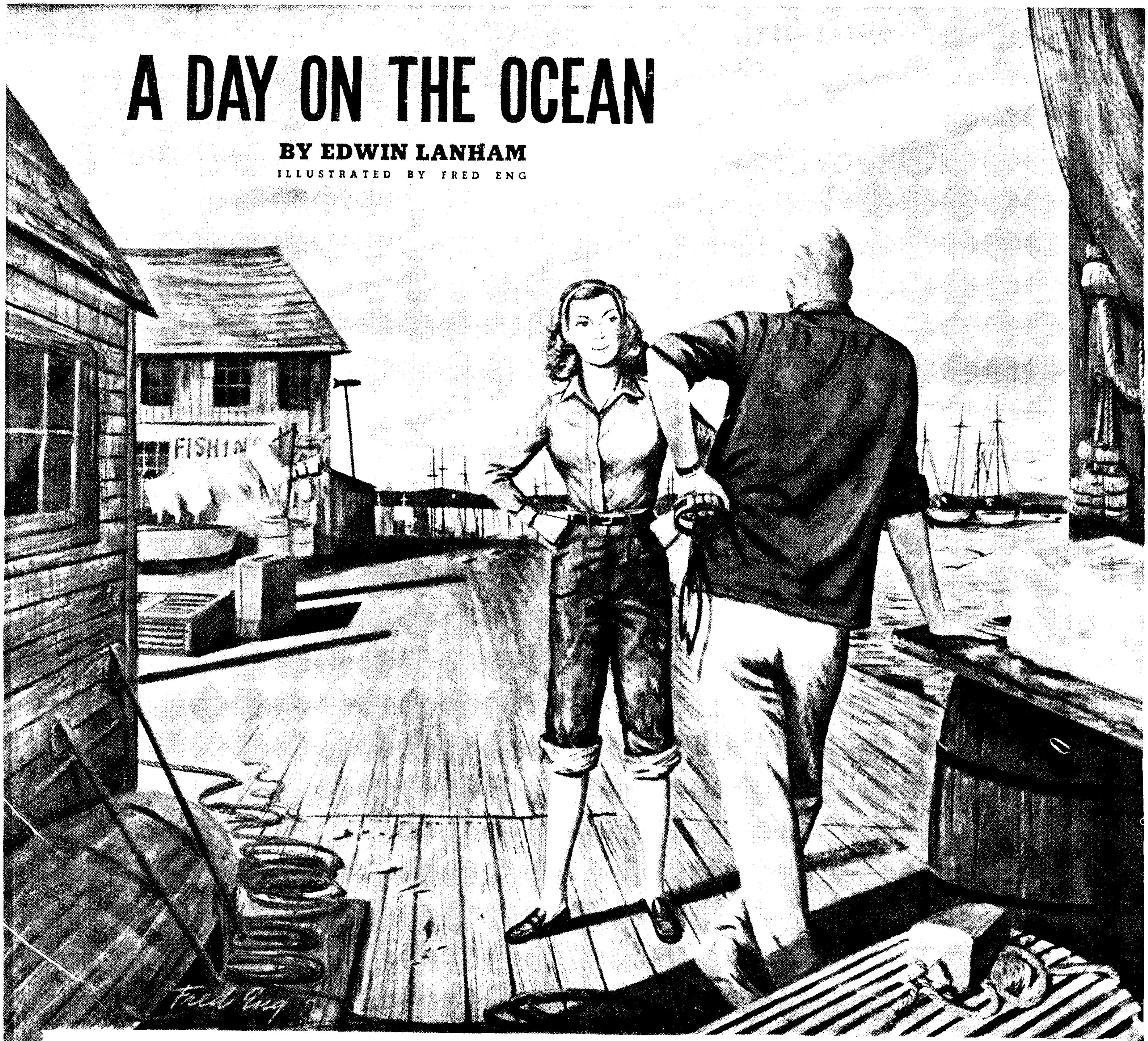
A DAY ON THE OCEAN

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG



"You going out with us?" Earl Jones asked. "I always go," Marge said. "I thought you did," Earl replied. "They tell me you're the real captain of the Linda G."

A strong, capable girl—that was Marge—and that was fine with everyone but Marge. All it ever got her was plenty of no romance

THE three men cleaning fish in the market on the pier were singing in swollen early-morning voices when Marge walked in and she had to shout her order, "How about six dozen surf clams?"

A short man with bowlegs dropped his knife and grinned at her. "Got a party for a change?"

"That's right, Pete," Marge said evenly.

"I think it's gonna clear up," Pete said.

There had been a haze with the dawn, and when she first got up, Marge had looked at the barometer in the cabin of the Linda G. It had been reassuring, and already the haze was thinning and the warmth of the sun was coming through. It would be a good day on the ocean, she thought. It had been a week since the old boat had gone out, and it had been chartered today, Marge was sure, only because the other charter boats were probably engaged. Her father had come home from the bar at the end of the pier the night before and awakened her to say, "Got a party tomorrow, kid. Fellow named Earl Jones. You know him?"

"Sure," Marge had said. "I know him. He usually goes out on the Sea Hawk."

"Well, he's taking the Linda G. tomorrow."

Marge's first thought had been, why? Why was he taking the Linda G.? And at once she had told herself it was because no other boat was available. Earl Jones was a big, tanned man who worked in the city but came down to the sea to fish several days a week during the summer. He had pale blue eyes and a brush of sandy hair and a slow, deep laugh. Marge liked his pleasant, easy manner. Whenever he had spoken to her it had been as if they were old, old friends, although she had talked to him hardly half a dozen times, and always briefly. Her first thought when she awakened that morning had been that the Linda G. was going out that day and that it was Earl Jones who had chartered her.

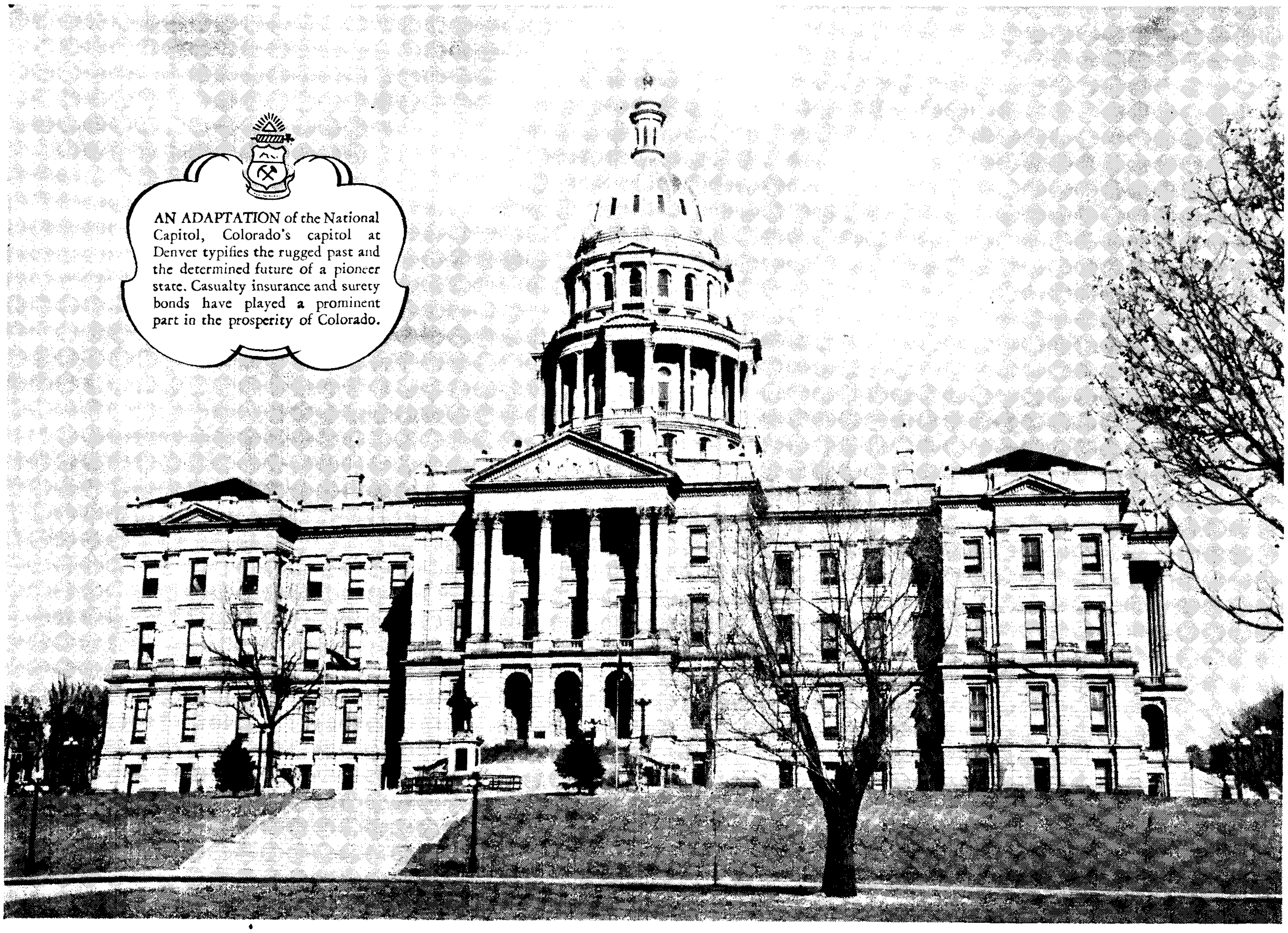
Pete brought her the clams in a gunny sack and held out his hand for the money. He made no offer to help her as she picked up the sack and carried it out to the car, but Marge was used to that. She could have lifted the sack and little bowlegged Pete with it, she thought, as she stowed the clams in the luggage compartment in the rear.

She drove to the icehouse, and backed the car up to the platform. She opened the luggage compartment again before she climbed to the platform and rang the bell beside the delivery door. When the porter opened it she said, "Fifty pounds," and waited.

The porter slid the chunk of ice onto the platform and dropped the tongs on top of it. He was a scrawny man with bloodshot eyes and thin, moist lips. The lips were quirked in a sly smile as he watched Marge pick up the tongs and hook them into the ice. She slid the fifty pounds of ice to the edge of the platform and lowered it to the luggage compartment, and when she turned again and tossed the tongs on the boards at his feet he grinned and said, "I like to see you handle that ice, Marge."

"I'd like to see *you* handle it some day," Marge said shortly, and slid behind the wheel. But as she glanced back and saw him standing there she could not help grinning; her nice, freckled grin. Then she shook the reddish hair out of her eyes and drove away. The road skirted the docks and boathouses of the small harbor. She turned off to the weathered old house and wharf where her father sold bait and rented rowboats, where the Linda G. was docked, gassed up and scrubbed down and ready for the day. Pop was sitting

SALUTE TO THE CENTENNIAL STATE



AN ADAPTATION of the National Capitol, Colorado's capitol at Denver typifies the rugged past and the determined future of a pioneer state. Casualty insurance and surety bonds have played a prominent part in the prosperity of Colorado.

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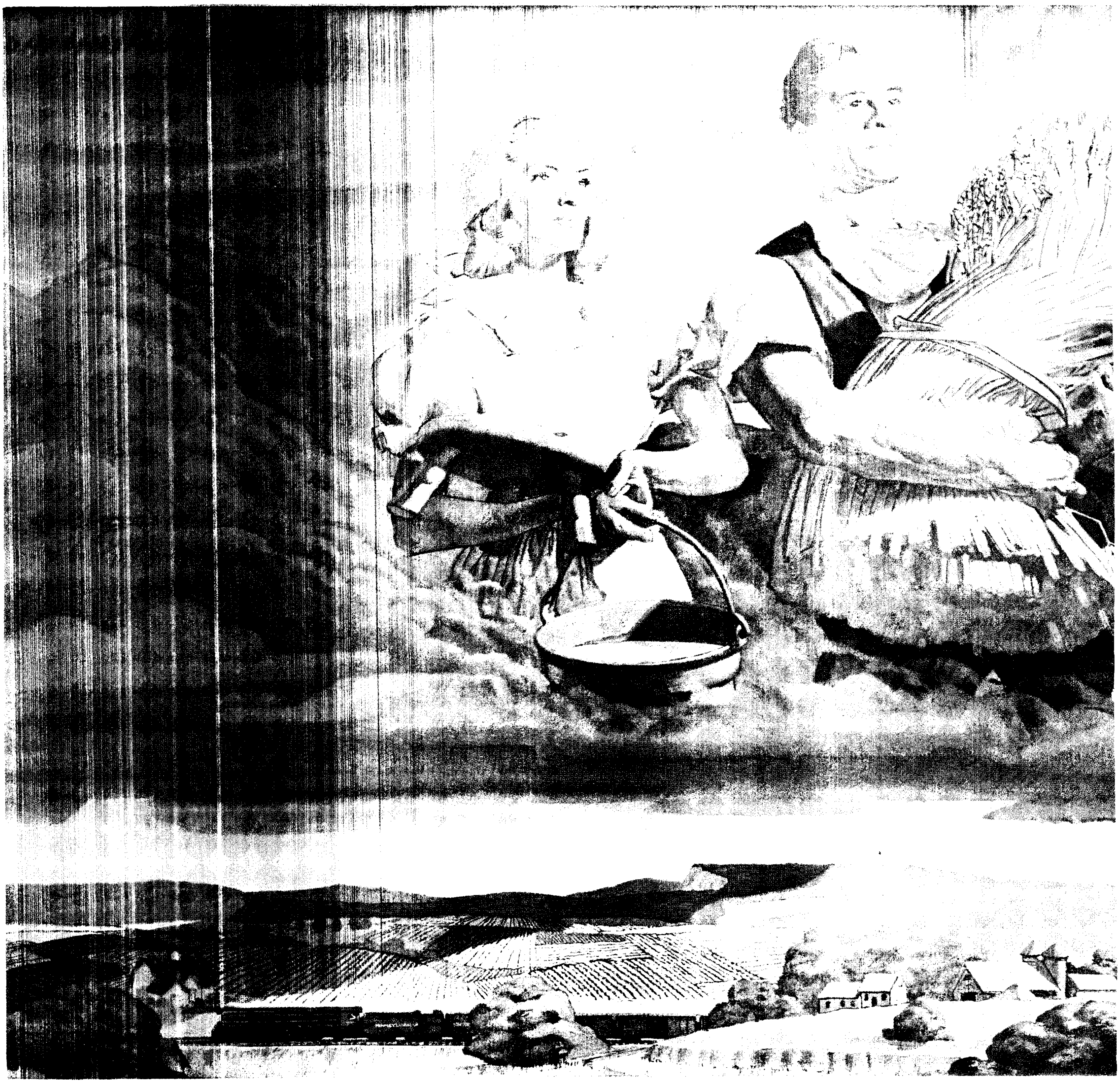

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Since earliest days, the Pennsylvania Railroad has worked hand in hand with American agriculture to help bring that about. Over its lines, as far back as 1857, moved the first shipment of dressed beef under refrigeration. The modern "refrigerator on wheels" . . . the livestock car . . . the poultry car . . . many specialized types . . . giant terminals in major cities for the quick distribution of fruits, vegetables, poultry, dairy and packing-house products—these, and more, it has helped pioneer.

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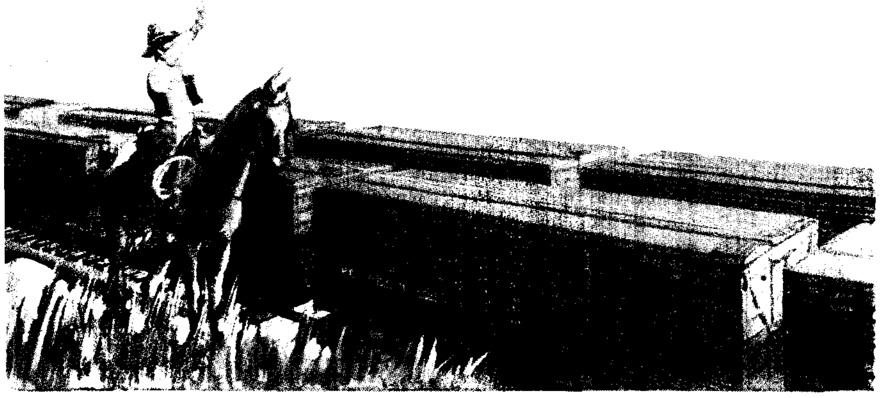
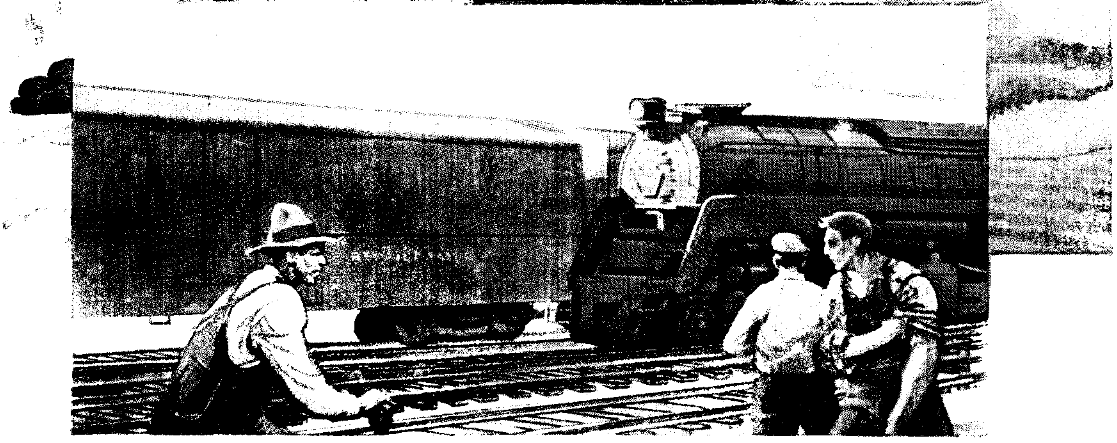
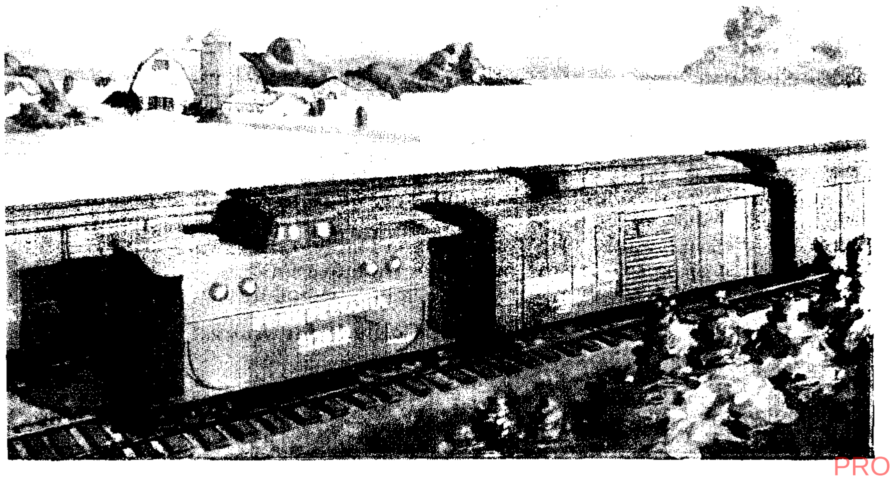
In return for this overall transportation service, the Pennsylvania Railroad receives . . . *less than a penny a ton per mile!*



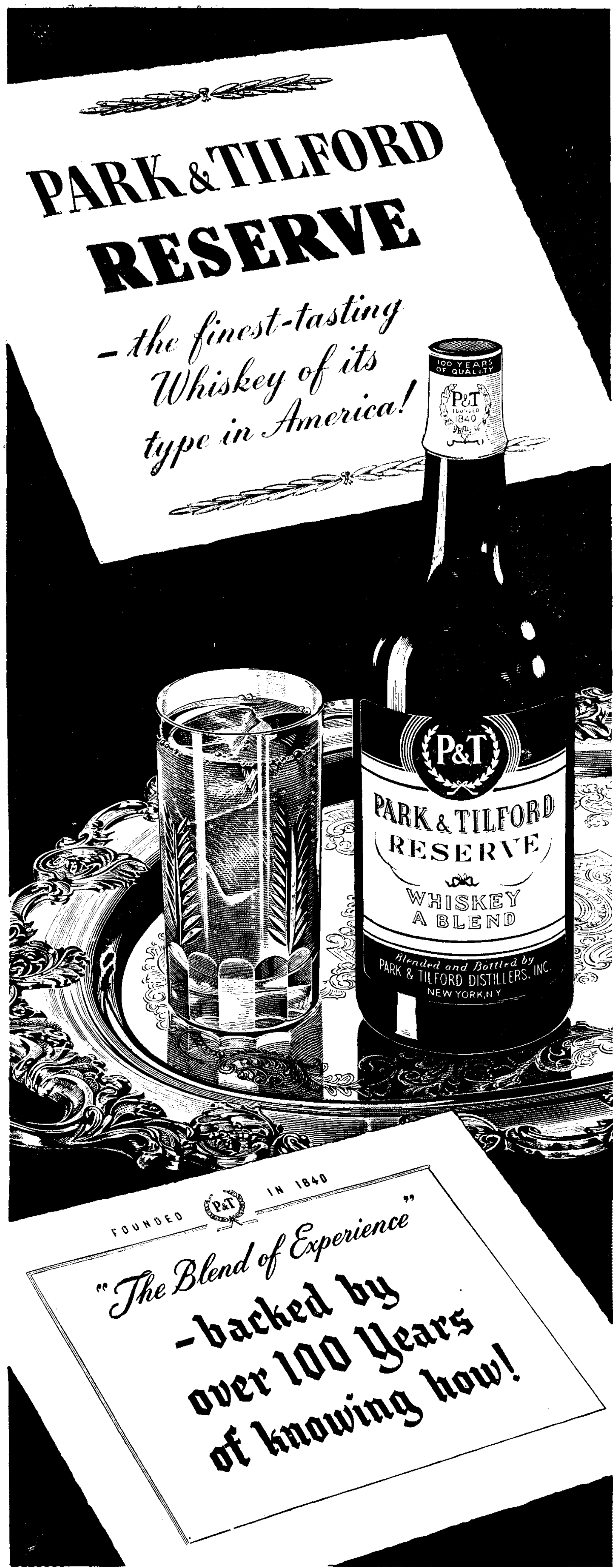




PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

1846 1946

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF TRANSPORTATION PROGRESS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on a bench in front of the house, talking to Earl Jones. She recognized the sandy hair and the casual carriage of the broad, sloping shoulders, and a smile came to her lips before she noticed the slender blond girl standing beside him. The smile faded, but Marge told herself that naturally he was not going out alone; naturally he was bringing someone along. Somehow she had not expected that someone to be a pretty girl.

She opened the luggage compartment and lifted out the sack of clams. As she carried it past, on her way to the boat, her father was saying, "They'd picked up a feller down the road who'd just bought a bottle off me and they knew I had it somewhere in the house. I was setting there at the piano watching them hunt for it."

Marge dropped the sack of clams on the dock beside the Linda G. and went back for the ice, picking up a pair of tongs from a nail driven in the wall of the house. Her father was saying, "I'd took the innards out of the piano, one of them old uprights, and I had six cases in there. You know, all through prohibition they never looked inside that piano."

"How about giving me a hand, Pop?" Marge said.

He looked up at her and grinned. He was a heavy man, her father; a heavy, sloppy man with a drooping, stained mustache and puffy red face, and he always wore a soiled yachting cap tilted over his ear. He said, "I'll get the tackle out, kid," and Marge shrugged her shoulders and walked on; he already had his load that morning.

Before she reached the car there were quick steps beside her, and Earl Jones took the tongs from her hand, saying, "I'll take care of that, Marge."

"Hello," Marge said.

He hooked the ice and lifted it out of the car. "You going out with us?"

"I always go," Marge said.

He grinned. "I thought you did. They tell me you're the real captain of the Linda G."

"Copilot, Pop calls me," Marge said.

He helped her chip the fifty pounds of ice in two and put half in the locker, half in a big pan.

BY THE time they had finished, Pop was coming along the dock with the girl. "Just take it easy," Pop was saying. "Just stand up and face the bow and take deep breaths. You'll be all right."

"I swallowed half a dozen pills," the girl said, with a nervous little laugh. "Pink ones and brown ones."

"A little whisky neat is the best," Pop said.

Earl introduced the girl as Alice Edwards, and she gave Marge a half-smile that lingered as she inspected Marge's sturdy body and strong, freckled arms. Earl called out, "All set, Captain?" and Marge liked the tone of his voice as much as Pop liked the "Captain." She knew that her father was considered something of a character around the harbor, a lushed-up old windbag, but he knew these waters. He *was* a captain, and Earl's voice showed he knew it.

Marge took the wheel and Pop cast off the lines. The two motors were old four-cylinder jobs, converted to marine use, and they made the old hull vibrate. The Linda G. did not have the graceful beauty, nor the speed, of a boat like the Sea Hawk, but she was strong and seaworthy, a good old boat, Marge thought.

As soon as they had cleared the dock Pop stepped into the cabin, avoiding Marge's frowning eyes. She sighed, and gazed ahead to the inlet and the sea. Earl came and stood beside her to look at the chart, and Marge said, "Your friend worried about being seasick?"

Earl Jones nodded. "She's never been out before. Never fished in her life." He chuckled. "It took a lot of persuasion to get her to come out at all."

Marge thought she understood why he had insisted on the girl coming, and she wondered if Earl felt as she did. She could never get along with a man who didn't like the water, she thought. She said quietly, "It's calm today. She won't be sick."

Earl turned his head. "Buck up, Alice. Marge says it's calm out there today."

The girl's smile was forced. "It had better be," she said. "*I'm* not."

She was pretty, and had an immaculate, groomed appearance that Marge envied. Already her own slacks were rumpled, Marge saw, and somehow fluid from the clams had dripped on one leg. This girl had a slight figure and small feet and stood with her shoulders back. She was taking Pop's advice, facing the bow and inhaling deeply.

THEY passed a heap of slippery green and purple rocks where five sea gulls sat in a row, and then they were in the ocean, a little choppy here at the mouth of the inlet, smoother beyond. Pop came out of the cabin, winked at Earl and said, "I'll take over, Marge. You want to rig the lines?"

Marge brought the tackle box and the rods from the cabin and set to work. Watching her, Pop said to Earl, "This here has gotten to be a nation of gadgets. When I was a boy all I ever used was a hand line. Nobody used gadgets like these here then. I tell you, just give me thirty feet of water and a hand line, that's all I want."

"And a bottle," Marge said.

"Beer, anyhow," said Pop.

The Linda G. moved smoothly over the swell, and the girl, Alice, breathed easier. She was beginning to think that she would not be seasick, and her smile returned with more assurance. She sat down aft, facing forward, and Earl went to sit beside her. Marge began opening the clams and cutting them up for bait.

The sun had come out and it was a good day. There was a flat glare on the surface of the sea and the Linda G.'s brightwork was dazzling; she moved in sparkle through the water.

Marge glanced up and met Earl's eyes; he had been watching her. The planes of his brown face were solid, and she liked the assured carriage of his head. There was a friendly shine in his blue eyes.

"You know what they tell me?" he said. "They tell me you know more about fishing these waters than any captain in port."

Marge smiled, but shook her head. "It's Pop that knows," she said.

"They gave you a big build-up," Earl went on. "That's why I chartered the Linda G."

Probably, Marge thought, Joe Burt of the Sea Hawk had steered him their way, knowing they could use the money. The Linda G. was never first choice of any fisherman.

Pop turned his head, his voice rising above the roar of the engines. "Tell you what we used to do," he said. "When the coast guard got after us in the old days we used to dump our stuff overside. I made a study of these here currents and I always knew just where to pick it up off the point the next day." He caught Marge's eye. "You want to take over a minute, kid?"

She shrugged her shoulders and went to the wheel. Pop ducked inside, but turned at the door to call to Earl, "Want a nip, son?"

"I brought a bottle along," Earl said. "Suppose we open mine. Alice, want me to fix you one?"

The girl smiled and shook her head. She was feeling more sure of herself now, but did not want to risk a drink of whisky, she said. Her voice was clear, but low, and made Marge aware that her own tones were overloud.

Ahead a buoy came to view, and several boats riding at anchor. She recognized the lines of Joe Burt's boat, the Sea Hawk. She shut off the motors and called, "Pop! Hey, Pop, want to take care of the anchor?"

"Just a minute, honey," he answered from the cabin.

"Never mind, I'll get it." She went impatiently to the bow, and had begun lowering the heavy anchor when Earl's head appeared in the open bow hatchway. He climbed up to the deck. "Let me help."

"It's okay. I've got it."

"No reason you should do all the work," he said, and took the rope from her hands. "Say, this anchor is pretty heavy for a girl."

Marge was glad Pop was out of hearing; she knew what he would have said, "She's strong as any boy, that girl."

POP did not come out of the cabin until after Marge had baited the hooks and explained to Alice Edwards how to handle a rod and reel. Pop took a hand line without meeting Marge's eyes and dropped his hook over. He stood leaning against the gunwale, his yachting cap on the back of his head, and it happened as Marge had been sure it would; he caught the first fish, and there was another dissertation on the superiority of the hand line.

Then Earl caught a small weakfish and half an hour passed without another bite. The girl, Alice, sat stiffly holding her rod, gazing steadily at the water. There was an air of determination about her, Marge thought, as if she had made up her mind to like fishing.

At last Pop reeled in his hand line, glanced at the sun, and suggested that they move on. Earl set down his rod and hurried to reach the bow ahead of Marge. She smiled and let him pull up the anchor.

"If there's any fish in this here ocean, Marge will find 'em," Pop said. "Where you gonna take us, kid?"

"Down to the Schooner Shoals, I think," Marge said.

She showed Earl where the shoals were on the chart, about seven miles south, an hour's run for the Linda G., and as they got under way he stood beside her at the wheel. "You didn't fish," he said. "Don't you like fishing?"

"Like fishing?" Marge laughed. "I've *got* to like fishing." She set her course for the Schooner Shoals. "Of course, I like fishing. It's something I never even thought about, whether I like it, I mean, any more than breathing."

"Been at it since you were a kid, I suppose," he said.

She nodded. "Since I was a kid."

Alice's clear voice called, "Earl." She was seated alone aft, smoking a cigarette, and Marge saw a slow, teasing smile come on her lips as he walked toward her. She turned her back on them and steered for the Schooner Shoals.

It was past noon when they reached the red buoy marking the shoals, and after they had anchored, Marge went into the cabin and set up the alcohol stove to boil the frankfurters Earl had provided. The boat rolled steadily in the swell and it was necessary to stand by and steady the stove as the water boiled.

Pop cut up clams and baited the hooks, and almost at once the fish were biting. Alice squealed as she boated her first weakfish, and Earl unhooked it for her and dropped it on the ice in the three-foot bucket. The next time she hooked a fish he was busy with his own line. Pop had come through to get another drink and Marge said, "Watch the stove, Pop." Then she hurried to take the fish from Alice's hook.

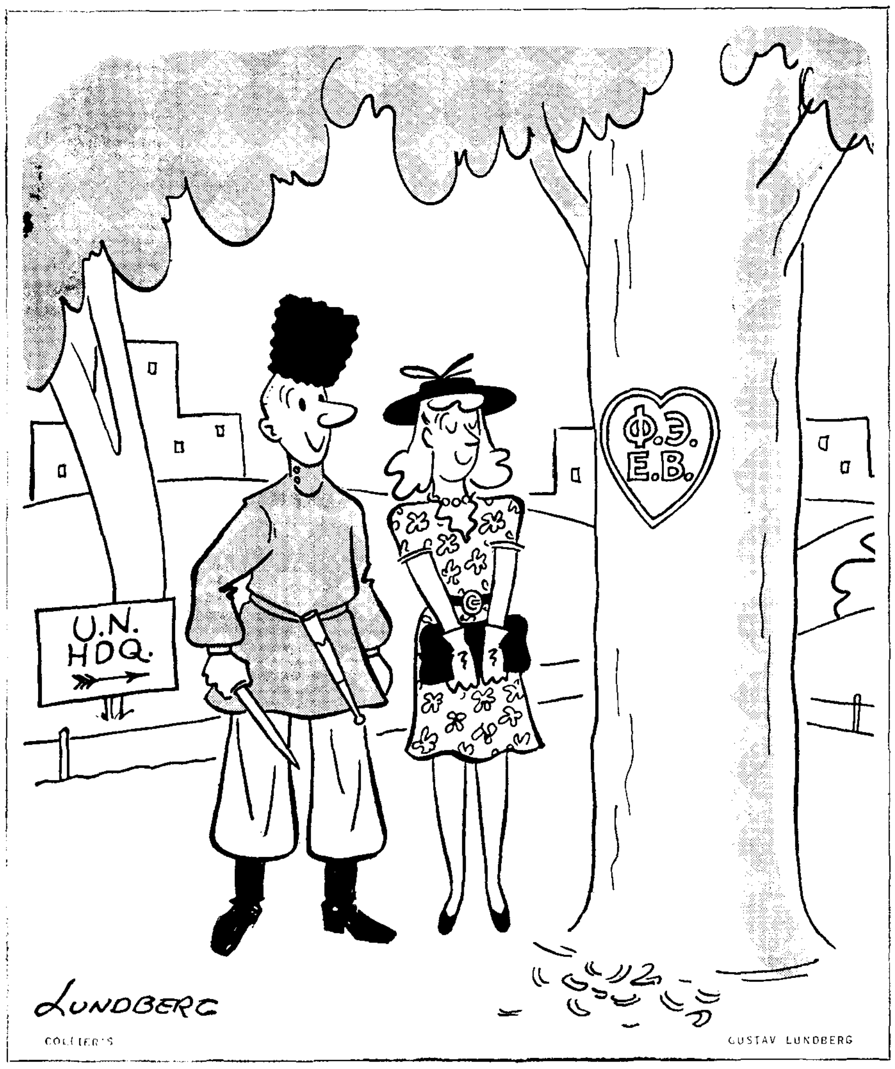
"I ought to learn how to do it," the girl said.

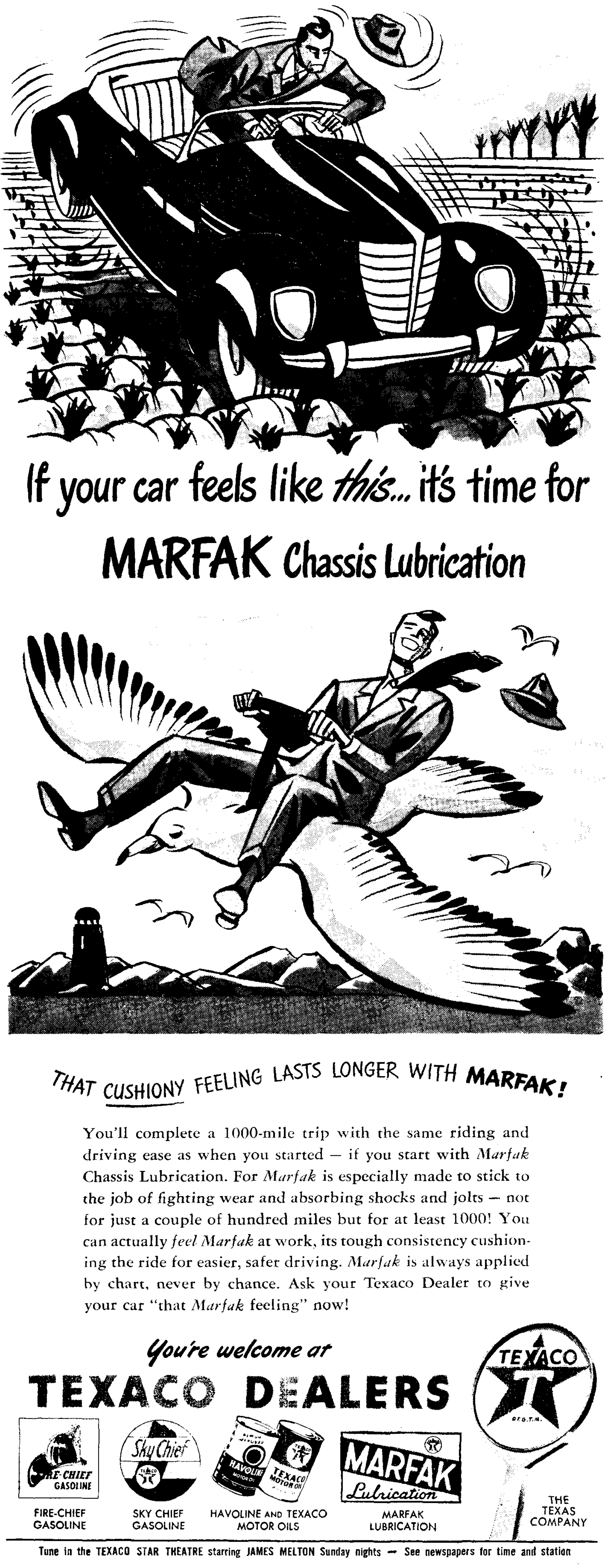
The fish was a porgy, with a stiff fan of dorsal fins. Marge showed her how to hold the fish, pressing the fins back and down, and then how to remove the hook.

"I just don't like to touch them," Alice remarked. "I suppose that's silly of me."

"Silly?" Earl said. "Honey, not at all. You're just not the type. You leave it to us extroverts."

Marge found Pop waiting for her by the stove. He grinned and patted her shoulder. "Marge, I'm lucky I got a girl like you," he said. "I'd hate to have that

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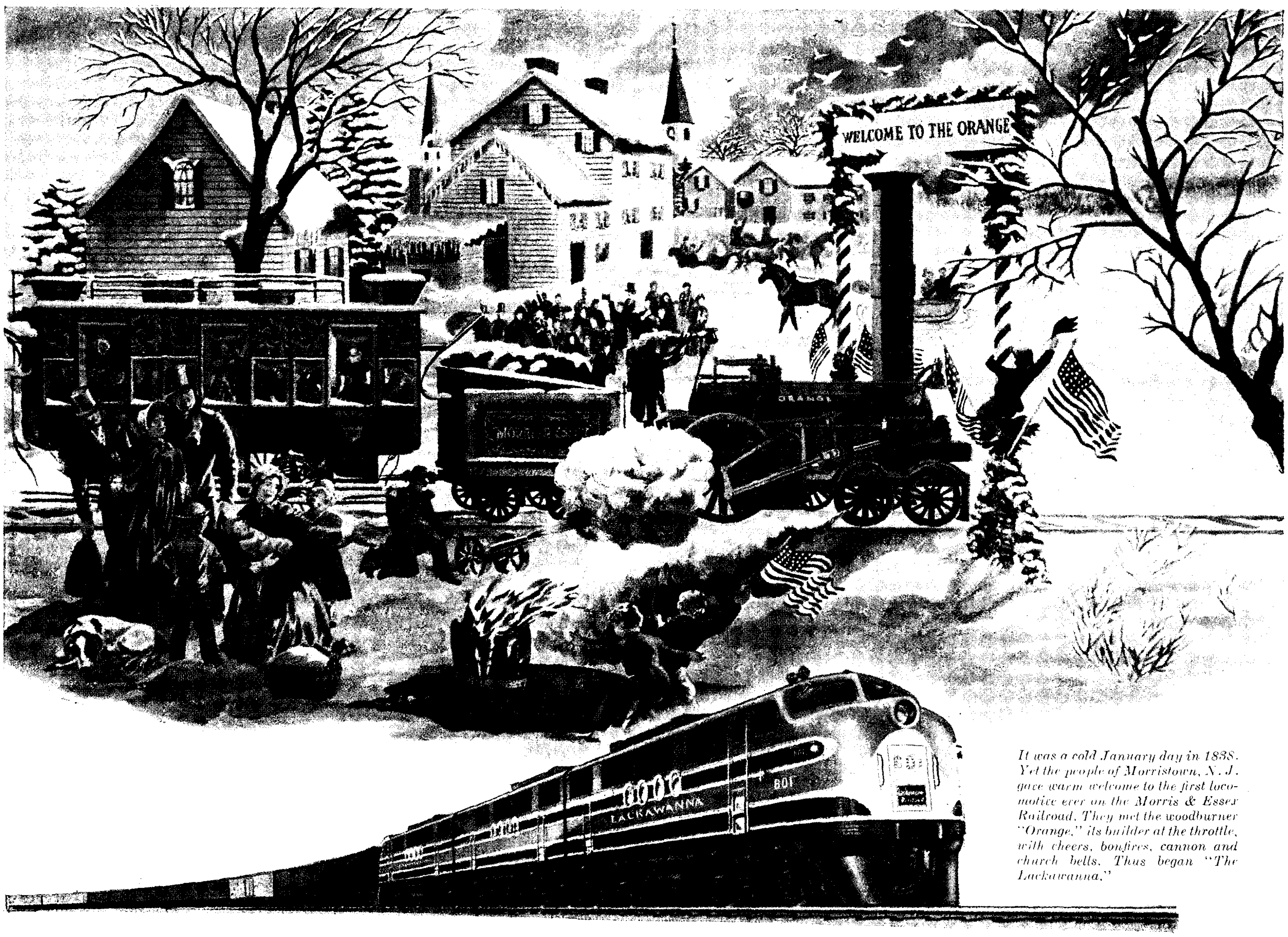

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fluffy kind. I don't like that fluff on a boat.”

“I wouldn't mind a little bit of fluff myself,” Marge said. “If I could get away with it, that is.” She looked at her strong, freckled forearms. “I'm not the type.”

When the frankfurters were ready she served them with beer. After he had eaten, Pop went into the cabin and stretched out on a bunk. He said apologetically to Marge, “I should of laid off that beer. You know how it is, kid. Beer always makes me sleepy.”

“It's okay,” Marge said. “Take a nap, if you want.”

Earl called to her, “Look here, Marge, why don't you take a rod? You haven't tried your luck at all.”

“Okay,” Marge said. “I'll take a hand *line up to the bow.*”

THE bow rose and fell placidly in the swell; it was a peaceful place where Marge often escaped when there was a large party aboard and Pop was sober enough to take charge. But as soon as she had caught one fish Earl came forward.

“They seem to be biting up here,” he said, laughing. “Mind if I try it?”

Marge nodded, and glanced aft. Alice had taken her line out of the water and was sitting indolently, gazing off toward the horizon. She looked very decorative against the blue water.

“I guess she's had enough fishing,” Marge said.

Earl turned his head and called, “You bored back there?”

“Oh, no.” Alice's voice carried lightly. “Just contented, Earl.”

Earl smiled and said, “You ought to have your hook in while the fish are biting.”

Marge saw Alice shrug her shoulders and flip her cigarette over the side, then bait her hook and drop it into the water. Marge heard Earl's voice in her ear, “I've been wondering, what do you do in winter?”

“Take it easy. Rub lanolin on my hands. Get a permanent now and then.” She smiled. “Oh, we get the boat scraped and painted, too. Last year we rebuilt the cabin. You can see where . . .”

“Yes, I noticed,” he said. “I wonder which is the carpenter, you or your father.”

“Pop is pretty good with a hammer,” Marge said loyally, and added, “when he can see the nail, that is.”

She glanced aft again. Alice had boated a fish and stood grimly by the gunwale, the fish in her hand and an expression of distaste on her face as she worked the hook loose. Her slight shoulders were squared and her lips were pressed firmly together. At last she unhooked the fish and dropped it in the bucket, then wiped her hands.

Earl chuckled and said, “She's a pretty good sport.”

Marge thought that the girl was determined to be a good sport, if it killed her. She murmured, “It looks like you'll make a fisherman of her,” but Earl was busy reeling in his line and had not heard. Marge had a strike at that moment on *her hand line, and after she had boated* her fish she saw Earl standing in the bow, gazing aft with a grin. Marge turned her head. Alice was reeling in another fish.

“They're really biting now,” Marge said.

Earl said, “She's hooked a shark,” and shouted, “Hey, I'll help with that.”

Marge scrambled to her feet and followed him to the stern. Alice had a dogfish thoroughly hooked on her line and was trying to get her hand on it.

“Watch it,” Earl said, and took the line from her. He let the fish dangle against the side of the boat, killed it with a competent knife thrust just above the eyes. He grinned at Marge. “She was going to pick it up like a minnow.”

Marge shook her head. “You got to watch out for those little sharks. They can give you a nasty bite.”

“Really?” Alice said, a trifle smugly, Marge thought. Earl patted the girl's shoulder with an air of pride.

Pop came to the door of the cabin then, blinking, and Marge said, “It's about time, Pop.” A little irritation had come into her voice.

“I guess it is, at that,” he said. He squinted at the sun. “What do you say we start back, Marge, and try our luck at that first shoal, if we still got time?”

“It's up to you, Earl,” Marge said.

“Okay,” Earl said.

They reeled in the lines and Marge went to the wheel. She turned the starter for the port engine, and when it was roaring tried the other engine; it failed to start. Pop pushed his cap on the back of his head. “Okay, Engineer,” he said. “You better take over the watch.”

Earl smiled. “Engineer, too?”

“She's got a feel for motors,” Pop said. “Looks like I work the girl to death, don't it?”

Earl knelt beside her as she opened the hatch to inspect the starboard motor. “It's a fact,” he said. “You do the dirty work around here.”

“Oh, I don't mind. I like it.”

Earl chuckled and said, “Us extroverts get kicked around, but, by golly, we have more fun. I know a little something about motors. Let me help.”

Marge tied up her hair in a handkerchief, to get it out of the way, and they went to work together, while the Linda G. moved along on her one motor at *about three knots, with a crablike swing*ing from the waves. Marge suggested that water from the ice had probably dripped through and soaked the distributor—certainly it was the ignition system that caused the trouble—and they dried the distributor thoroughly and tried again, but the motor did not start.

Alice sat aft, smoking a cigarette and watching them with a half-smile as they worked. Marge was hot and there was grease on her arms and hands. She had rubbed her nose with the back of her hand, and she was sure it was smudged. She caught Earl looking at her once, and he grinned.

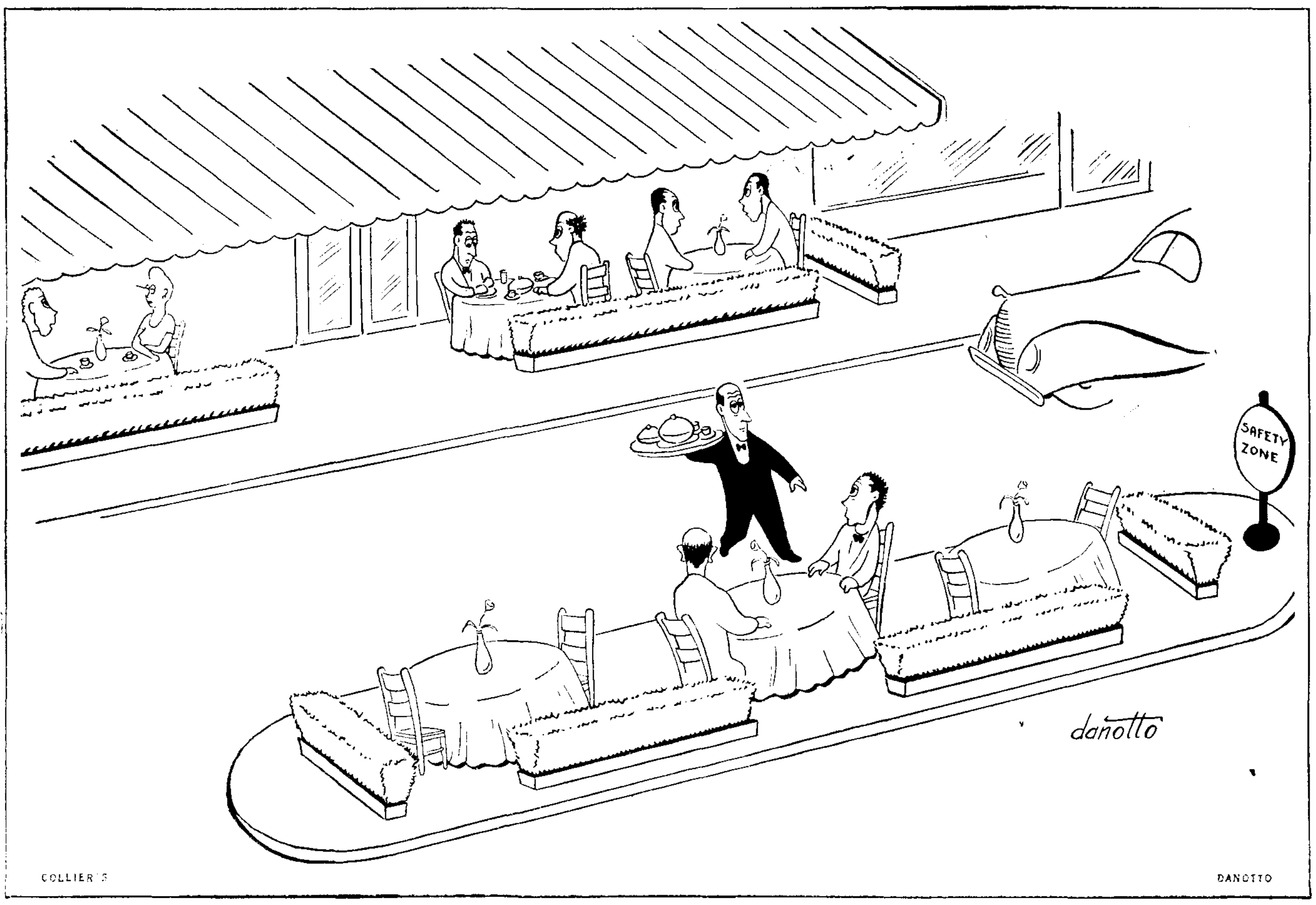
A LONG time went by almost in silence. The only words they spoke were, “How about the pliers?” or “What do you think of this?” and their heads were together over the engines. They had come a long way on one motor and the buoy was close ahead, with the Sea Hawk still anchored near by, when all at once the other motor stopped. Alice was on her feet immediately. “Goodness, what's wrong now?”

“What's wrong is we need two new motors,” Marge said.

“Kid, have we got plenty of gas?” asked Pop, rather vaguely.

Alice gave him a blank look and Marge said, “At least fifty gallons. It's not that.” She wiped grease from her hands. “Just go back and sit down, Pop. It's the ignition,” she explained. “We'll get her going.”

“Sure, you will,” Pop said. He added



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apologetically, "I never had a head for mechanics."

Earl grinned. "What did you do back when you were running rum, with the Coast Guard on your tail?"

"You see," Pop said, "they was new motors then."

Marge saw that Pop was worried. If the story got around that both the Linda G.'s motors had conked out there'd be few parties wanting to charter the old boat. She went to work on the port engine, and Earl kept tinkering with the starboard. Pop poured a drink all around and passed the glasses. He had such a helpless, apologetic air, and drank his whisky so guiltily, that Marge felt sorry for him. She knew that he was reproaching himself for his inability to help, for his delegating so much work to her, and for that matter, for having a daughter instead of a son.

"Pop," Marge said. "Drop the anchor, will you? Then see if you can catch a fish."

"A fish?" Pop said.

"Drop a line overside," said Marge.

Pop looked at her sharply, then nodded. From Earl's quick glance she knew that he had also understood. If the Linda G. seemed to have anchored to fish, those aboard the Sea Hawk would not know the motors had failed.

ALICE had smoked several cigarettes impatiently, and now she asked, as Pop baited his hook, "What if you can't get it fixed?"

"Oh, she'll get it fixed," Pop said. "You can depend on Marge."

"But what if she can't?"

"Skip it, Alice," Earl said. He bent over the engine.

Alice moved toward him, her eyes bright. "It's a sensible question, isn't it?" she said. "Earl, don't you think we ought to hail that boat over there and bum a ride in?"

"We can't do that," Earl said.

"Can't?" Alice said. "Why can't we? I'm sure the captain wouldn't mind."

"We'll get her going," Earl said. He did not look up.

"It may be hours," Alice said. "How much do you know about engines, anyhow? Earl, I don't see why you ever picked out this old tub in the first place. Excuse me, Captain, but it *is* an old tub."

Pop only grunted, but Earl said, "She's a good seaworthy boat."

"I think I know why you picked this one," Alice said, then frowned and looked as if she regretted having said it. Her voice changed. "I'm sorry, Earl, but I just can't help feeling nervous. I don't know a thing about boats, and I *am* nervous."

Marge bent over the port engine, and did not look up. She was aware that Earl had risen to his feet and she heard his voice, low and reassuring, "Honey, there's nothing to be nervous about."

Marge pulled a wire loose with a surreptitious jerk of her fingers. She heard Alice's voice, very feminine, almost tremulous, "I suppose I'm being an awful baby, Earl, but I can't help it." Her voice rose. "Look, they're pulling up anchor. They're going in."

Marge glanced up and saw Joe Burt on the bow of the Sea Hawk. She straightened and said, "Pop, give Joe a hail."

"Oh, say," Earl said uneasily. "Marge, I . . ."

"Go on, Pop," Marge said. She pressed her lips together and bent again over the engine. She heard her father hail the Sea Hawk, and as the trim cruiser bore their way Earl remained in the stern with Alice. He held one of her hands as he talked, and Marge thought that he was a nice guy, the kind a girl like Alice could keep jumping through a hoop. The Sea Hawk came alongside and Joe Burt said, "In trouble, Marge?"

"Nothing I can't fix," Marge said. "But it may take a little time. These folks are in a hurry, Joe. Will you take them in?"

"Sure thing," Joe Burt said. "Want a tow, Marge?"

"No," Marge said.

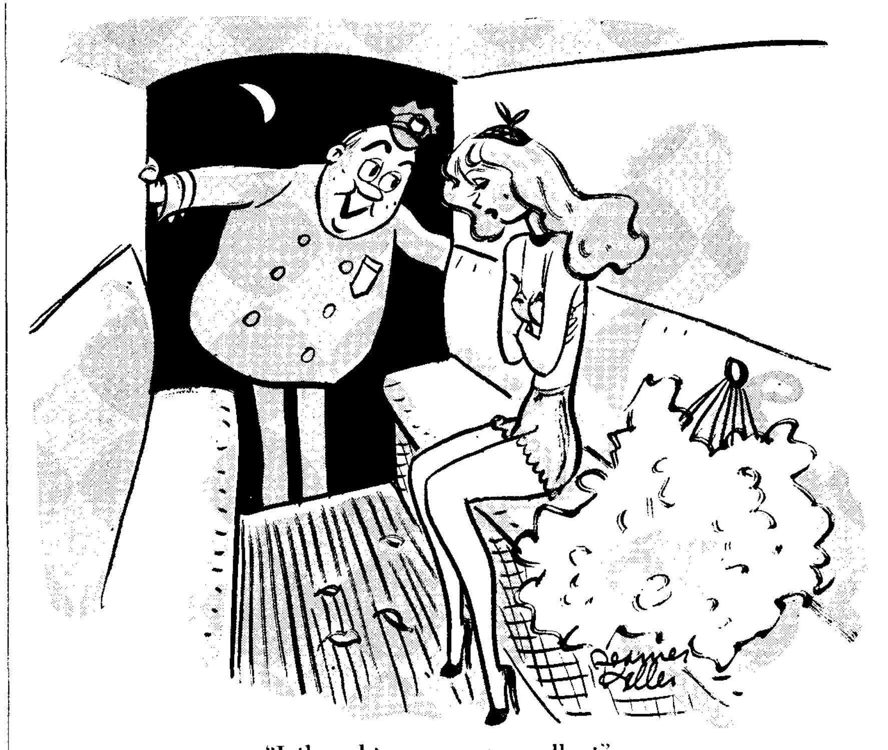
Earl helped Alice to the Sea Hawk and whispered just before he stepped across, "Sorry, Marge." She felt the friendly pressure of his hand on her shoulder, then he was gone. Marge did not look up; she heard the flat, hard sound of the Sea Hawk's exhaust as the cruiser moved away. She went to the port motor, snapped the wire back in place and said quietly, "Pop, try the starter, will you?"

He put out his hand. There was a sucking sound, then a sudden, steady roar. The boat began to vibrate. Pop cried, "That done it. Good girl, Marge."

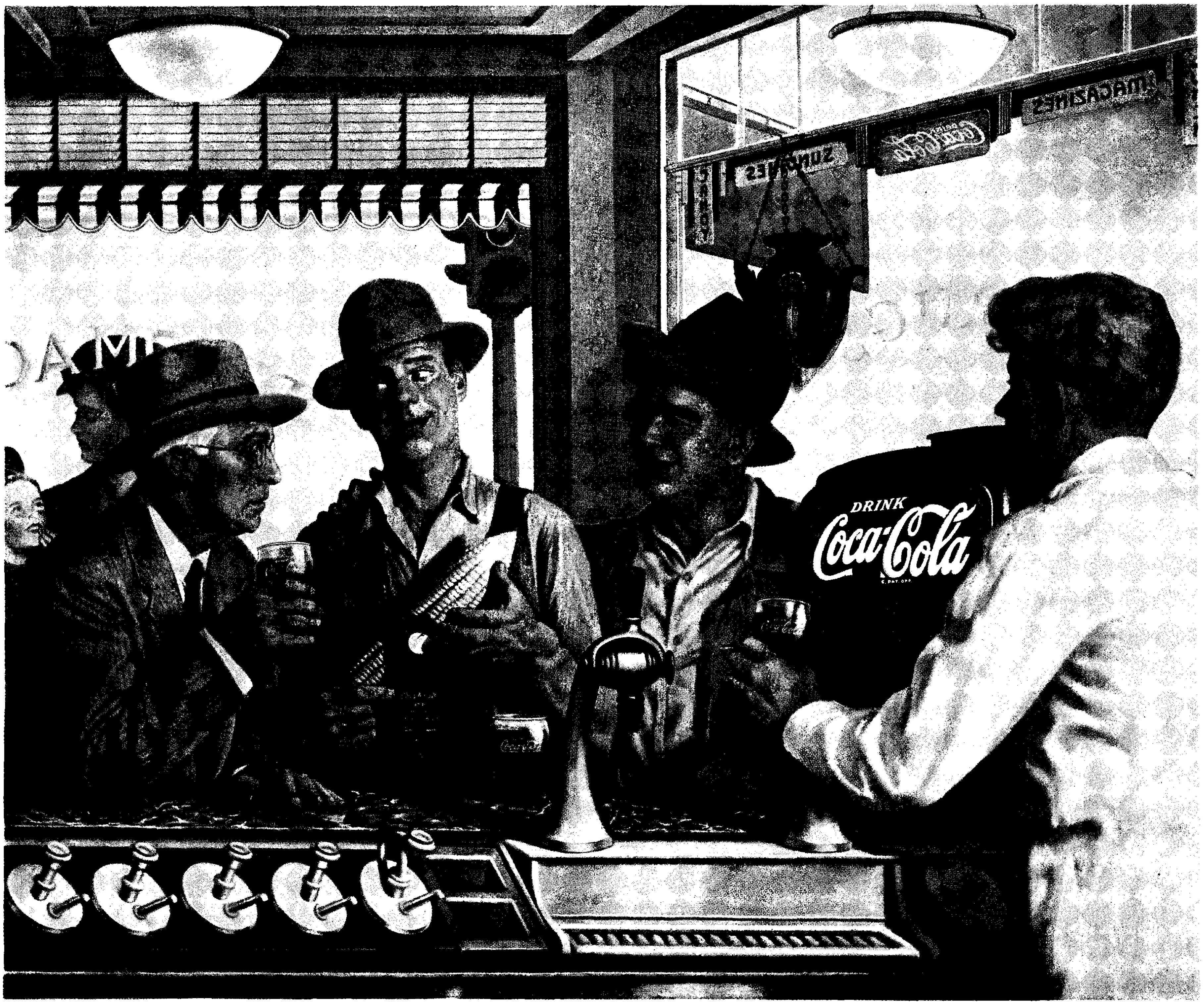
She ran to the bow to pull up the anchor. She knew that they were watching her from the stern of the Sea Hawk, and her grin returned, her nice, freckled grin. She waved her hand casually, then stowed the anchor and went into the cabin. She poured herself a very stiff drink and drank it off neat.

When she returned to the deck, Pop gave her a searching look and said, "Kid, did you know she'd start up?"

Sometimes, Marge thought, her father



"I thought you were excellent"



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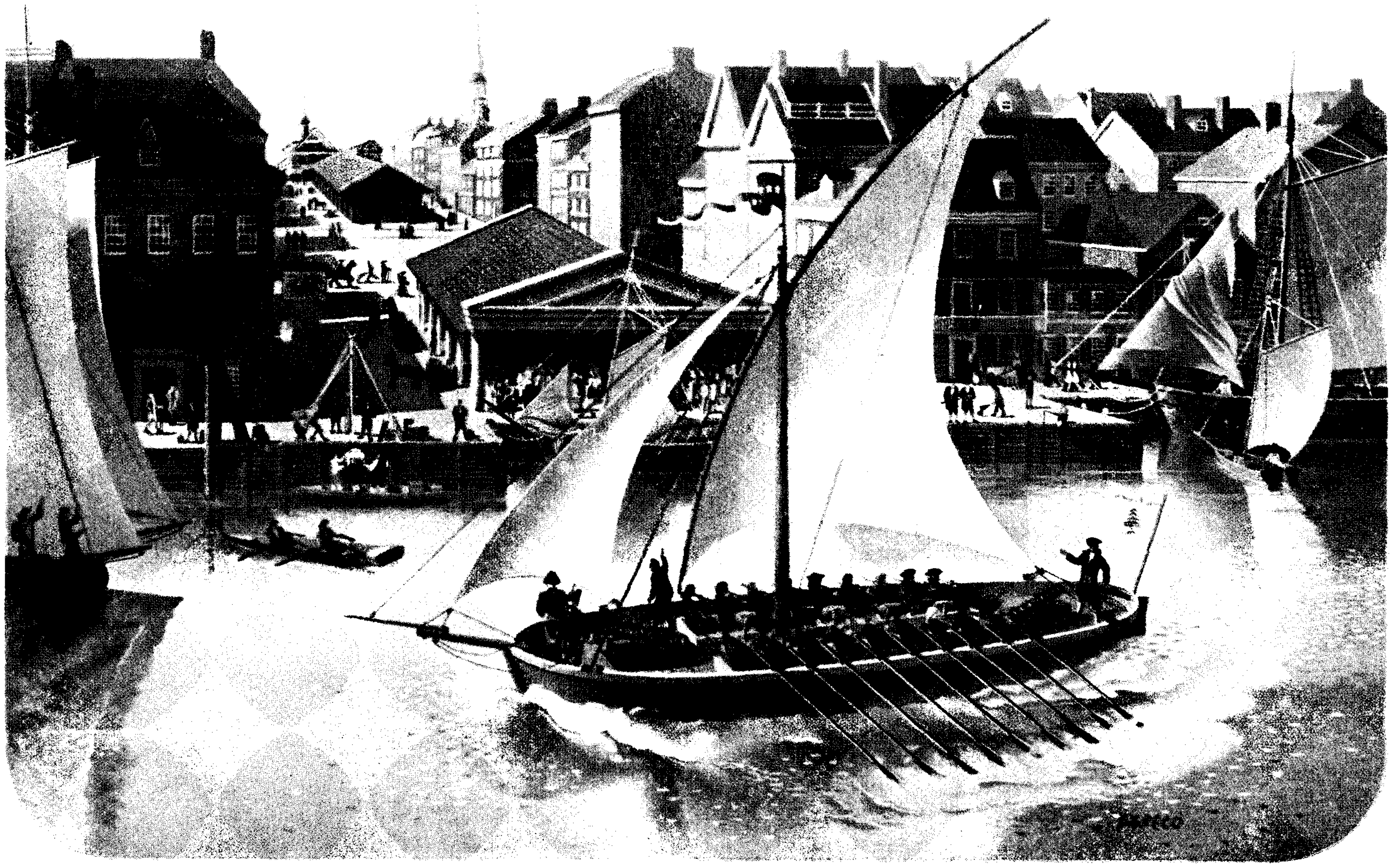

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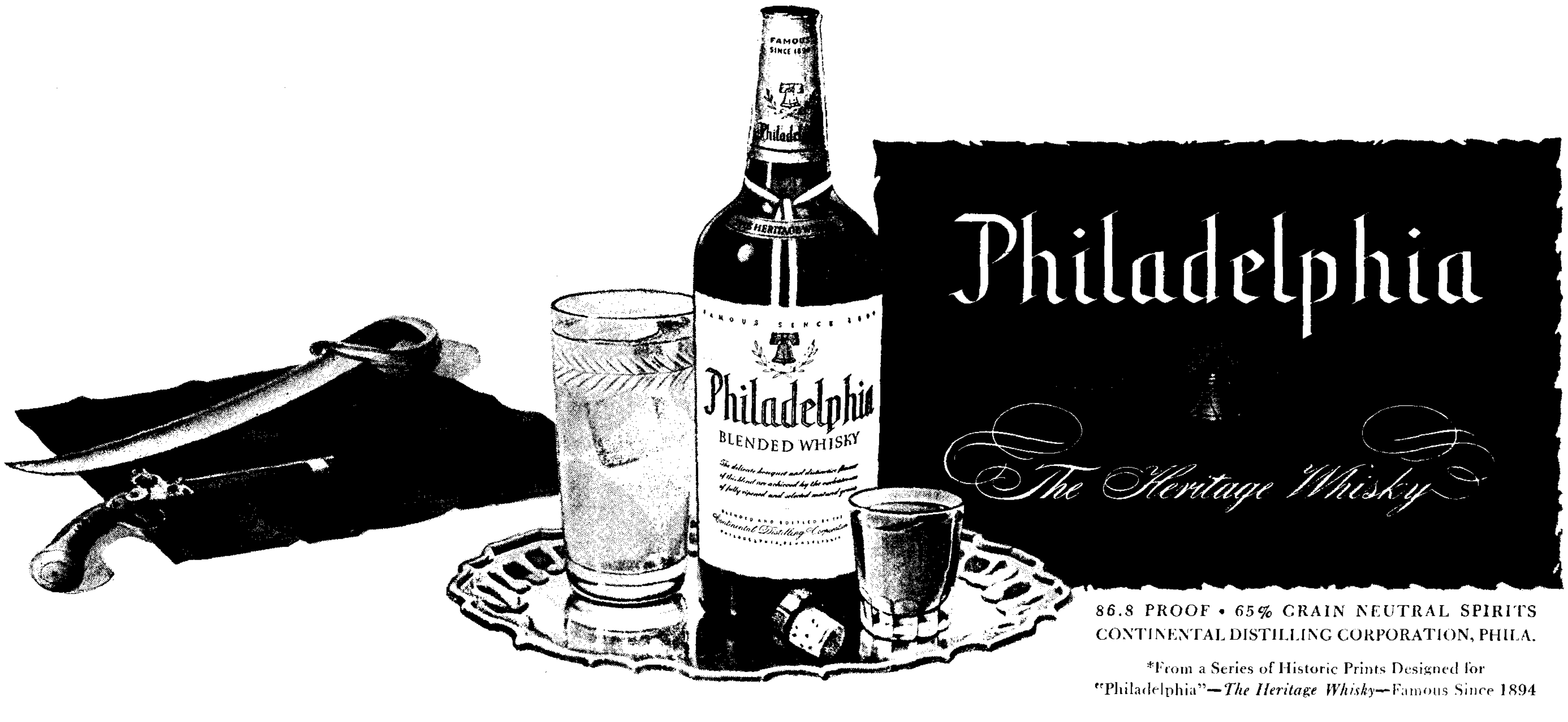

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*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894 was surprisingly acute. She said, "Steer her in. I'll keep after the other one."

She did not care about the grease striped on her arms and smudged on her face. She was going to have both motors going; she would have them roaring, before the Linda G. made port.

Pop chuckled and patted her shoulder as she knelt beside him. "Kid," he said softly, "you sure showed that one up. That no-account little bit of fluff."

"Oh, Pop," Marge said wearily. "You know better than I do that she's what men go for. Look at me. I'm neither fish nor fowl." She chuckled. "Well, mainly fish, I guess."

"You're the girl for me," Pop said.

Marge looked at her stained arms. "I could use a little of that fluff," she said.

Pop frowned. "Kid, you got all you need."

MARGE shook her head. She examined the points of the plugs, dried the distributor again, tinkered with the carburetor, and the lights of the inlet were winking at her in twilight when she put all the wires back in place and gave her father a nod. Pop put his hand on the starter, and both motors were roaring. The Linda G. drove ahead, and Pop grinned down at her.

Marge stood up and wiped her hands on a piece of waste. It was good to put back at night into the small harbor; it was a moment she had always cherished, and tonight it was perfect. Both motors were humming in synchrony as they swept past the fish company pier, where the commercial boats were unloading the day's catch at the icehouse, and turned to the weathered old dock that had always been home for the Linda G. and for Marge.

She jumped to the dock to make the lines fast, and a moment later Pop stepped ashore and put an arm around her shoulders. "Look, kid, I'm going to take a walk downtown."

Marge groaned. "Pop, we've got to make things shipshape. Now, please!"

"I'll be right back," he said. "I'll take care of it. You just get in the house and fix some supper."

"I'll take you up on that," Marge said savagely. "Just this once, I will!"

But after he had gone she sighed. If she left the work to him, she knew it would be left undone. She stepped aboard the Linda G. and dumped the rest of the clams overboard. She saw that Earl had not taken his fish, and put the bucket on the dock, then washed down the deck and stowed the tackle and carried the tackle box to the house.

She was setting the table when she heard her father's step on the porch. She called, "Hurry it up. Supper's ready."

He came slowly into the kitchen, one hand behind his back, and she saw his sheepish grin. He slid into a chair and she frowned at him. "Pop, what are you hiding?" she asked impatiently.

He cleared his throat. "Well, I tell you, I took a little trip downtown."

"Yes, I know that."

"Look here, kid." He leaned across the table. "I make kind of a mess of things. I got a habit of letting things slide, and I guess I let it slide too long. I don't want you pining away for things you ain't got."

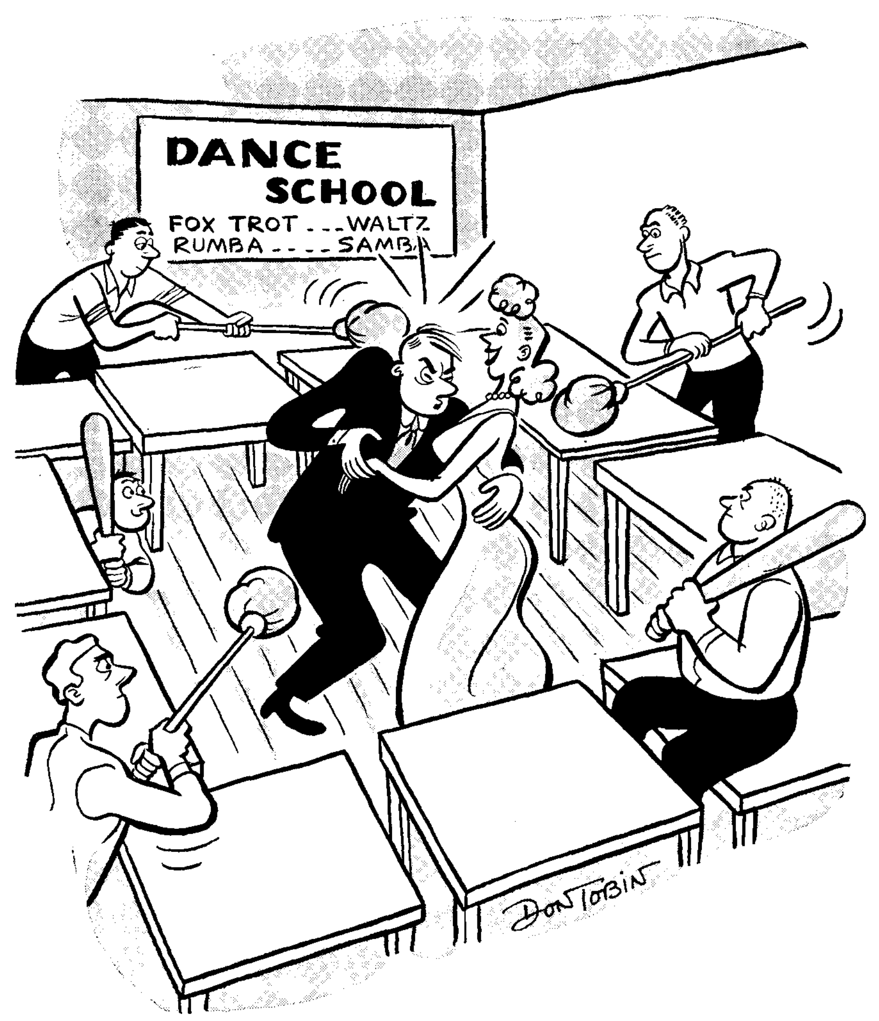
"Pining away?" Marge said. "Do I look like I'm pining away?" she laughed.

"What I mean is—" her father began. "Well, what I mean is you got as much right to fluff as any piece of fluff I know."

"Pop, what saloon were you in?" Marge asked wearily. "Was it Jack O'Donnell's or was it Kahn's?"

"Here," he said, and tossed a package on the table in front of her. "Here's your fluff."

She met his eyes and frowned, then picked up the package. She saw the name of the women's shop downtown, and broke the string with a jerk of her fingers. There was a flat white box and inside it was a wealth of tissue paper. She pushed the paper aside and saw black lace. She picked it up and held it out—a black lace nightgown.



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"Pop," Marge said, "for heaven's sake!"

"Well, why not?" Pop said.

"Oh, good Lord," Marge said helplessly. She looked for the price tag. "Seventeen dollars! Pop, did you pay seventeen bucks for this thing?"

"You're entitled to a little fluff," Pop said. "If you want it."

"I suppose you collected the thirty-five dollars from Earl," Marge asked soberly.

"I sure did."

Marge dropped the nightgown in her lap. "Pop, did you spend half of it on this?" She frowned. "You know we need the money."

"Sure," he said, avoiding her eyes. "But, kid . . ."

They heard a step on the porch outside, and a voice calling, "Hey, I came for my fish."

"Okay, Earl," Pop said gratefully. He jumped up from his chair and hurried from the room. Marge picked up the nightgown and stood looking at it. She thought it was typical of Pop, so damned irresponsible. She heard Earl calling, "Marge."

Slowly she went to the door. "I left your fish down on the dock," she said.

He nodded. "Say, I bet you got both those motors going."

She smiled. "That's right."

"I heard one start up," he said. "I felt pretty bad about it, Marge. I knew you'd get her going, but, you see, it was Alice's first time out, and . . ."

"Sure," Marge said. "I understand." She added blandly, "Some people are afraid of water. You can't blame them."

"Yes," Earl said, and rubbed his chin. "Anyhow, I thought I'd go out again. About Friday."

"Fine," Pop said. "Be glad to take you out again. So she took to fishing?"

"To tell you the truth," Earl said, with a grin, "I don't think she did. I thought it would be just me Friday. I want a chance to *fish.*"

Marge looked at his tanned face; his eyes shone in the light coming from the kitchen. She shook her head. "You ought to give her another crack at it, Earl. You can probably get the Sea Hawk for Friday. Take her out on the Sea Hawk, Earl. You don't want an old tub like the Linda G."

"See here," he said. "I've got plenty of confidence in the Linda G." His eyes met hers. "Her skipper, too."

"Well, thanks," Pop said.

"She's plenty of boat for me," Earl said, and shifted his feet uncertainly. "Well, I'll pick up my fish."

Pop went with him along the dock to get the fish, and Marge closed the door. She heard the sound of their feet returning and a moment later the noise of a starter. When Pop entered the kitchen, grinning, she moved away from him.

AFTER supper she said casually, "You know, Pop, it's hot tonight."

"Is it? I hadn't noticed."

"I'm going to take the Linda G. out in the harbor tonight and drop anchor," Marge said. "I think I'll sleep out there."

"Okay," he said. "You want me to come along?"

"No," Marge said. She smiled and picked up the flat white box. She folded the black lace nightgown and put it carefully in the box, then packed the tissue paper over it and closed the box.

"I'll take it back in the morning," Pop said. "They'll give me a refund."

She shook her head. "I think I'll just take it along," she said. "Good night, Pop."

"Good night, kid."

She walked past him out to the dock. It was dark now, and the lights were bright on the pier. She stepped lightly aboard the Linda G. and snapped on the running lights. When she put her hand on the starters the two engines came to life, throbbing in the night.

THE END

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Low Man on a Lightning Rod

Continued from page 18

to the depressing conclusion that there is nothing left to invent; nothing left to discover. By this I mean there is no simple, fundamental law of mechanics that can be discovered without a lot of laboratory equipment. It took considerably more than a scout ax to split the atom. The thing I want to discover, whatever it might be, would involve nothing more complex than a stick of wood or a can of soup or a bud bursting on a banana tree. Mr. Watt stared at the teakettle and came up with steam power and, so far as I can figure it, exhausted the teakettle as a source for scientific advancement. I have an apple tree, but Mr. Newton wore out apple trees forever.

In spite of these philosophical hindrances, the urge to discover refused to leave me. It would have to be something as simple as steam coming out of a teakettle or an apple dropping on my head, and I had a feeling that somewhere around my place there existed a tremendous secret and if I kept my eyes open I'd get it, and all mankind would benefit, and my children could hold their heads proudly in public.

At first I thought it would be easy work. When that teakettle attracted the attention of Mr. Watt he wasn't wiping the dishes or stirring apple butter; he was just sitting there with a stupid look on his face. When the apple dropped on Newton's head he was very likely asleep and dreaming about some dame.

Take also that Greek, Archimedes, the one who leaped out of a bathtub, bellowed, "Eureka! I have found it!" and started ripping up and down the streets without any clothes on. Simply by sitting in that tub he had accidentally discovered a method of determining how much gold was in the king's crown. The principle he discovered is called, I believe, specific gravity, or how to measure specific gravity, or displacement, or maybe just how to tell how much gold is in a king's crown without melting it up.

Whatever it was he discovered, the thing has bewildered me ever since the unfortunate day when I first heard about it. I not only can't figure out how he did it; I don't know what it was he did, and I never will. Time and again I have asked educated people to explain it, speaking slowly and using small words, and when they've got through I've put them down as frauds, convinced that they had no more idea of what happened in that bathtub than I had. The fact seems to remain, nonetheless, that Archimedes discovered something important by just sitting there.

The "Sit and Look" Technique

Since I had ample precedent to follow I decided just to sit still and watch things. You might think I was happy doing it, but I wasn't. I'd sit half a day looking at a lawn mower until my wife would come out and threaten to drop it on my head if I didn't take hold of it and shove it around the yard. And while I'd be sitting there looking at it, I'd get to worrying; thinking that all during the time I was staring at it, waiting for it to make a move and yield up a secret, the thing I was seeking was probably happening on the other side of the house—to a rock, or the garden gate, or my dog, or a toggle joint.

I was about ready to yell, "Eureka! I have gone nuts!" Then lightning struck a tree on the back property, and I abandoned the lawn mower and the other things. Lightning was my dish.

One big fact stares us in the face: Science has never figured out a way to harness the electricity contained in a stroke of lightning. Moreover, so far as I can find out, lightning has never done anybody a bit of good (barring the possibility that Genevieve actually wanted her bobby pins wrenched into a prettier pattern).

Somewhere, I am convinced, there is a simple and obvious way of putting lightning to work; the secret could lie in an apple, a teakettle or a bathtub. I have an idea it will be found in some thing or some place where it is least suspected—in a hen, maybe, or in the exhaust from a Fifth Avenue bus, or in John L. Lewis.

To prepare myself for the task of harnessing lightning I read everything I could find on the subject. I learned that there are 44,000 thunderstorms flashing and banging around the world every day in the year. And all they succeed in doing is knock down trees, put power plants out of commission, get the Empire State Building's picture in the papers, and scare people.

Much of the information I acquired is worthless, e.g., the fact that certain savages make arrows out of a tree that has been struck by lightning, and shoot the arrows at their enemy's house and the house promptly burns down. That's merely a story I read. I haven't tried it. Yet.

We have all known people who are afraid of lightning. I once worked on a newspaper where the sports editor, a large and rugged citizen who feared no man or beast, always collapsed into a state bordering on idiocy during a thunderstorm. He worked at an old-time roll-top desk and it was his custom, when a storm came up, to put his head inside the desk and roll the top down over his neck and stay there until the fireworks subsided. He now works for the National Association of Manufacturers.

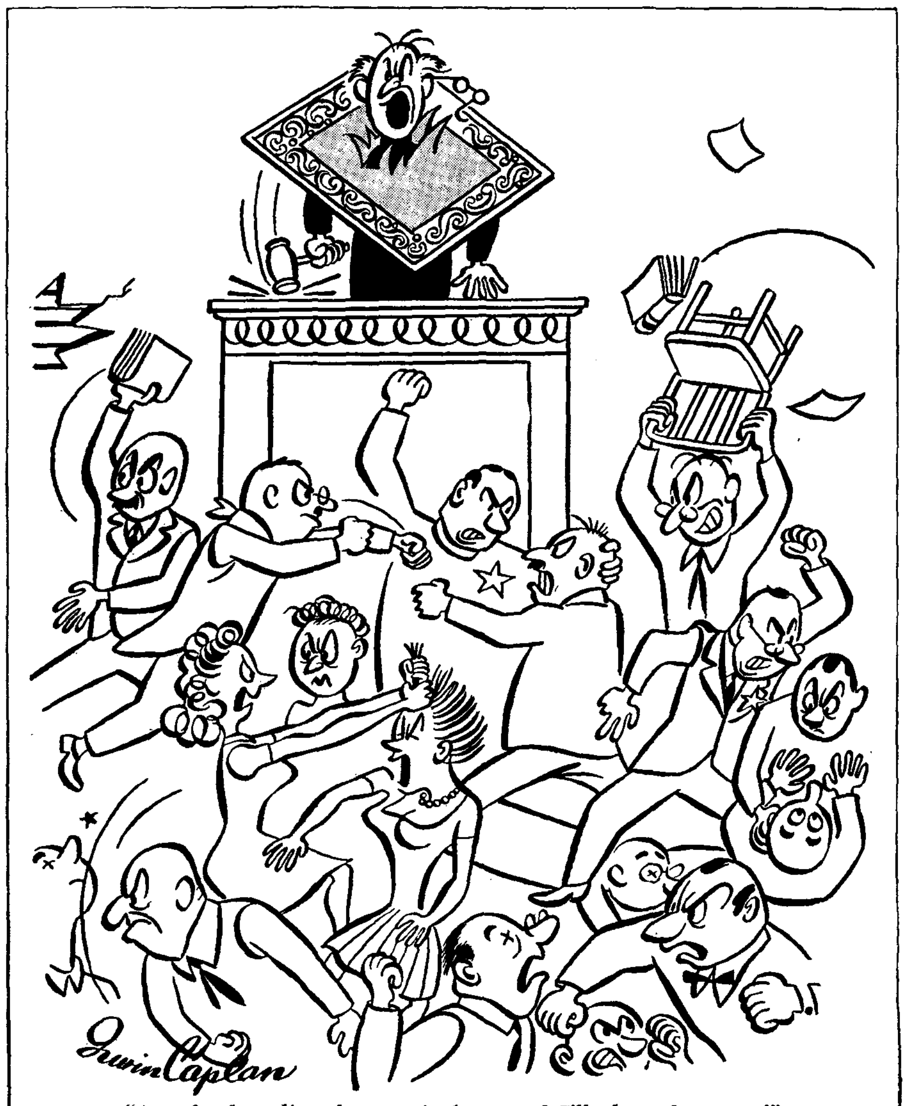
It is a strange thing that this lightning fright passed me by, because I'm afraid of everything else—policemen, snakes, the collector of internal revenue, Japanese beetles, fuse boxes, firearms, editors, carburetors, mushrooms and Paramount pictures.

There is a possible explanation for the fact that I can stand up and look a bolt of lightning in the face without flinching. Not long ago my father told me of a thing that happened when I was going on four in the small town where I was born. Pop said that he and some other men took what he calls a kag of beer into the woods one Saturday afternoon and, when they had finished the kag, came back to town. They found a pitchman at work on the courthouse square. This man had come into town with a barrel (or kag) full of pills.

An Antidote for Comet Gases

The year was 1910 and Halley's comet was in the sky. The pitchman preached that the comet gave off lethal gases, that a mere whiff of these gases would be enough to kill a person, and that the only way to gain immunity from death by comet gas was to eat one of his pills. They were twenty-five cents each and the man was selling them as fast as he could hand them out.

My father said he listened to the man's spiel and, becoming smitten with beery foreboding, got to worrying about me, his only son, and the likelihood of my being carried off by comet fumes, so he bought one of the pills and hurried home and when nobody was looking poked it down my gullet. Right after that I got



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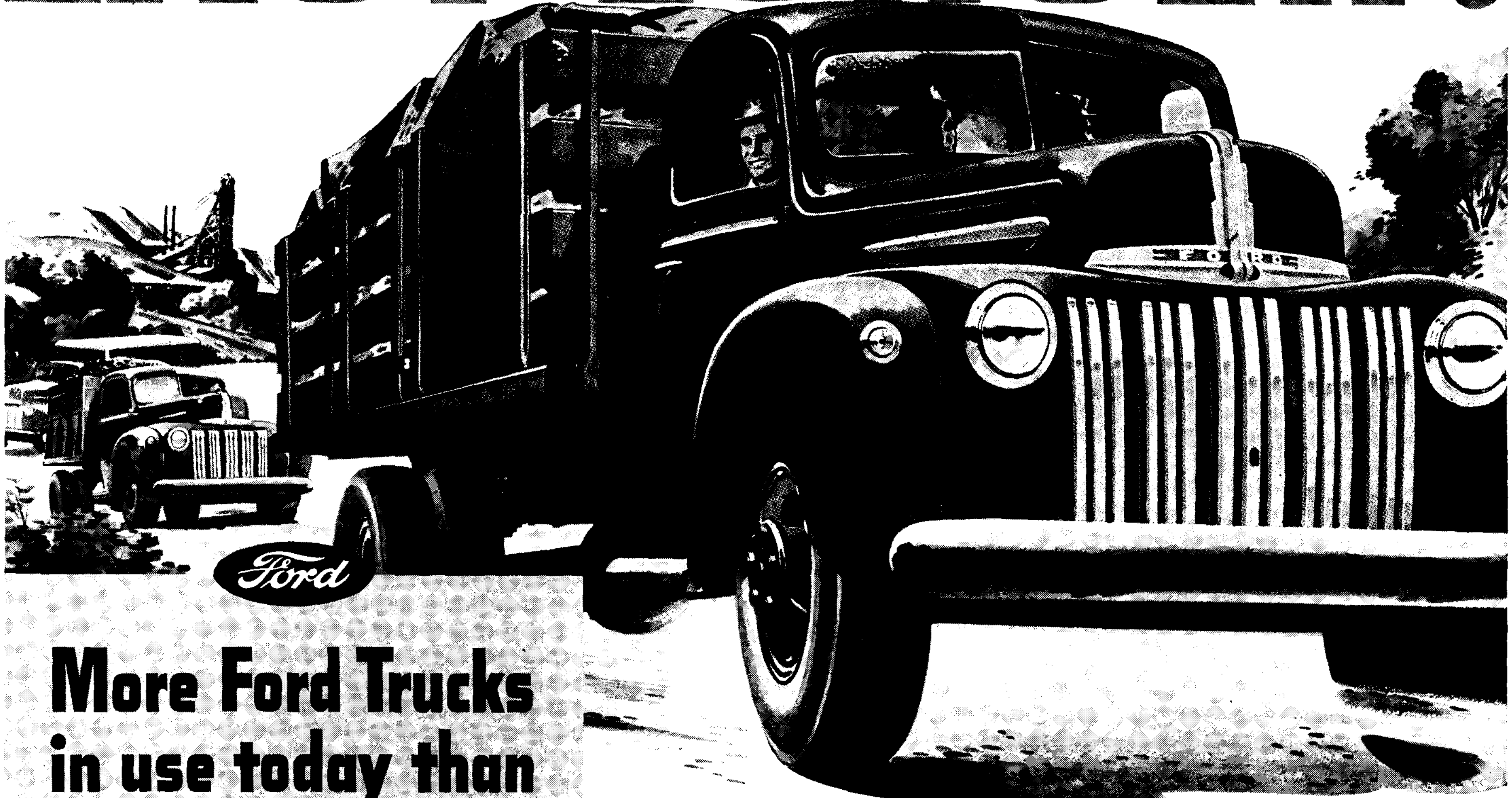

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the croup and then diphtheria, but Pop said he doesn't think the comet pill was responsible.

I suppose it is ridiculous to think that the pill immunized me against either comet gas or lightning fright, but it's a thing that happened and should be told. I need all the alibis I can find.

In my quest for knowledge about lightning I had the good fortune to learn that the General Electric Company has a high-voltage laboratory at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where scientists have been studying my subject for years. At first I resented them, not so much because they have the proper equipment but because they have an even greater advantage over me: They understand electricity.

Dr. K. B. McEachron of the Pittsfield laboratory is considered to be one of the world's greatest authorities on lightning, while Mr. J. H. Hagenguth is his chief associate. It was from Mr. Hagenguth that I got much of the interesting information which is not helping me any.

A lot of this information is calculated to dispel certain superstitions and folk beliefs, such as the theory that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, or the belief that a person should stay out of drafts during an electrical storm. Mr Hagenguth feels deep pity for the many people on earth who quail before his commodity. He gets hundreds of letters from people appealing for help.

One man, for example, wanted to know if he would be safe from lightning if he built himself an all-steel room with no openings and got into it during a storm (he didn't specify how he'd get into it). Mr. Hagenguth informed this correspondent that he would be perfectly safe in such a room, but pointed out that the poor man could never be sure of being in reach of that room when a storm arose. In passing, he told the man that he'd be just as well off if he crawled into a furnace and pulled the door shut after him. I hope I'm not making a mistake here. I'd hate to be the agent responsible for hordes of people crawling into their furnaces every time it starts to rain.

Advice From Ben Franklin

Mr. Hagenguth, in discussing lightning, frequently goes back to the experiments of Benjamin Franklin, the first man to do anything at all constructive in the field. He calls attention to the following advice written by Franklin in 1767:

"A person apprehensive of danger from lightning, happening . . . to be in a house not secured by lightning rods, will do well to avoid sitting near the chimney; near a looking glass or any gilt picture or wainscot; the safest place is in the middle of the room (so it is not under a metal luster suspended by a chain) sitting in one chair and laying the feet up on another. It is still safer to bring two or three mattresses or beds into the middle of the room, and folding them up double, place the chairs upon them; for they, not being so good conductors as the walls, the lightning will not choose an interrupted course through the air of the room and the bedding when it can go through a continued better conductor, the wall. But where it can be had, a hammock or swinging bed, suspended by silk cords equally distant from the walls on every side and from the ceiling and floor above and below, affords the safest situation a person can have in any room whatever; and what indeed may be deemed quite free from danger of any stroke of lightning."

(This Franklin was a great man, no question about that, but one thing I know: I can outwrite him.)

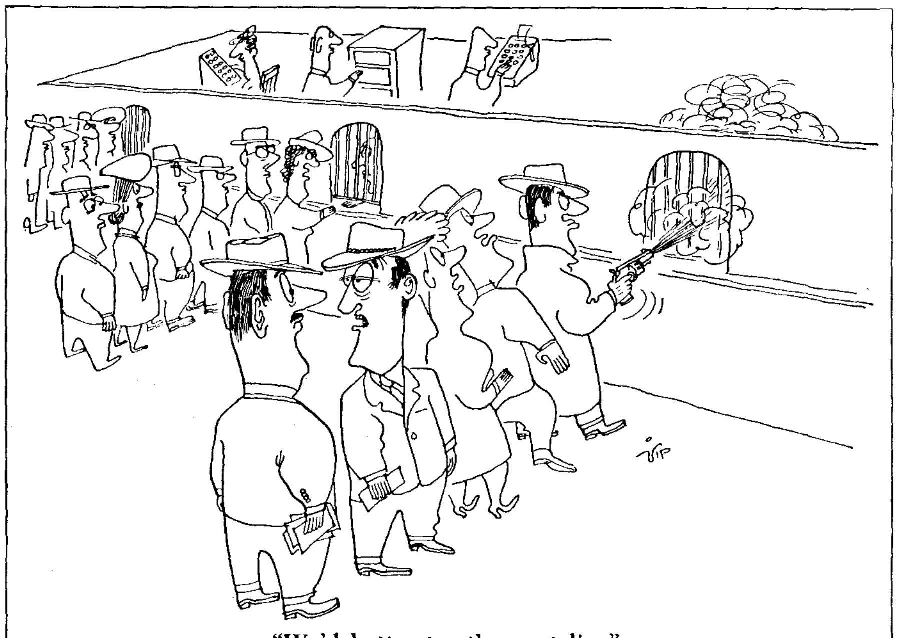
Mr. Hagenguth says that in these observations Franklin is fundamentally correct—stay away from possible conductors of electricity. Even in that hammock, however, a person would not be under an absolute guarantee of safety. The lightning could be traveling down a conductor on one side of the room, then elect to transfer to a better conductor across the room, and jump to that conductor. It might choose to leap straight through the person suspended in the hammock, leaving him crisp and smoking.

I'm glad the hammock idea is not altogether feasible. It could be a source of embarrassment. Suppose someone in my family suffered from lightning fright and the hammock was installed. As I understand it, the thing would be suspended like a bag from a hook in the middle of the living-room ceiling, and visitors would be likely to notice it.

They'd say, "What in the name of time is that thing?"

And I'd have trouble being casual with the reply: "Oh, that's just Mama's lightning sack."

It might, on the other hand, be fun watching Mama jackknife herself into it whenever a storm came up. I haven't been in a hammock since I was a boy, but I do remember that the thing was fraught with peril—that learning to get into even a regulation hammock was as hazardous an operation as learning to ride a bicycle. No, I don't think I like the idea of the lightning sack; if anybody in my family gets lightning-shy, it's the furnace or nothing for him.



COLLIER'S "We'd better try the next line" VIRGIL PARTCH

Mr. Hagenguth confirms the belief that it is wise to stay away from electrical fixtures, including telephones and radios, during an electrical storm but that it does no good to turn off the power in the house. An electrical discharge, he points out, that has leaped maybe eight thousand feet to reach the earth will not be stopped or diverted by the pulling of a switch which will make a separation in a conductor only a fraction of an inch in width.

It is true that an automobile with an all-steel body is a perfectly safe place to sit out an electrical storm. And it is true that you shouldn't stand under a tree during a storm because lightning loves to travel into the ground by way of trees, especially oaks and pines, which have deep root systems, and since lightning also likes to travel into the ground by way of people, it might jump from the tree to the person standing near by. Mr. Hagenguth advises, therefore, that you stay away from trees and, if you're in an open field, lie flat on the ground. Otherwise the lightning might mistake you for a lightning rod.

Some people believe that the wearing of rubbers or rubber-soled shoes serves as protection, but Mr. Hagenguth says no. It's the same principle here as turning off the power in the house: Lightning is not going to worry about that fraction of an inch represented by the rubber soles.

The Pittsfield scientist, in his concern over those people who nearly die of fright during an electrical storm, suggests that it may help them to remember an observation (famous in the lightning trade) made by Dr. McEachron. It goes:

"If you heard the thunder, the lightning did not strike you. If you saw the lightning, it missed you; and if it did strike you, you would not have known it."

Irvin Cobb's Bourbon Story

A while back I observed that lightning had never done anybody any good; now I recall a story told by Irvin S. Cobb concerning the origin of bourbon whisky. It is a variation of Charles Lamb's roast-pig story.

Back in the Kentucky hills, according to Irvin Cobb, where every family manufactured its own supply of corn liquor, there lived a man who kept his barrel of whisky standing in his front yard. One day lightning struck that barrel and, without splitting it open, left it in a charred condition. After a time the owner took a swig of the whisky and found it was as nectar. He called in his neighbors and they tasted it and agreed that it was wonderful.

Those backwoodsmen then sat down and figured the thing out. They were smart. They reached the realization that lightning had charred the cask (keg) and had created conditions which made the whisky a hundred times more palatable than it had been before. So from that day forward whenever an electrical storm came up, all the citizens of the neighborhood could be observed frantically rolling their barrels of corn out of their houses and into their front yards so they might get struck by lightning.

There, indeed, was a discovery something on the order of the discovery I had hoped to make. In getting together this report on my achievements to date, however, I've become convinced that I'm getting nowhere. In fact, I have made a decision: Lightning is not for me. I leave it to Mr. Hagenguth and the General Electric people If anybody can harness it and put it to some useful task over and above charring whisky barrels, those people will be able to do it.

I'm going elsewhere and look for a boon to mankind. I'm taking up poison ivy. It's handier than lightning and more plentiful around my hilltop. Surely there must be something good in that ferocious plant, and if there is, I may be able to find it. I'm going down in the woods right now and look at a patch for a few hours.

THE END

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NO HARSH BITTERNESS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

I Want You to Meet My Sister

Continued from page 17

with dignity, "while you are simply retarded." But she sneered happily at her brother.

"How do?" Linda said.

Dave knew he had been invited to join the organization of Evanses and inside of himself he was accepting unanimously. But also his mind held the word "sister," fondled it, caressed it, admired its beauty, which had never before been revealed to him. For Dave was, by and large, as smart as the next one, and he had figured it out. He was in love.

IT WAS all so neat, so pretty, like one of those stories in the magazines. There he was: a sound, dependable, possibly even a worthy young man who should, barring unthinkable disaster, go far and do well. And there was his old friend, Sam, good old Sam, a fine fellow and a great talent, who furthermore, in a moment of rampant sanity, had acquired a sister named Linda. Linda whom he would love and cherish forever, and who would, in the sweet nature of this plan, indubitably love and cherish him. Dave could see the three of them, inseparable, devoted, marching together down the lane of the years in a state of bliss which, a just world would have to admit, they deserved.

But the following evening, he was forced, somewhat, to alter this picture. The vision, in fact, blew up in his face, exploded by the pressure of unsuspected elements. For one thing, Linda and Sam were not alone; that he had found them alone once before was, apparently, the merest circumstance and also unusual. It became clear that if the three of them were to march together through the years, it would be in the midst of a pretty spectacular company.

Mostly male, and young. Their types might vary but their bright sophistication did not; they were, indeed, a very flossy lot. Such was Dave's first impression, as he viewed the scene from the doorway, and he was not pleased with it. Then he thought hopefully that perhaps they were all friends of Sam's, every glittering one of them. But it was Linda who was the center, the focal point of the room; Sam sat at his piano in the corner, surveying the scene with an indulgent disinterest.

Dave approached him and was pleased to receive a wide, genuine smile. He thought sturdily: It's going to be *all right*. Sam's on my side. He's my friend, isn't he? My pal? We'll fight this thing through together. The Battle of Linda.

He was much cheered by the thought.

The music rippled tenderly to a close before he said, "Welcome. It's good to see an old Army man like yourself—gruff, tough and inarticulate, but with a heart of gold."

"In which case, why didn't you ask me to the party? I never," Dave sobbed, "get asked *anywhere*."

"Party," Sam said. "You mean this? This just happens to us. This is where people come when they mustn't be going."

Dave considered the gathering and, very gradually, it made sense to him. But the sense it made was surprising. These were "important" people, possessed of names which rang, with vigor if not always with tone, through the Manhattan air. He recognized a dramatic actress (she was being dramatic), the two leads in a current musical, a very eccentric dancer; he heard a singer; he caught enough of various conversations to realize that these people, even the unidentified ones, Knew. No matter what else they were doing, they were all Knowing.

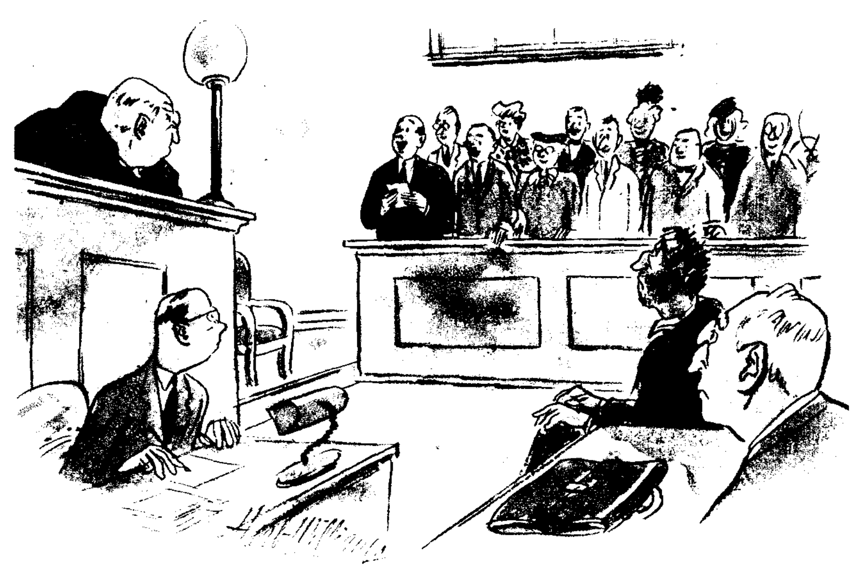
There was considerably more to Samuel Evans, Dave admitted, than had met his rather undiscerning eye. Dave was surprised by the quality, the type of this little group, and he was not at all pleased. He was much more at home with people who possessed a specialized knowledge, such as international law or blackmailing, than with people who simply, overwhelmingly Knew.

One of these voluble, moderately suave and probably brutally charming individuals now had Linda hemmed into one corner of a sofa. She didn't, Dave regretted, seem to mind. He nodded a questioning head in their direction and Sam said, "Leonard Lansing."

Naturally. Of course, it would be someone like Leonard Lansing. Dave removed all qualifying language from his previous thoughts, and faced their stark unshadowed truth. Leonard Lansing's charm was very nearly as well known as was his perception, his artistry and his success. He produced plays—plays which had the habit of being wonderful.

Sam said, "He's doing that show, you know. The one I'm writing the score for that you saw the contract about."

Dave heard him only dimly, through the heavy curtain of his own pain. Now Linda was talking, earnestly, eagerly, with that absence of social coquetry which occurs when two people know each other very, very well.



"Well, first of all, we want to tell you how much we all enjoyed the lunch"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

"I didn't suppose," he snapped, "that you had more than one such contract."

Sam considered this, apparently in the light of historical accuracy. "I *could* have," he said finally, judicially.

Dave stopped leaning on the piano and prepared to cross the room, to do something about this impossible situation. After all, he hadn't even spoken to Linda, had he? He hadn't even said "Hello" to his hostess. But his training intervened, exerted its cautious pressure: He ought to be, he *must* be in possession of the full facts.

"Can it be," he inquired, "that Mr. Lansing finds your sister, Linda by name, attractive?"

"It can be," Sam said.

"And how does Linda feel about it?" Dave asked.

Sam favored him with a glance of unusual sharpness. "The man who knows that about a woman," he said, "has no further worries in this or any other world. *But,*" he added more typically and with a certain amount of joyous piety, "whatever the situation is, I'm in favor of it. We must face it—Linda is getting positively *no* younger."

"She's a child," Dave snorted.

"She's eighteen months older than I am," Sam said with huge relish. "She's been like a mother to me." His fingers found a lullaby on the keyboard and beat it to death, while his face wore an expression of angelic innocence.

"Rot!" Dave snapped.

"Possibly," Sam admitted. "Now don't panic, son," he advised in a kindly fashion. "Lansing and Linda are probably only talking business—for the time being."

Dave knew he was rising to an obvious piece of bait. "*What* business?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Ours," Sam said. "Linda's, Lansing's, mine. Linda does the lyrics for my tunes, you see. And also, in this case, the book—if the book of a musical matters, which it never has yet." Then into the silence which suddenly lived between them, he casually dropped the fateful words. "She's pretty good, too," Sam said.

The Evans maid had been circulating through the crowded room, apparently prevented from murderous assault upon the guests only by the tray of drinks she carried. Dave stopped her and relieved her of two Martinis. His position, he recognized, had the simple fatality of death or a down payment: The woman he loved was not only beautiful, sought-after and soul-shatteringly desirable; she was also successful.

She was, in a brief, exact word, inaccessible.

Dave looked into the maid's perpetually furious face and raised both of the glasses to her. "Comrade," he said, and drank both of the drinks.

FOR nearly a week the practice of law occupied all of Dave's time and all of the attention he could keep from wandering from it. He told himself he had wandered into a situation in which he had no place, that he had jerked himself out of it again and that now the only sane thing to do was to stay out of it. He told himself that there was one thing he *did* know, which was law, and that it was a damn' good thing.

He did not think of Linda. There seemed to be little he could do about it if she chose to reside in his mind, but he didn't have to think of her.

However, toward the end of the week, he did. He had to think about her because she walked into his office with the same lamentable ease she had employed in entering his mind. She sat down in the same chair Sam had occupied and asked, "Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Various things occurred to Dave but they were all either profane or pitiable. He decided to wait.

"You didn't come back," she accused him. "You didn't call. You didn't even speak to me the last time you saw me. What do you want to be when you grow up? Frustrated?"

"Why should I hanker after that?" Dave asked dimly. "I've got it."

"Which is your own fault. Absolutely your own fault." She shrugged her shoulders free of the scarf she was wearing. She put her purse and gloves on the corner of his desk and stood up. She was small and exquisite—and threatening. She said darkly, "There are far, far too many dismal people in the world, and you needn't think you can get away with it. No gent to whom I react, and who obviously reacts to me, is going to disappear." She said, "Kiss me. . . ."

Dave put his hands on the top of the desk and pushed himself to his feet. He left his hands there and leaned across the desk, obediently. It occurred to him that his position was not conducive to the greatest efficiency for the activity at hand, and then nothing further occurred to him. He became lost, mindless and bodiless, in that kiss.

Presently Linda pulled away and smiled at him. "You see?" she said simply. "Now come out from behind that barricade and fight like a man."

"We'll have to tell Sam right away," she told him later.

"Why? Let Sam live his own life."

"No. I could never get married without Sam. He's my family."

THEY took him to dinner at the Plaza one night, very lavishly, and told him after the floor show. He listened politely while Linda painted, in glowing colors, her present happiness, Dave's astounding virtues and the almost unbearable ecstasy of their future together. He turned his head and again listened politely to Dave's "I know, of course, that I'm not good enough for her."

He considered the matter for quite some time, still politely, before he snarled, "You're not."

"I—beg your pardon?"

"You're not good enough for her. No man who could make that statement is good enough for her."

Rather sharply Dave said, "This is no time for fun, son. Just do your duty as the male of the family. Without attaching the slightest importance to the tradition, I'm simply asking your permission to marry your sister."

"Well," Sam said, "you haven't got it."

"*Samuel,*" Linda wailed. "What's come over you?"

"A sense of the fitness of things. What, may I ask, have you got in common?"

"We love each other—"

"That's insufficient grounds for matrimony. I have nothing against you *personally*, Dave," Sam explained carefully. "In fact, I'm predisposed to think well of you. But it is my opinion that the combination of you and Linda stinks."

"This," Dave pointed out after a while, when he was again capable of speech, "is ridiculous."

"I'm glad you see it my way," Sam said, and forthwith departed.

Dave, staring after his former buddy's stubborn-looking back, felt that something was badly amiss. It was perfectly true that he, Dave Matson, an unspectacular lawyer and a thoroughly conservative type, aspired to marry an artistic member of a mighty arty set. He had recognized that difficulty himself, hadn't he—and had put up quite a fight against it, hadn't he? But it was an objection that became completely invalid in the face of love; he knew that, now, and Linda had always known it. So why didn't Sam know it?

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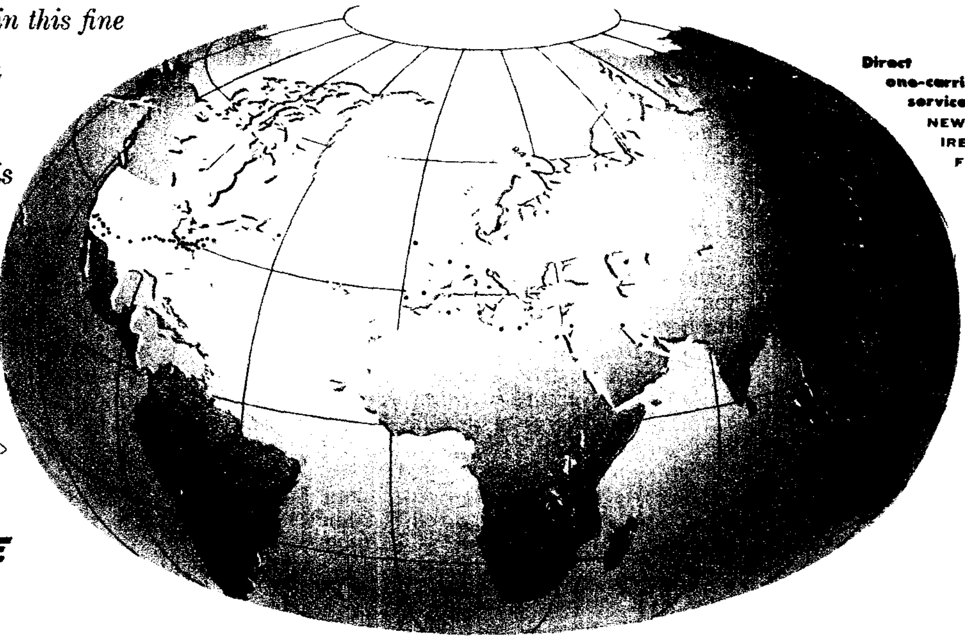

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There must be, he felt with sudden certainty, some other, more devious reason for Sam's attitude.

Linda was smiling at him placatingly. "Don't worry about it, darling. He'll get over it."

"Sure," Dave said. Very doubtfully.

But Sam didn't get over it. His attitude toward Dave remained what it had always been: They were still, his attitude proclaimed, friends. They were pals. But he continued to turn an utterly deaf ear to any talk of marriage, and he took to leaving sensational newspaper clippings in conspicuous places about the apartment: the divorce statistics; the sweet tale of a woman who threw the entire Encyclopedia Britannica at her husband; an article by a conceivably eminent psychologist headed "IS LOVE ENOUGH?"

"I don't get all of this," Dave growled finally. "Just who does he think he is?"

"He thinks," Linda said, "he's Sam Evans."

Dave shrugged. "I'm willing to allow that. I'm not a hard man."

"You don't understand, darling. You see, Sam and I have always sort of been —no, we *have* been—each other's family. Our parents died when we were pretty young and after that we stuck together, in a kind of protective association, even when we had to go to different schools and things. Then Sam started writing music and I just started writing, aimlessly, and pretty soon we were working together. We're business partners as well as relatives, so naturally Sam cares about what I do. And anyway," she added, rather defensively, "we *like* each other."

So that's it, Dave thought, and wondered why he hadn't seen it before. He added up all the trivia, all the gay, light talk he had heard between them, all the easy camaraderie, and it came to much more than that; it came to a very deep devotion. It came to a reliance, one upon the other. It came, because Linda was the older of the two, to Sam's lifelong habit of dependence on her.

IT WAS not that Sam objected to *him* as a brother-in-law. It was that Sam objected, perhaps unconsciously, to *any* brother-in-law. He saw no reason for changing the present, highly satisfactory relationship between Evanses.

But any theory should be tested. Dave said cautiously, with intent, "What difference does it make what he thinks? What can he do about it? We'll simply go to some convenient spot and get ourselves wedded."

Linda kissed him. She kissed him with even more effect than usual, if it is possible to draw a distinction between ultimates. Then she looked at him with deep love and deep sorrow. "I couldn't do that, sweetheart," she said miserably. "I just couldn't, not to poor old Sammy. Why," huge wet tears welled in her eyes at the discovery, "he's been like a brother to me!"

"Please let's try and be patient," Linda continued pleadingly. "Let's wait until he's calmed down a little, until after the show has opened. I'm *sure* he'll come around. . . ."

That quotation leapt into Dave's mind, the one that says the play's the thing. The play's the thing! He thought he saw, in the phrase, the first dull glimmer of a plan, but he refrained from mentioning it to Linda.

It went something like this: All of her life Linda had been doing things for Sam; so surely she could do one more thing for him, one big beautiful culminating favor. *Couldn't* she?

He embarked on this plan, the day the show went into rehearsal, without remorse. He was a desperate man, although not altogether heedless of the cost; in fact, he sighed a sweet sigh over his checkbook before he put it in his pocket and went to call on Mr. Leonard Lansing.

Lansing said, "I've seen you somewhere before."

"Not necessarily," Dave barked. "I look like a lot of other people and I *am* like a lot of other people, and is there anything the matter with it?"

"I don't know yet," Lansing said.

Dave forced his breathing into a more conventional rhythm. "I just dropped by," he said, "because I thought you might need some money."

The Lansing eyes restrained themselves from batting. "Conceivably I could find a use for it. How much?"

"Enough. . . ."

"Would you," asked Mr. Lansing, "care to lie down?"

Dave said, "You're doing the Evans show. I'd like to buy into it."

"So would a number of other bright boys."

"But I'm different. The money I mentioned is quite a lot, and I don't want much for it."

"Exactly what," asked Lansing, "*do* you want?"

Dave shrugged. "Just put me down," he said, "as a music lover."

"That I will not do," Lansing snapped. "I have *some* pride, if you haven't."

BUT the deal was consummated, as Dave had known it would be, because the price was high and the percentage was low. Mr. Lansing was making a profit on one piece of his show that he could scarcely hope to better.

In conclusion Dave put an innocent question. "It's accepted practice, isn't it, for the backers of a show to attend an occasional rehearsal?"

Lansing sighed. "I wouldn't exactly say it's accepted. But there doesn't seem to be much we can do about it." Which satisfied Dave completely. He went home and spent a busy evening. He listened to every recording in his rather unimaginative but adequate collection. He read a few books on the subject.

At rehearsals he was unobtrusive, tolerated and extremely attentive. He was fascinated by the conditions through which a show is brought to birth: the utter chaos, the complete impossibility, the sudden wonderful glimpses of hope and sometimes even of sense. He seethed with pride as he listened to the dialogue, Linda's dialogue, surely the wittiest dialogue ever to emerge from an actor's mouth. But it was at the rehearsals of the musical numbers that his attention really became acute.

Sam usually took the piano himself during the run-through, and when it was over he usually slumped into a first-row seat. Dave slumped into the next seat, if he hadn't happened to be there before. Sam usually glowered at the stage and snarled, "It's rough," and Dave usually just nodded. Then Sam glowered at *him*.

The first time that happened Dave was thoughtful, helpful. "I think," he said, "it's because the basic rhythm is unorthodox."

"Sure it's unorthodox. It's original. It's—it's audacious."

"Is that a good idea?" Dave wondered.

"And what would *you* want for $6.60 —Love in Bloom?"

Dave considered the matter from all angles. He was Sam's friend; he would not be guilty of a snap judgment. "A number of people," he remembered, "liked it."

After the first viewing of a second number he said, "Essentially, of course, it's folk music. But the impulse is distorted. It lacks authenticity."

"And I," Sam snapped, "lack having been born in Dixie."

"I just wondered if you had noticed it," Dave said mildly.

When he had finished with the music, big and ambitious, that would be the finale for the first act, Sam approached those first-row seats with a visible truculence. He didn't sit down. He just stood in front of Dave, stiffly, and waited.

"Undoubtedly," Dave said, "you're familiar with The Firebird? Don't you,"

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he paused delicately, "don't you detect an occasional resemblance?"

"You can go to the devil," Sam said thickly.

"I know you'll understand my position, Sam. As an investor in this show, I simply don't see how we can afford to take the chance. Lawsuits. Plagiarism."

Sam simply walked away.

It was nearly the end of the session before Dave was able to corner Lansing.

Lansing said, "What do you think?" in a tone which indicated he was concerned with practically everything else in the world except what Dave thought.

"Well—" Dave said unhappily.

Lansing looked at him sharply. "Well?"

"It's the music," Dave confessed in a burst of boyish frankness. "The book's fine, very fine, and the cast is terrific. But—but don't you feel that the music just somehow *misses?*"

"No," Lansing said bluntly. "What did you say you did?"

"Law."

"It's like this," Mr. Lansing remarked pointedly. "I'd be simply *lost* in a courtroom."

It was remarkable, Dave reflected bitterly, at what a rapid rate of speed he was getting nowhere. Impervious was apparently the word for Samuel Evans, in consequence of which Dave spent what only an optimist would have called a restless night. He spent it evolving further plans.

THE best of these he put into effect next day, when the company quit for lunch. Selecting a near-by bistro where there was gold dust on the floor, Dave enticed the leading lady into it. The leading lady could sing pretty and act like anything; she was an experienced performer and it was to that professionalism Dave hoped to appeal. "I wanted to talk to you," he admitted. "I'm worried."

"*You're* worried," the lady snapped. "This is my twelfth show and I've died twelve times. After all, you can lose nothing but money. *I* can lose my career."

"Exactly," Dave said darkly.

She leaned forward and her eyes fearfully searched his face. "What do you think is the matter?"

Dave told her. At considerable length he explained the betrayal of her voice by the music it was asked to perform. The range was impossible, the rhythm uneven and downright capricious; the true quality of her voice was successfully hidden. All in all, it was a pity.

He repeated this statement, with minor variations, later in the afternoon, over a drink he was pleased to buy for the male lead. But, walking back to the theater, he had no hope of his success.

Then a charming scene met his eyes, clear and lovely on the harshly lit stage. The leading lady was screaming at Sam while she tried valiantly to hit him in the stomach. Sam was screaming at her while he fended her off. Lansing was addressing them in turn in the tender tones of a maddened bull or a theatrical producer.

It was beautiful.

Dave hurried up onto the stage and was rewarded by Sam's attention. "You did this," Sam accused him. "You're the cause of this havoc. *You're ruining my show.*" His mouth worked. He swallowed hard and suddenly shrieked, "*Linda—*"

Linda hurried out from the wings, her eyes wide and startled when she saw Sam's face. All around him, now, there was silence.

One of his fingers speared Dave's chest, leaving, if any, a welcome wound, and he bellowed, "Get him away from me. I don't care what you do. Kidnap him. Murder him. Marry him. *But get him away from me!*"

"Let me have that again, please," Linda gasped. "Did I understand you to say—marry him?"

"Anything," Sam said. "Anything at all, just so long as I am rid of the scurrilous, musically moronic vulgarity he calls his mind." He drew a deep, shaken breath and said with finality and great dignity, "I'm going now, possibly to a psychiatrist, but if he isn't out of here by the time I return, the bloodshed will be, I promise you, spectacular."

Both Lansing and the leading lady sighed. They looked at each other with glances which, mutually and deeply, expressed the hope of a return to normalcy.

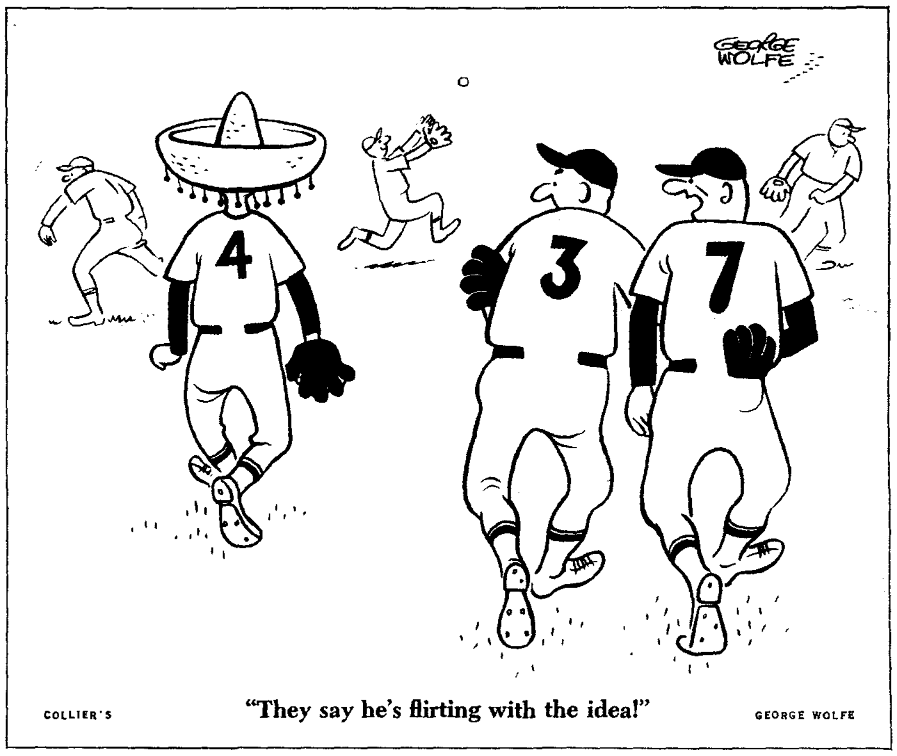
Linda watched Sam's departure incredulously before she turned, her face slowly shining, to Dave. "How did you do it?" she asked happily, and then a hint of worry deepened her voice. "How *did* you do it?" she repeated firmly. "Now see here, Mr. Matson, I fell in love with a nice normal standard-model lawyer. You're not going bright and tricky on me, are you?"

"My love," said Dave haughtily, "damned if I know what you mean!"

"That's better," said Linda. "That's more like my own precious, uncomplicated stuffed shirt." She giggled.

Dave frowned masterfully and offered a courtly arm. She accepted it meekly and he led her away, treading with the dignity of a man born to walk through life in striped trousers.

THE END


GEORGE WOLFE
4
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COLLIER'S
GEORGE WOLFE

"They say he's flirting with the idea!"

The Truth About Henry Kaiser

Continued from page 23

convert the once-seething machine and metal working shops to washing machines, aluminum garage doors, automobile parts.

Before Kaiser, shipbuilders built ships the way a fine tailor makes a suit. In cramped shipways they put ships together plate by plate, rivet by rivet. Over the completed and launched hull they fussed for weeks in the fitting basin. From keel laying to delivery took months.

"It was pitiful," Kaiser reminisces.

He took on the ship job in the style to which he had become accustomed at Boulder Dam, Grand Coulee and Bonneville. Seven hundred merchant ships weighing 7,000,000 tons? To Kaiser that was just about the weight of the 3½ million yards of concrete poured into Boulder Dam.

Innocent of the difference between a binnacle and a barnacle, Kaiser men organized shipbuilding in terms they could understand, i.e., in terms of the flow of materials. For the tons of sand, gravel and concrete that flowed into the mass production of a Grand Coulee, they substituted a flow of parts going into a ship. They even brought down from the dams to the shipways the giant whirley cranes that could lift 60 tons, and trailers, the size of skating rinks, that could haul as much.

With the trailers they hauled to the ways chunks of the ship's superstructure, assembled well back of the ways on a mass basis. Deckhouses, complete with wiring, galley stove and binnacle were built on a giant assembly line, sliced into four pieces, hauled to the shipway and lifted by crane aboard the ship.

To the 180,000 men and women who toiled in the seven Kaiser shipyards, life with Kaiser was a championship high-school basketball match, a communal husking bee and a three-ring circus, all in one.

Rivalries That Sped Production

Yards were set to competing with one another, and scoreboards showing competitors pulling away in ship deliveries had the effect on output per man-hour of a shot of benzedrine. A graveyard-shift crew bet that it could lay a keel faster than its swing-shift competitor and, to win a kitty of $600, reduced the operation from hours to minutes. Welders bet burners pints of blood for the Red Cross that they could do it better. But the chief prize was the right to christen a ship. Proudest launcher was an aged Chinese woman, who christened her ship in Chinese and cherished the same silver-tray souvenir accorded such sponsors as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

On such occasions the corn within Mr. Kaiser would get the better of the showman as he told listeners he loved them all "just as much as he loved Mother." Or full of *joie de vivre* and vinegar, he'd bellow into a microphone, "Oh what a beautiful morning! Oh what a day to do work!"

The elapsed time for putting Liberties together kept dwindling. From an average of 253 days it dropped to 26. Then, when Edgar Kaiser at Portland, Oregon, slapped a Liberty together in 10 days, Clay Bedford's Richmond yard at Oakland carried the matter to its logical conclusion. For two months, at the machine shops away from the shipways, they tried putting ever larger sections of ships together. Then, as workers fought for assignments to the record ship, and guards were called out to keep the shipyard audience from getting in the way, sweating and frantic crews whipped together a Liberty ship in four days and fifteen hours.

In two days more she was ready for delivery. Which led one observer to remark:

"And on the seventh day, Henry J. Kaiser rested."

About such wartime miracles most Americans were enthusiastic. Others were more restrained. The Chicago Tribune cited competitors who "asserted that his (Kaiser's) over-all performance and his costs were higher than in long-established shipyards."

It got around that Kaiser's ships fell apart.

The Truman Investigating Committee probing the wartime safety record of all Liberty ships, found that of 15 yards, the best record was that of a Kaiser yard, Richmond No. 1, at Richmond, Calif.

"This yard," the Truman Committee reported to Congress, "has the best record, and of the 116 ships delivered, damage incidents were reported to 8, resulting in a rate of 6.9 per cent." (The average in all 15 yards was 21.5 per cent.) The second-best record was that of another Kaiser yard, Richmond No. 2. One Kaiser yard, at Portland, Ore., was 14th down the list, the Truman Committee ascribing its damage rate of 32.8 per cent to the fact that "a large portion of the ships were used in Alaskan operations where frigid waters placed additional stresses on the welded ships."

Man-Hours, Costs and Wages

The Truman Committee found (for 1943) that three Kaiser yards ranked first, second and fourth among the 15 as using least man-hours per ship. As for low average dollar cost, two Kaiser yards ranked second and third. The North Carolina Shipbuilding Company, with Southern wage rates at $1.45 an hour as against the $1.75 average paid by Kaiser in California and Oregon, had lowest costs.

Putting together a 10,500-ton Liberty in 4½ days was behind him. Kaiser set out to win the war singlehanded.

It was a dark time, for the Nazi submarine wolf packs were sinking Allied ships faster than the ways could produce them. Kaiser seized on the problem and characteristically tackled it from all sides, from above and below. His ideas:

Build helicopter planes to rise from the merchant ship and spot submarines.

Build wooden freighter planes to fly over the submarines.

Build a stripped-down, poor man's aircraft carrier that could be zipped off the ways in months instead of years.

The helicopter and cargo-plane ideas didn't come off. But on aircraft carriers he succeeded so well that Winston Churchill told him, "Your escort carriers turned the tide of the submarine war."

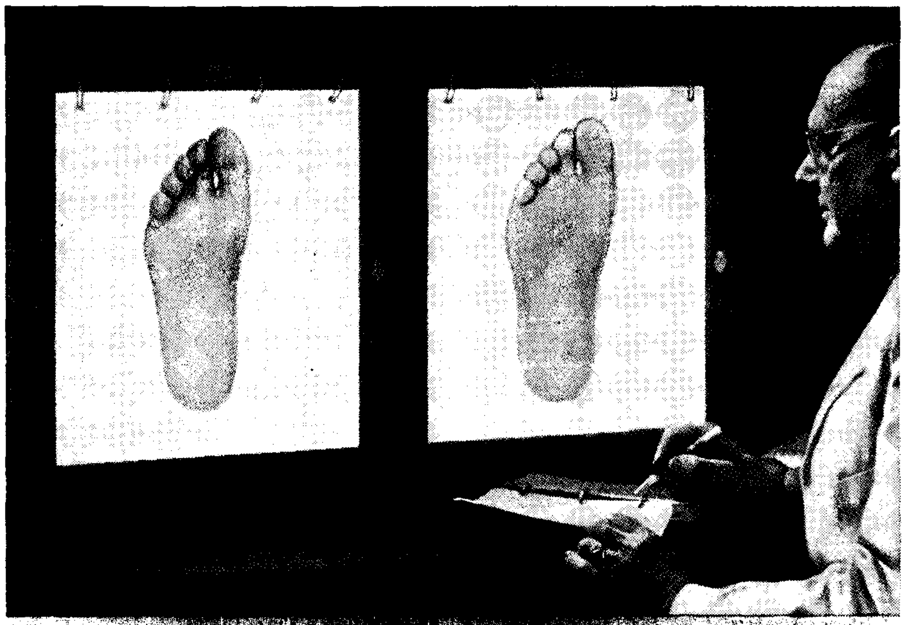
Navy braid was ruffled at the thought that Kaiser, a civilian, should presume to design a naval vessel. He got the brush-off. Uninhibited by considerations of naval etiquette, Kaiser asked Maritime Commission friends to prepare a wash drawing of a small carrier and returned to the attack.

Harried, the United States Navy called a conference. Before an overwhelming array of Navy brass, including four admirals and the chief naval designer, Kaiser pushed his carrier. It would be about 18,000 tons instead of the 30,000 or more of the big flat tops. It could be built in the same shipways as the Victory merchant ships. Not meant for battle, the ship would escort convoys, fly off an aircraft umbrella for invading troops.

"Okay this ship, and I'll lick the submarines," Kaiser finished.

The admirals looked thoughtful; then voted—16-0 against.

Kaiser sought out Marvin McIntyre,



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Clinical tests, laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. may relieve *your* Athlete's Foot symptoms, too!

To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which cause painful Athlete's Foot is one thing. But to reach and kill them on the living tissues of human feet is far more difficult.

However, that is exactly what Absorbine Jr. has been proved to do in 3 out of 4 cases which were tested under strictest clinical and laboratory control.

REPEAT—3 out of 4 suffering from Athlete's Foot got complete relief—not partial relief, complete relief, from the symptoms of this painful skin condition by application of Absorbine Jr.

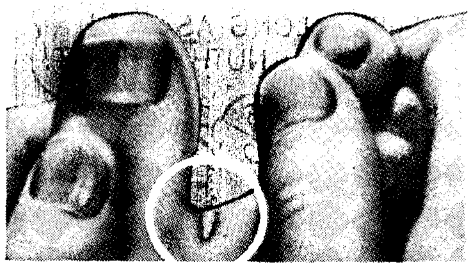
ATHLETE'S FOOT ORGANISMS DIE AT TOUCH OF ABSORBINE JR.

Photomicrograph shows Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow causing you pain and misery.

Cracks warn of danger

Examine the skin between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? Is itching present? These signs often mean your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot organisms.



Drench these cracks with Absorbine Jr.

At the very first signs of cracked skin between the toes apply Absorbine Jr. at once. Pour it on—full strength. Often a cotton swab soaked in Absorbine Jr. will help remove loosened patches of dead skin, if rubbed gently.

Guard against reinfection! Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all drugstores.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Absorbine Jr.

kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact

secretary to the President. Kaiser didn't know the President well enough to ask for an appointment. McIntyre had a plan.

"Write out your carrier proposal on one sheet, in four paragraphs, and I'll get it to the boss," he told Kaiser.

Kaiser turned in his four paragraphs. Later that day he was summoned to the telephone by Admiral Land of the Maritime Commission.

"Where have you been?" shouted Land.

"I haven't been anywhere," said Kaiser with the air of a boy who's accused of some mischief but can't figure out what he's done.

"Never mind, I know where you've been," said the admiral. "You're always causing trouble. I've got orders from the White House to build 100 escort carriers."

The President had written across Kaiser's proposal, "I'll take 100."

The 100 were subsequently cut down to 50, and the Navy, wanting no part of them, dubbed Kaiser's carriers, Ferry Transports, to banish the thought they were naval vessels. The Navy planned to turn them over to the British. But when Kaiser built them at an average of 166 days each and they were tested, the Navy changed its mind.

It was just as well.

Not meant for battle, at the San Bernardino Straits, three of Kaiser's escort carriers stood off the might of the Imperial Japanese navy and shielded General MacArthur's Leyte landing from disaster. The escort carriers, Admiral Vickery told Kaiser, made possible the return to the Philippines.

With this triumph Kaiser became a sort of needle with which the government jabbed other industrialists.

Used As a Threat by Jones

When the synthetic-rubber program was slow in starting, Jesse Jones, as boss of the Rubber Reserve Corporation, asked Kaiser to build raw-materials plants (butadiene and styrene). Armed with letters of intent, Kaiser bought options on sites, prepared to take on synthetic rubber. But Jones called him off. The threat was enough.

The Maritime Commission used Kaiser as a pace setter, readjusting schedules upward for all yards as Kaiser reduced keel-to-launching time.

Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell asked Kaiser to go into copper mining.

Businessmen got tired of hearing Henry Kaiser held up as a model. It is safe to say they still are.

Like his automobile venture, Kaiser's ship and aircraft-carrier efforts came close to being wrecked for lack of steel.

In son Edgar's Oregon shipbuilding yard at Portland, Kaiser's boys got up a picture book, an illustrated story of their efforts to make bricks without straw. "We are in trouble," it proclaimed, showing ways empty, shipyards uncompleted for lack of steel. Kaiser tucked it under his arm and made the rounds of Washington.

Edward Stettinius, then chairman of the OPM Priorities Division, tried to calm the shipbuilder. As Kaiser men tell the story:

"The Gano Dunn report says there's plenty of steel," Stettinius soothed.

"I can't build ships with reports!" exploded Kaiser.

When Stettinius assured Kaiser the OPM would find steel for him and rose, in the Washington manner, to indicate the interview was over, Kaiser remained seated.

"Where are you going to get it?" he persisted.

"We'll have to take it from somebody else," Stettinius said.

"Just because I yell louder than anybody you give it to me," Kaiser stormed. "What we need is more steel plants."

Seeking a partner with know-how, Kaiser talked to Tom Girdler, then president, now chairman of Republic Steel, about building a plant in the West. Girdler was sympathetic, but when Leon Henderson, Lauchlin Currie and other New Dealers heard of the discussions they cooled Kaiser off.

"The country needs steel, and I'd make a deal with the devil himself to get it," said Henderson. "On the other hand," he paused, "that's as far as I would go."

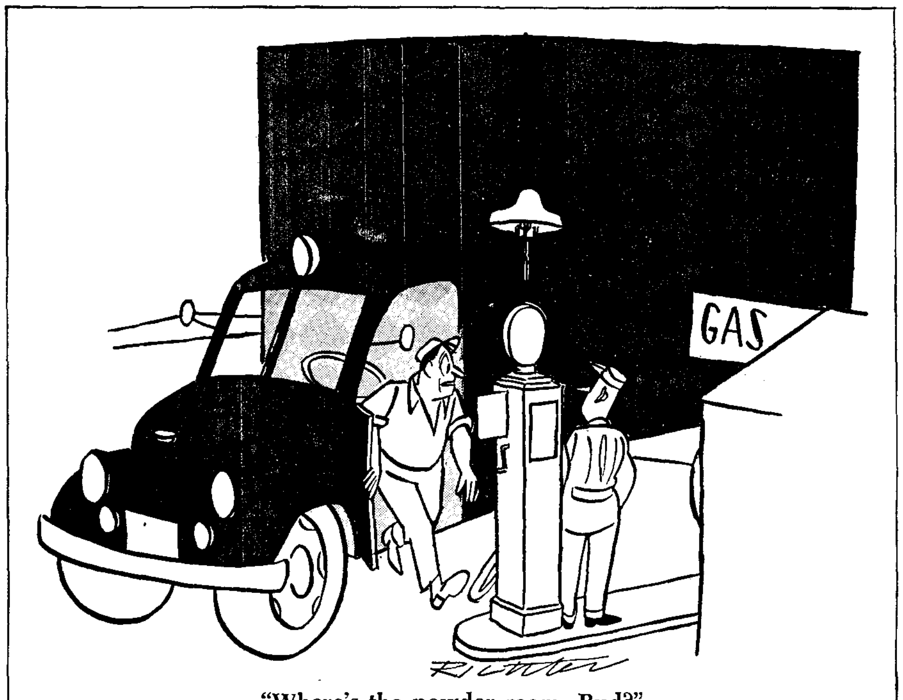
The Girdler negotiations were dropped.

But it was Girdler who later volunteered the technical skill which helped Kaiser build a blast furnace in California.

To make steel for his ships, Kaiser had to battle steel-industry men in WPB, who understandably were cool to his efforts to crash the industry.

First, Kaiser asked the government to build a plant and let him run it. But when the government, through the Defense Plant Corporation, financed a billion dollars worth of new steel plants, one of them at Geneva, Utah, Kaiser's plea was rebuffed. Kaiser made a deal with the WPB and the RFC to build one at his own risk.

The deal called for RFC loans of $114,000,000 to be repaid in full at 4 per cent interest. Earnings of three Kaiser shipyards were pledged. Although Kaiser started to build his Fontana steel plant a half year after work had begun on the $200,000,000 government-owned plant at Geneva, he was producing steel nine months ahead of it.



COLLIER'S "Where's the powder room, Bud?" MISCHA RICHTER

Slapped together with such equipment (much of it obsolescent) as Kaiser could pick up during the war, and performing engineering headstands to obtain water in the desert location the Army and WPB had forced on Kaiser, the Fontana plant produced a million tons of steel for ships during the war.

With the war over, Kaiser had on his hands a plant, so heavily mortgaged to the RFC that he had already paid $9,000,000 in interest and another $17,000,000, mostly to reduce the mortgage. Built primarily to make steel plates for ships and slowed by obsolescent equipment, Fontana was in no position to compete during peace unless Kaiser modernized his plant and installed equipment to make peacetime products. But for this, engineers told him, another $40,000,000 would be needed.

The Fontana plant, built at a wartime "to hell with the cost" price of $95,000,000 was now, in terms of peacetime prospects, worth only $30,000,000, engineers told him. When Kaiser sought to convince the RFC of this, he got a take-it-or-leave-it counteroffer. The loan must be repaid at 100 cents on the dollar. But the RFC offered to lend Kaiser another $11,000,000 to modernize his plant, and a breathing space of suspended interest.

In Washington the RFC terms were denounced as favoritism.

On the West Coast they were also attacked, but on different grounds.

A Setback for Western Steel

The San Francisco Daily News saw no partiality in an RFC decision which:

"Aimed a knockout blow at Kaiser's permanent operation of the California basic steel industry at Fontana and at the West's hopes of breaking the stranglehold of having to pay $6 to $16 more a ton than the East for steel."

The San Francisco Chronicle reported:

"In San Francisco financiers yesterday interpreted the RFC's offer to Kaiser as the 'kiss of death' for a Western steel industry."

The crux of the matter was that Kaiser, with heavy interest charges based on wartime construction costs, could not give the West local steel at lower prices than steel shipped from the East.

With this sort of public support at his back, the wartime Kaiser would have marched to Washington spoiling for a fight. But now, in the midst of a critical battle which might decide whether he'd have to retreat from steel, Kaiser was strangely silent and inactive.

Kaiser's thoughts, in August, 1945, were turning to Detroit and automobiles. Besides, his own boys split on the issue, revealing to Kaiser's 64-year-old eyes the schizophrenia within his own organization.

This was no time, his "right of center man" advised, to take on Washington in a political fight and the steel behemoths in a price war.

In vain, the liberal wing of Kaiser's inner circle taunted, "The steam has gone out of you, Henry."

But Kaiser's fight to scale down his RFC loan so that he can sell steel in the West at lower cost is not over. While the RFC insists that Kaiser pay his wartime debt in full, another agency, the War Assets Administration, has just sold to the United States Steel Corporation, the $200,000,000 government-built Geneva (Utah) steel plant for $47,500,000—about 25 cents on the dollar

Kaiser has no quarrel with the price at which Big Steel bought the Geneva

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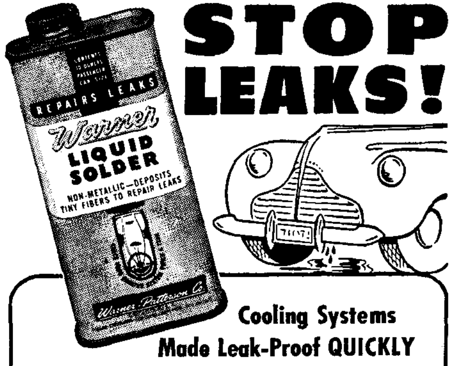
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Kills the fleas QUICKLY!
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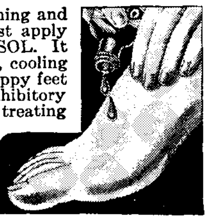
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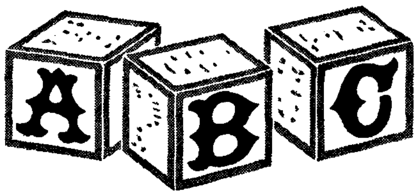
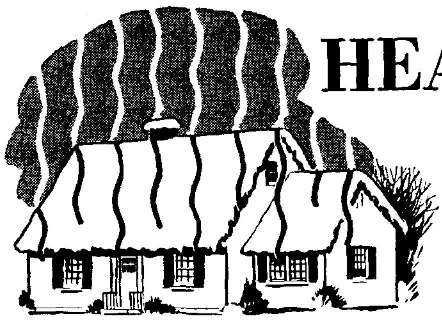
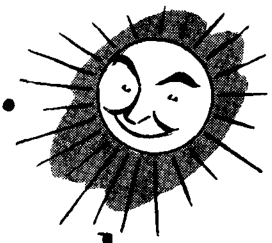
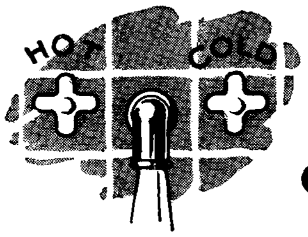
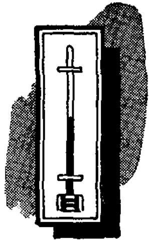
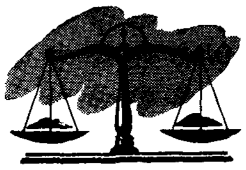
The  of MODUFLOW*



HEAT LOSS is continuous, but the rate of loss varies with the weather. When it is cold heat loss is more rapid than when the weather is warmer. 

HEAT SUPPLY should also be continuous, but modulated  to whatever temperature is required to offset the heat loss. 

MODUFLOW • • • maintains a continuous balance  between heat loss and heat supply.

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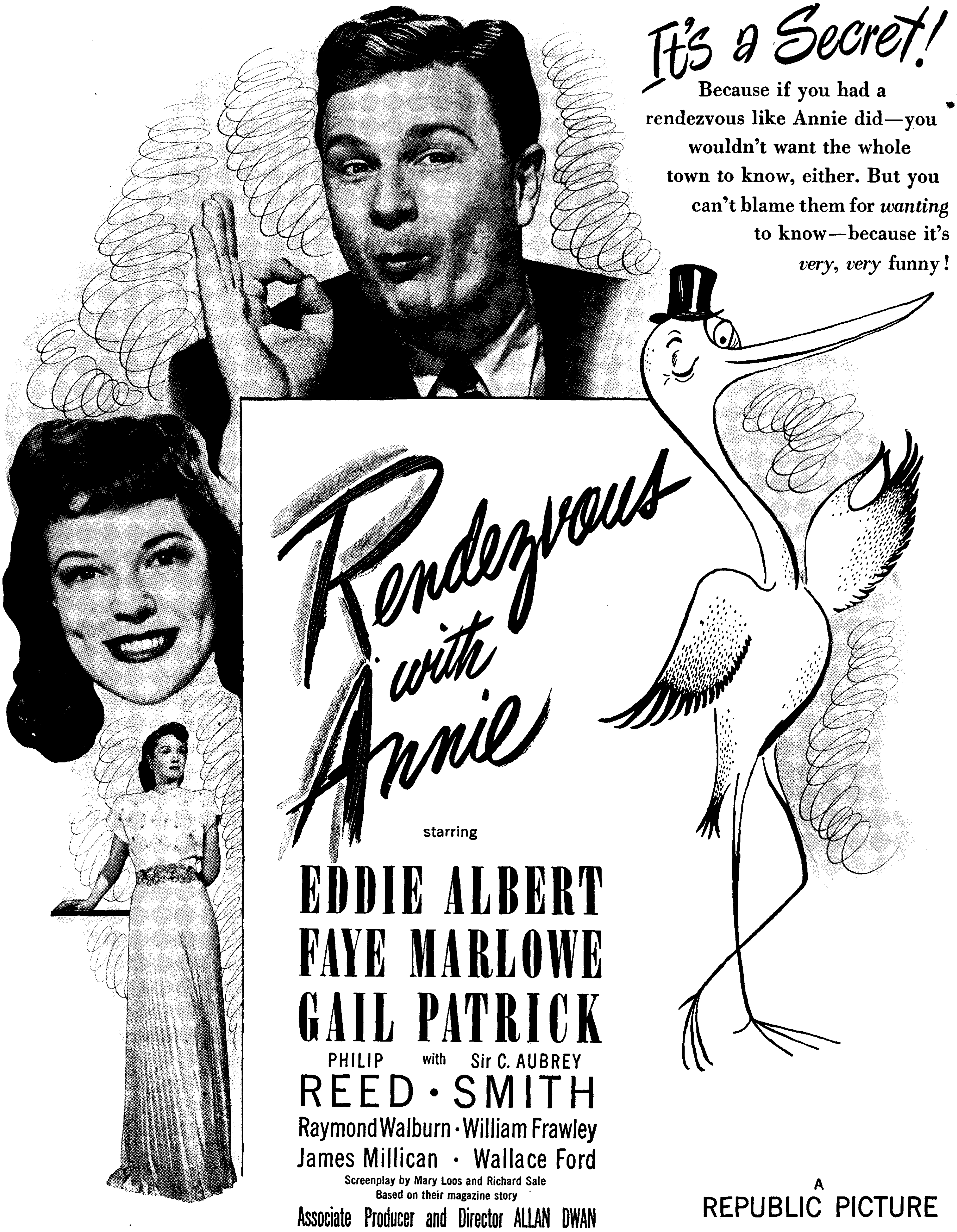


It's a Secret!

Because if you had a rendezvous like Annie did—you wouldn't want the whole town to know, either. But you can't blame them for *wanting* to know—because it's *very, very* funny!

Rendezvous with Annie

starring

EDDIE ALBERT
FAYE MARLOWE
GAIL PATRICK

PHILIP REED with Sir C. AUBREY SMITH

Raymond Walburn · William Frawley
James Millican · Wallace Ford

Screenplay by Mary Loos and Richard Sale
Based on their magazine story

Associate Producer and Director ALLAN DWAN

A
REPUBLIC PICTURE

plant. In the light of peacetime prospects, his engineers told Kaiser, that was about all it was worth.

But if the wartime government-built plant at Geneva is now worth, during peace, only 25 cents on the dollar, "that's all my Fontana plant should cost me," Kaiser argues.

The men about Kaiser offer his RFC steel experience as Exhibit A in their contention that Washington has been somewhat less of a pushover to Kaiser than has been commonly supposed. The steel and magnesium plants, they point out, were bulled through over the opposition of industry men in WPB and other war agencies. While Kaiser overcame Navy opposition to build 50 aircraft carriers, the Army killed his cargo-plane proposal and maneuvered him into accepting an experimental project instead.

His Acquaintance with F. D. R.

A latchkey to the White House? Kaiser men say Kaiser had only a nodding acquaintance with Roosevelt until August, 1944 (they had met three times until then, once at Bonneville in 1936, once in a Kaiser shipyard, once at the White House for 15 minutes in 1941).

But in July, 1944, the two men got to know each other well. For it was before the Democratic convention at Chicago, and Kaiser, summoned to Hyde Park by the President, learned that Roosevelt looked on him favorably for Vice-President.

A month before, a top Kaiser executive, called to the White House, found President Roosevelt and Judge Sam Rosenman talking about his boss. It appeared that Kaiser, a liberal industrialist with a labor following, could add strength to the Fourth Term ticket.

"We want to find out all we can about Henry Kaiser," F.D.R. said. "What he's said in his speeches, his family life, whether he's ever belonged to any cults."

A quick look at Kaiser's public utterances disclosed, with one exception, an impeccably liberal line. The exception was a speech to St. Louis bankers in which Kaiser urged a 10 per cent sales tax—anathema to labor.

"What the hell did he go and say that for?" F.D.R. wanted to know of Judge Rosenman.

"For the same reason you advocated a 25 per cent reduction in government spending in your 1932 Pittsburgh speech," Rosenman shot back.

But Kaiser's sales-tax plan was not fatal, and to get the truth about Henry Kaiser, Roosevelt turned the F.B.I. loose on him. The F.B.I. agents scrutinized Kaiser war-contract deals, profits, worker relations, private life and found no linens that couldn't be washed in public.

At Hyde Park, Kaiser made a good impression on F.D.R., and F.D.R. made a good impression on "Mother"—Mrs. Kaiser—until then, an ardent Roosevelt hater. But nothing came of it. Political machine bosses turned thumbs down on Kaiser.

"If only we had pushed just a bit harder," Judge Rosenman still tells close friends.

If the F.B.I. were interested in such personal minutiae it could have set down in its dossiers the classic material of a rags-to-riches story. Kaiser was born in Canajoharie, New York, of a shoemaker father. He made his early living as an itinerant photographer. To meet the stiff conditions of a love match he had to drop photography and go West. His prospective father-in-law, a prosperous lumberman, had laid down the law. To marry Bess Fosburgh, the ardent young Kaiser had 90 days in which to establish himself in a respectable business in the West, and build a home for his bride.

Thirty-nine years of marriage have made Kaiser so attached to "Mother" that he seldom selects an associate without her, she seldom selects a blouse or dress without him. She is hardly ever out of his sight, traveling with Kaiser the 75,000 miles he rolls off in a year's trips about his empire. Kaiser is deeply and sentimentally a family man. The phonograph records on which son Henry, Jr., sang his Christmas greetings to his parents last year are played with unashamed sentiment to friends at the Kaiser apartment in Oakland, and Kaiser, listening to them, seems never far from tears.

The adulation heaped on Kaiser during the war has turned in some quarters to a drumfire of criticism seldom directed, in American history, against an industrialist.

Jesse Jones' Houston Chronicle blistered Kaiser in a lively philippic, which took him to task both for making and losing money during the war. The piece was reprinted anonymously and circulated widely by mail.

A trade-paper editor at Spokane, with the native gifts of a Bret Harte, took off on Kaiser, sparking his prose with such observations as "Kaiser's hot air, if harnessed, could heat Alaska in the wintertime." This, too, was circulated widely and anonymously. So was the recent speech of Senator Styles Bridges, dubbing Kaiser, "Democracy's boy friend." Reprinted in pamphlet form, it came to 23 pages.

Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan and other historic business figures had to take attacks too.

But there was a difference. Their criticism stemmed from traditional sources, liberal and radical opinion. The assault on Industrialist Kaiser is made by Senator Bridges (Rep., New Hampshire), Senator Capehart (Rep., Indiana), by the Chicago Tribune, by Jesse Jones. In his friends and in his enemies Kaiser is a new type of American industrialist.

So loyal is his man-in-the-street following that unsolicited $100 contributions came to him when he announced he was going into autos. Labor leaders love him. And Republican senators slap him down. To explain this anomaly, one must look to the times and character of Henry Kaiser.

The rise of Henry Kaiser has coincided with the growth of Big Government and Big Labor to complete the trilogy of Big Government, Big Labor and Big Business.

Takes a Realistic Viewpoint

Conceding his objectives to be no more than those of all management, i.e., to produce and make profits, he has accepted Big Government and Big Labor as conditions under which he must work. Realistically, he has sought to make the best of these conditions, to make collective bargaining work, to work with government instead of fighting it.

With this hardheaded acceptance of things as they are, he has worked "production miracles."

During the depression years he delivered three big dams. During the war, he was among the first to go all out on war production.

During reconversion shortages, uncertainty over high taxes and political trends, he has leaped into new industries.

Kaiser's willingness to work with labor and the government causes some sectors of American industry to regard him as the same sort of economic renegade that Roosevelt was politically.

To indignation is added the outrage that, like Roosevelt, he should be an expert showman. The P. T. Barnum in Kaiser, the taunts and the promises, evoke the reaction, "He can't be as good as he says he is."

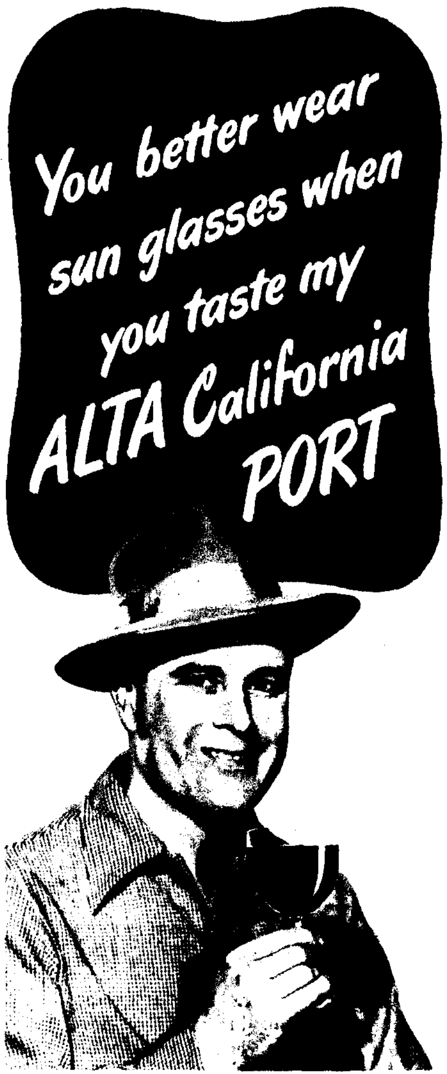
"I'll build a 10½ thousand ton ship in 10 days. I'll build 50 aircraft carriers in the time it takes you to build one. I'll make better and cheaper automobiles," Kaiser proclaims.

Soon as he has accomplished his latest boast, his achievement is smothered in a new and bigger boast. Since he is knee-deep in ever-fresh ventures, he poses an unending question mark to the American people. The question, "Can he make magnesium and aircraft carriers?" has given way to, "Can he make and sell automobiles, and houses and washing machines and airplanes?"

At sixty-four he has taken on the biggest challenges of his life, and poses the biggest questions. If the answers to these questions are shrouded by time, one thing is certain. Fast as they are answered, Kaiser will be in there popping new ones.

THE END

COLLIER'S "One thing I can't stand is a squeaky door" BARNEY TOBEY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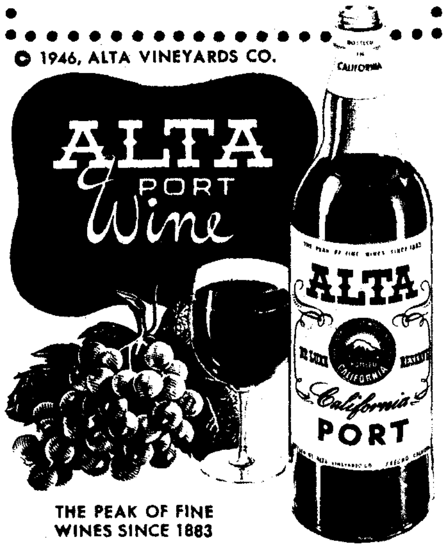

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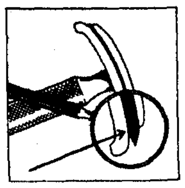
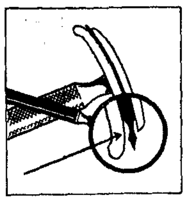
You see, other razor blades are ground like a pocket knife, and the edges are *rigid* in the razor ➤





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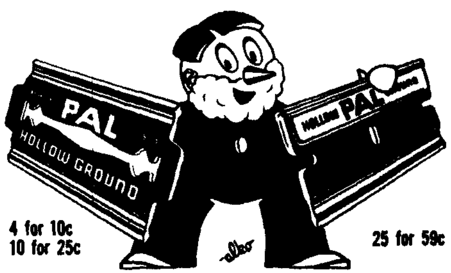

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ECONOMY SIZE 50 BLADES $1
DOUBLE AND SINGLE EDGE

Now—RUST-RESISTANT

PAL

HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES†

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

†Pat. No. 2262588

Trouble in Paradise

Continued from page 15

or propaganda spots in liberal non-Communist organizations. From such vantage points a great many desirable contacts can be made. Official statements handed out by such organizations and speeches made by their officers can be "influenced."

We were given no samples of this but were told the names of several such organizations. Lacking proof that these outfits have been infiltrated, perhaps we'd better not designate them.

The CPUS is not too visibly concerned in enlisting those liberals and radicals known as Fellow Travelers. If they wish to join up, well and good, but a diligent Fellow Traveler can frequently do more for the party outside the party. He may speak and write as ruddily as any of the CPUS pamphleteers—Foster, Eugene Dennis, Thompson, Doxey Wilkerson, Sender Garlin, Robert Minor or whoever. But not being a party member, his words are not so readily discounted as mere propaganda. And then there are many potential Communists in the United States who are not members of the party, and won't join, for no better reason than that they can't tolerate the party's present control, the Russia Firsters.

The membership drive is concentrated on labor union infiltration and the Give-a-Party-for-the-Party routine. If you have never been to a Party-Party that's too bad. Such fun. They may be held in college and university centers, frequently by the American Youth for Democracy movement, which has succeeded the Young Communist League. But for good serious fun with an ideological fillip, take the ordinary neighborhood Party-Party.

We got to talking to a group of former Party-Party hoppers, three of whom had joined the CPUS but later resigned in a huff. It wasn't that they'd become involved in the loud schismatic brawl that ousted Mr. Browder. It was merely because the drinks at the Party-Parties, soft and hard, had been boosted from twenty-five cents to forty.

Party-Parties are almost always held in a party member's apartment. Until the nonmember participant, the prospect, has been mellowed with a few colas, ginger ales or glasses of tea or a couple of shots of well-tempered whisky (at forty cents no matter which) nothing political creeps into the general banter.

Presently the guest-prospect gets the needle. Indoctrination sets in. It starts in plenary session, so to speak—general discussion, everybody present. But in a half hour or so, the prospect having given off evidences of intelligent interest or even alert curiosity, he is highly likely to be maneuvered off to a corner where a completely unobjectionable party shill (good-looking girls do a nice job of this) will carry on.

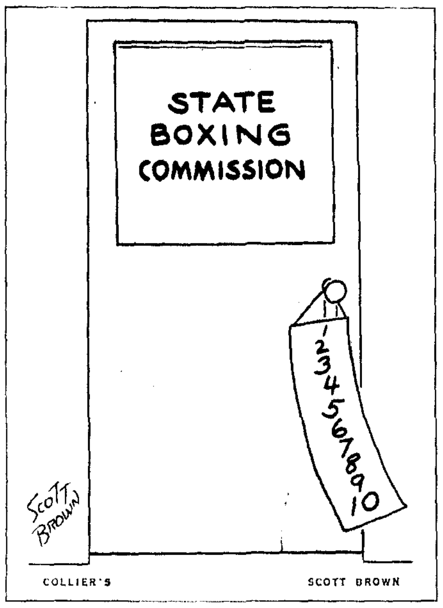
The Guest Buys His Own Drinks

Sometimes it takes eight or ten parties to land a prospect. But if he isn't signed up, only a pleasant time has been lost, no money. The prospect has paid his way at so much a drink. The bar income goes to the party either directly or into a club treasury which, indirectly, is the same thing. Anyway, even if you don't become a Bolo you will have had a good time, and that's profit whatever your political creed may be.

The membership drive and the quest for new financial assistance will necessarily be confined largely to the New York City area, which sports the greatest concentration of Communists and Communism. In New York both attain their flower, and there the average hinterland Red would be about as much at home as a sharecropper in a night club. But the party management and its exhorters are beating the bushes with a will.

Particular attention is being lavished upon California, Michigan, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Washington State, Minnesota, Missouri and, because the Negro is regarded as highly likely member material, Georgia, Alabama, Texas and Tennessee. In the South the drive (to use the word loosely) is undergroundish and not particularly successful. Among others, the more radical of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union leaders are preaching the CPUS gospel, but without Russian dressing.

Next to New York, California and Michigan seem to be the most fertile areas for new members. California, along with a number of other states, has ruled the Bolos off the ballot as numerically too few to warrant inclusion. Nevertheless, the state headquarters, in San Francisco, insists that there is a "live organization" in each of the fifty-eight counties, that the state-wide membership is 3,700, to which 2,000 more will be added before November.



COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

In California, to be a Bolo costs two dollars a month if your wage is sixty dollars a week or more; one dollar if between twenty-five and sixty dollars; thirty-five cents if you get less than twenty-five, and ten cents a month if you're unemployed. As in Washington and Oregon, the party's principal strength, none too great in any case, is in the maritime unions.

The CPUS claims a New England dues-paying membership of 3,000—1,600 in Massachusetts, 1,000 in Connecticut, 180 in New Hampshire, 130 in Rhode Island, 65 in Maine and 25 in Vermont. We made a somewhat casual attempt to check up on that Maine membership but didn't get far. Our Maine agent after considerable study reported: "Two years ago one of them ran for governor. Got about two hundred votes. Expect that's about the size of it down East."

Michigan headquarters in Detroit claims a membership of 20,000, which is doubtless considerably higher than the fact. New York estimates the Michigan membership as nearer 10,000 and forty-two per cent white-collar. When Philip Raymond ran for governor in 1940 on the CP ticket he polled 2,387 votes. However, when the party in Michigan qualified in May for next November's elections, their petition bore 14,000 signatures from twenty-six counties.

But whatever else the Michigan Bolos have, they have a high-temperature hatred of Walter Reuther, the anti-Communist president of the United Automobile Workers. And not merely because he defeated the Reds and Pinks in the recent UAW elections either. Other C.I.O. unions have taken their cue from Mr. Reuther. The steelworkers for example. It required all of Philip Murray's persuasive talents to dissuade the steelworkers from purging Communists from their membership. Mr. Murray is no Communist but within the C.I.O. he's for peace at almost any price.

John Williamson, member of the CPUS Secretariat and usually credited with being next to Mr. Foster in party importance, laments the weakness of Communism in industry.

For example: "In General Motors, out of approximately 120,000 workers in some of the main plants, only 122 are party members."

Losing Industrial Workers

Mr. Williamson exhorts the membership-drive groups to concentrate on industrial workers. "Our Party," he says, "is not yet rooted in the shops and industries. Our Party has not yet developed the art of consistently influencing the thinking of workers. The first registration reports reveal serious decline in the industrial composition of the Party. In New York the percentage of industrial workers has declined from thirty-four to twenty-nine per cent. Michigan has also declined from sixty-six to fifty-eight per cent. California has declined from forty-one to thirty-eight per cent."

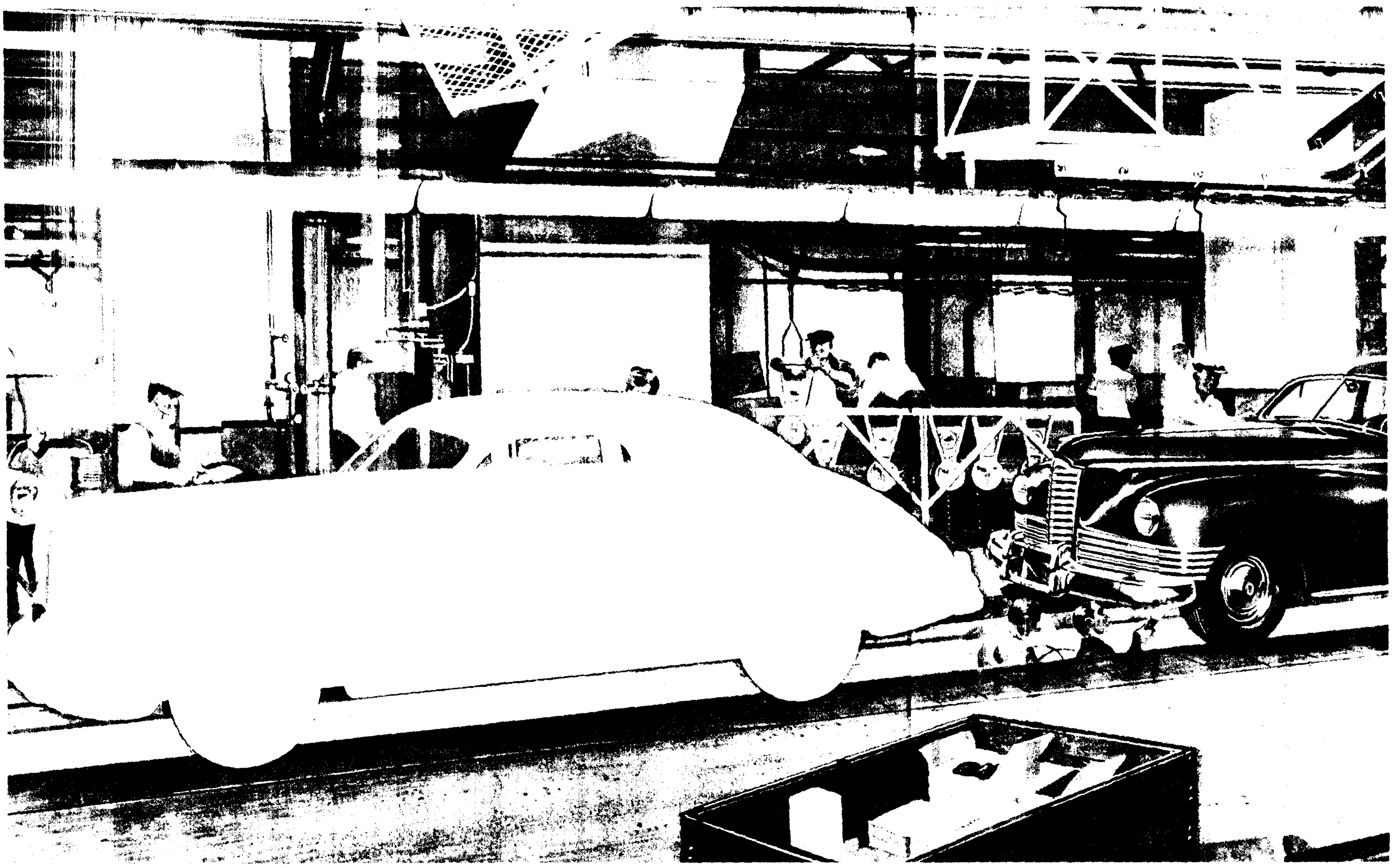
Mr. Williamson goes on: "Our Party-building campaign must make it clear that it is not just a question of better trade-union work. It is a question of raising the level of political consciousness of the workers. This cannot be achieved on the basis of Communists denying to other workers that they are Communists. It can only be done by a concentrated effort inside the shops by Communists working there, and outside the shops with the help of community clubs and other forms of activity. . . ."

And Eugene Dennis, Mr. Williamson's associate in the Secretariat, talks of coming political campaigns in this, the second nation in the CPUS' affections. He demands the defeat this fall and in 1948 of "the reactionary candidates of the Republican Party, of Hoover-Taft-Vandenberg, of the Southern Bourbon Democratic organizations and of the Northern Democratic organizations dominated by the reactionary Catholic hierarchy." Mr. Dennis calls for the formation of a third party in 1947, preferably straight Communist but a Communist-Labor-Liberal coalition if need be to defeat, among other men and things, "American imperialism" and support "Russian democracy."

If all this leaves you a bit bewildered, take what comfort there is in the assurance that you are no more so than the current rank and file of the CPUS. But don't attempt anything so silly as to argue with a member. It's like arguing with a man about his religion. Besides, unless you're very careful, you may find that smack in the middle of the argument the comrade will depart hastily and completely from his premise and will be shouting on your side of the fence.

Mr. Browder's home again, his pockets filled with mysterious papers given him in Moscow. Mr. Browder may open up at any time on the Fosterites. The old party line will thereupon change again. In the cheerless headquarters of the Communist Party of the United States, Comrade, there is never a dull moment.

THE END



The extra Packard Clipper we could have built—but didn't

THOUSANDS of brand-new Packard Clippers have already rolled off our assembly lines.

But this picture shows a Clipper that never got to the assembly line. *Purposely.*

Why? Simply because we knew that by *not* building this new car, we could use those materials to supply pre-war Packard owners with the new parts they needed to keep their present cars rolling.

You know that no new cars were built during the war. As a result, many Packard owners have been forced to drive their cars *years* longer than even a car as fine as a Packard could be expected to run without at least *some* repairs and replacements.

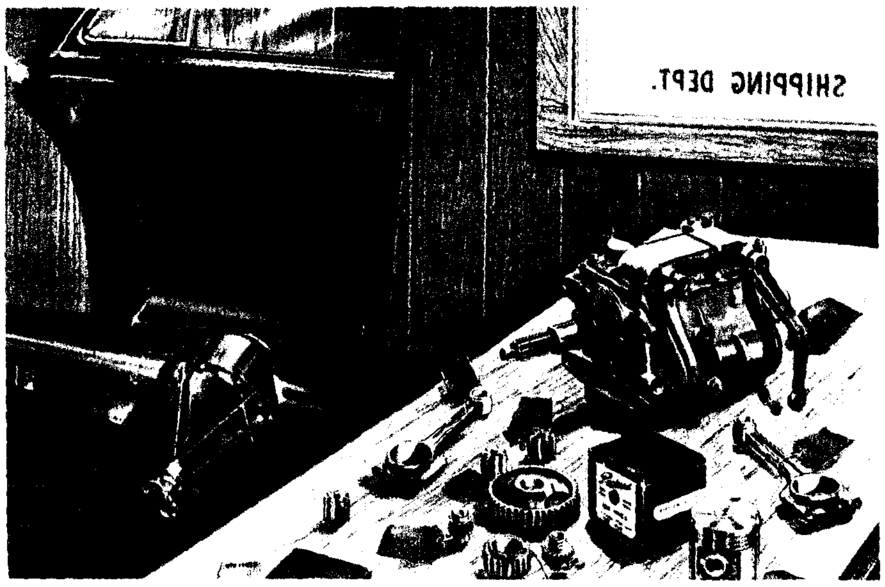
So sometimes, instead of building a Packard engine for a new car on our assembly line, we'd build one for a man whose pre-war Packard had far outrun its normal life.

And instead of tagging parts for *new* Packards, we'd send them to owners who needed them to keep their present Packards running.

It has always been Packard's chief concern *to take good care of the people who own and drive Packard cars.* And we knew that by refusing to build a few hundred more *new* Packard cars this year, we could better serve thousands of *old* Packard owners.

That must be one of the reasons why Packard owners are so loyal, year after year.

And perhaps it's one of the reasons why so many of them say, "Packard is a good company to do business with."



HOW WELL has Packard taken care of its pre-war buyers? Just consider this fact: Volume of parts shipments was raised, in June, to three times the normal pre-war rate—29% above Packard's all-time previous high!

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Captain's Cap

Continued from page 11

ran back to the barn. Dave's hand woke a clinking from a double-bitted bridle. A horse stamped in the dark. Two shadows crossed the dewy grass.

Back on the porch their hearts beat too quickly for sleep. Across the channel the gas buoys blinked and a steamer's running lights moved past the faint, dark, lifeless shape of Hermit Island.

"Freighter passing," Maury said.

"I'll bet it's the Stone City," Dave said. His eyes roved the faintly silvered lake. "We'll sail our boat to Pelee Point."

Maury watched a small cloud cross the moon's bright face. "Let's name it the Seagull."

"No," Dave said. "The Gypsy."

"It's light as a bird," Maury said, still seeing the sleek bow poised above the shavings. "And its sails will spread like wings."

"I'm older," Dave said.

"All right." But in Maury's mind it would be the Seagull.

IT WAS bright morning sunlight when their father woke them. "Hit the deck," he said. "Get your clothes on. There's a job waiting."

The boys were wide awake. "Before breakfast?" Maury asked.

"Sure. This won't wait for breakfast."

"Where is the job, Dad?" Dave was pulling on his pants.

"Down at the wharf."

A clatter made their fingers fumble with their shoelaces. Michael and Seth were already there.

Bart Hazard, in a sports shirt and flannel trousers, looked young as a boy as he strode ahead of them. He was not an island farmer like the Hazards before him; he was a restless, ardent man, full of plans that never reached fulfillment. But now he pointed triumphantly to the mast that spired above the wharf shed.

"A boat! A real sailboat!" They raced down the path and onto the wharf. They didn't need to pretend; in the broad light, her painted sides gleaming, the mast stepped in and the halyards taut, she took their breath away.

"You know what day this is?"

They nodded wordlessly.

"It's for your birthday. Now we'll get her into the water."

Seth Crane stood grinning at them, his thumbs hooked in the straps of his overalls.

Michael Hearn, with the black stub of pipe between his teeth, reeved the line through the wooden block. The boys took hold.

"Take the strain on it," Mike said. "Slack away a bit." With a crowbar he inched the hull onto the steep plank tramway. "Hold fast!"

The lean hull tilted. The tall mast made an arc and the boat hung there, her prow pointing at the water.

"Now—slack away!"

They paid out, an inch at a time, and the boat crept down. When the bow touched water Maury's heart pounded.

"Let go!" Mike said.

She was afloat, bobbing gently. She was light as a bird on the water.

A fish horn blew harshly from the kitchen door. "Breakfast, boys," their father said.

In the dining room Ellen Hazard kissed them, her dark eyes catching their excitement. "Happy birthday, Maury. Happy birthday, Dave."

"Mom, we've got a sailboat!" Dave cried. "We're going sailing!"

"We'll take her out after breakfast," their father said.

Seth looked in from the kitchen where Norah was laying his breakfast. "I'd like to have a ride in that new boat."

"Right after breakfast," Dave said.

"No. I've got to catch the ferry to Sandusky. Have to get a cotter pin for the mowing machine. Maybe this evening, when the work is done."

"Sure, we'll take you out," Maury said.

With a soft, rhythmic sound Kate Hazard pushed herself in, her big hands on the wheels of her chair. Her voice filled the room. "Happy birthday, boys!" In her lap were two stiff-visored Marine caps, bright with gold braid. "Here," she said. "You'll need proper sailor's caps if you're to have a boat."

"A captain's cap!" Dave ran to the mirror in the hall.

"They're both captain's caps," his father said.

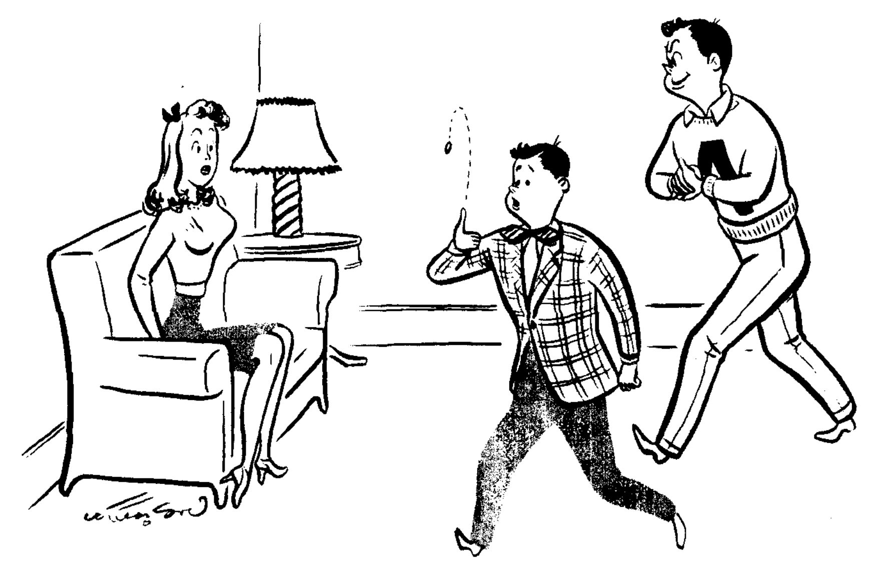
The telephone rang and Norah said, "It's for you, Mr. Hazard."

When Bart joined them at the table, he wore the bright, expectant look that they all knew.

Kate Hazard, in her wheel chair, was the first to say it. "Not on their birthday, Bart. You can't go today."

He said quickly, "There's a New York distributor in Toledo. He's inquiring about Lake Erie wines. I'll have to go."

Ellen looked up. "How long, Bart?"



"Sorry, Doris—my brother just gave me a quarter to go to the movies!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"Not long. I'll be back tomorrow."

"We can go sailing anyway." Dave said.

"Not alone," his father said. "You have to learn how to handle a boat like that."

"Then we'll get Mike."

With the Marine caps in their hands they raced down to the shore. They skirted the cove, scrambled over the glacial rock, thrust like a ship's prow into the water, and ran along the beach.

Mrs. Hearn was in the garden, leaning over the bean rows. She shook her gray head. "Sure, and he's already gone out to the fishing traps. He won't be back till night."

They trudged home. For a few wordless minutes they stood on the wharf above the gleaming sloop. They found their father in his study.

"We've been out with Mike in his catboat," Dave said. "We know how to handle her."

"You can't go out alone," Bart said. "But you can walk to the Harbor and get some medicine for your mother. Her headache's back again."

"We'll sail the boat in," Dave said. "The wind is just right."

"No," Bart said.

"Then I won't get the medicine." Dave's jaw clamped tight and his eyes were mutinous under the visor of his captain's cap.

"All right," his father said. "Go to the barn and help Norah. She's cleaning the hen coops." He turned to Maury. "You go to the drugstore. Right away. Ask Mr. Phillips for your mother's medicine."

Outside, they looked once more at the shining hull, with her lean shadow dancing on the water.

"Hen coops," Dave muttered.

MAURY started down the road to the Harbor. When he came back the house was empty. His grandmother called from her wheel chair on the porch. From there, with a sudden choking, he saw the boat, wedged in the rocks at the cove entrance. Her mast leaned far over and her ripped sail was slatting. Dave was bending at the tangled halyards.

Maury raced down to the wharf. His father was already pulling away in the dinghy. In miserable helplessness Maury watched him pull alongside the stricken boat. Dave climbed into the dinghy. His father freed the boat from the ledge and made the painter fast. With slow strokes he towed it back to the mooring. There she lay, a long gouge in her gleaming hull, the torn canvas hanging over her gunwale.

His father waited while Dave climbed the ladder. "Go to the house," he said.

They followed him up the steep path. Dave was waiting in the kitchen.

"You're thirteen years old," his father said. "You're too old for a whipping, but you're not old enough to be trusted."

Dave stood with his dark face lowered and his hands fisted at his side.

With her soft, rhythmic progress, Kate Hazard wheeled in. Silently she took the visored cap from Dave's bent head. She opened the fuel door of the stove. The flames leaped like flowers around the shining visor.

Maury all but cried for his brother. But Dave's jaw was set like iron and his knuckles clenched white. He threw up one dark defiant look and turned away. The screen door banged behind him. They watched him go to the barn. He climbed the ladder toward the cavernous mows of hay.

"Let him think it over," Bart said. He turned to his wife. "It's time I'm going, Ellen. Take your medicine and get some rest." He lifted her face and kissed her.

Maury followed his mother upstairs. "Anything I can do, Mom?"

"Yes. A glass of water to go with the medicine. And try to have a good birthday, Maury."

In his own and Dave's room Maury took off the captain's cap. He stared at it, the shiny blue visor, the trim round crown, the little gold oak leaves framing a golden anchor. He went to the chest of drawers beside his bed. He laid the cap among his pajama suits and closed the drawer. . . .

They didn't speak of Dave at noon, and Maury tried to forget the empty place beside him at the table. When he didn't appear for supper, Norah asked, "Shall I take his plate to the barn, Mrs. Hazard?"

She shook her head. "It will be better for him to go hungry."

Kate Hazard nodded. "He's a stubborn boy. He'll think better that way."

At breakfast, next morning, the empty place made them silent. And at noon his mother asked, "Have you seen him, Maury? You went to the barn."

Maury shook his sun-bleached head. He had been to the peak of the mow, all the way up, above the hay-buried Y beams where stripes of sunlight fell through the cupola and the pigeons cooed and rustled. Dave had been nowhere in that sea of hay.

"No need to worry," Kate Hazard said. "He can't get lost on this island."

But Ellen's hand trembled as she stirred circles in her coffee.

He might be anywhere, Maury kept thinking.

Seth stood in the kitchen door, picking his teeth with a matchstick. "Want to try your boat out, Maury? Mike fixed up the sail and the rig this morning."

Maury shook his head. "I'll wait for Dave."

Supper was an uneasy meal, with everyone listening for the creak of the gate or the rush of footsteps up from the shore.

There was a sound on the front steps and Maury bolted from his chair. He raced through the hall and flung the door aside. There stood Bart Hazard, his traveling bag in his hand.

"Well, son. This is quite a welcome."

"I—thought it was Dave."

The others were in the doorway, their faces suddenly empty.

At the table they told him, and for once Bart Hazard forgot the excitement of his own absence and return.

"He must be on the island," he said. "They'd have told me if they'd seen him on the ferry."

Ellen's eyes went out the bow window to the lake, and Maury visualized, as plainly as if she had spoken, a tired boy swimming far out in the steamer channel.

AFTER supper they sat helplessly on the porch while the sunset changed across the water. Bart tamped tobacco in his pipe and then returned it to his pocket. He walked restlessly around the house. The silence filled, for a moment, with the whirr and thrum of a motor.

He hadn't explained where he was going. But Maury knew there were only a few places—to the Harbor, to Michael Heran's cottage, to the houses of the Adlers and the Steinbrunners that had once belonged in the Hazard family. He would ask there for Dave, and he would not find him.

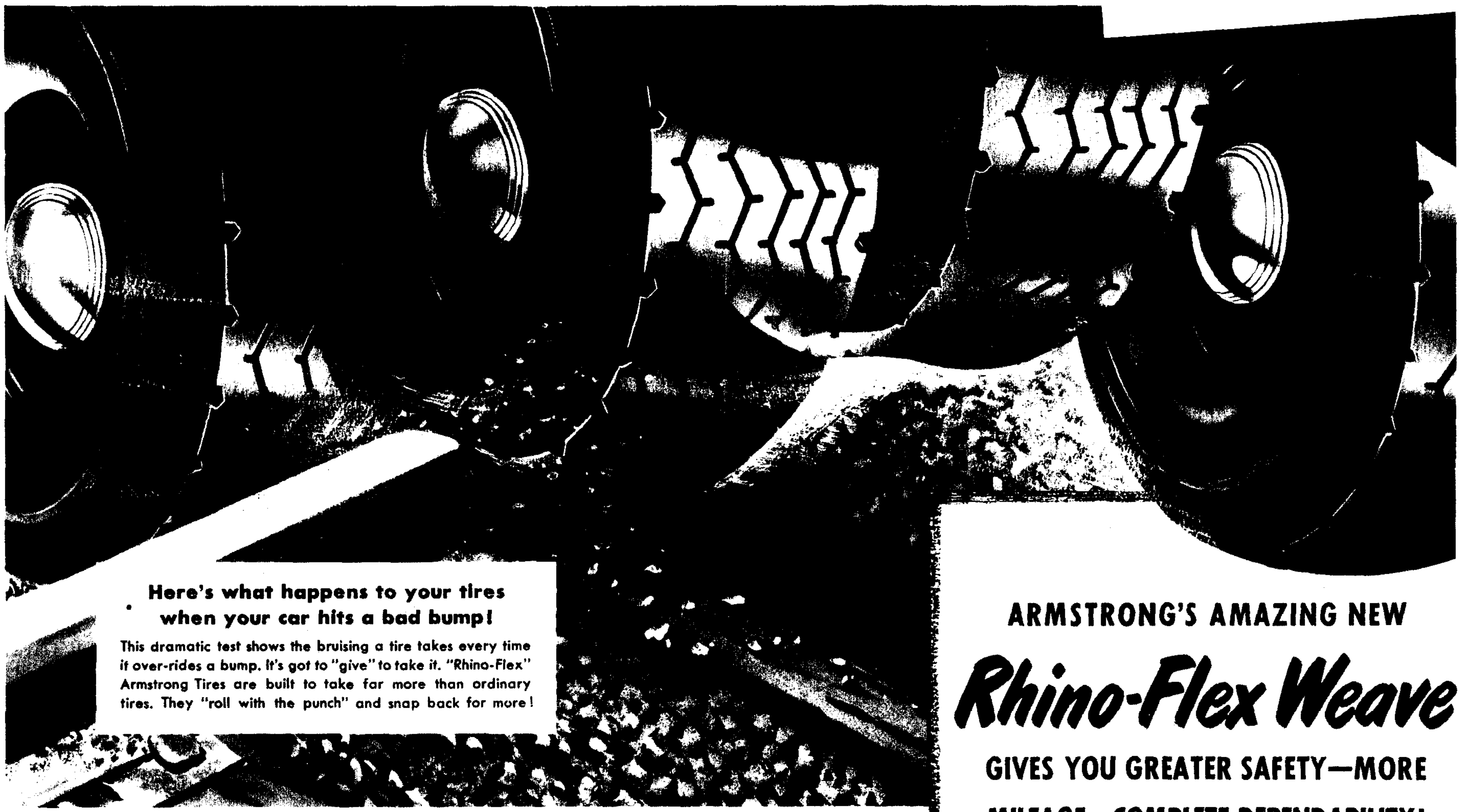
Maury wanted to prowl away by himself, to look in the caves under Indian Rock, to call, "Dave! Dave!" along the broken shore. But he had done that all afternoon. Dave wasn't there.

Now there was a sadness on the fading lake, and a tired wash of water sounded from the rocks. The light began to flash from Put-in-Bay—a long white flash, repeated and repeated. Maury went upstairs to the room that was half Dave's and now was wholly empty. He took the captain's cap from the drawer. He crossed the room to Dave's chest. He pulled out a drawer

WAR BORN TOUG

in Peace Time TIR

ENJOY



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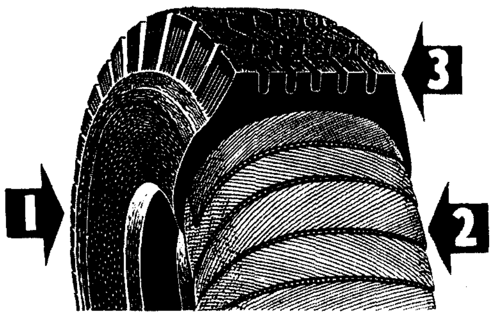

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America Outdoors!

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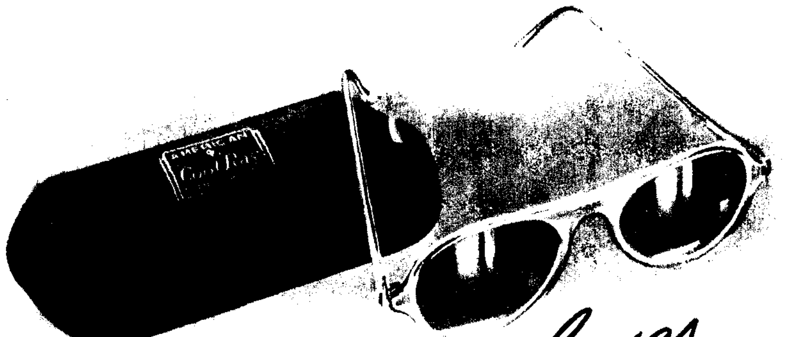
AO Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keep your eyes in the "Safety Zone"



AO Cool-Ray sun glasses The smart style shown here, $3.50. Others, $1.95 and up.

AO Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb both ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays, while admitting plenty of "seeing light" and providing the eyes with a "Safety Zone" in which they remain cool and comfortable.

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and laid the cap beside Dave's pajamas and his mussed mound of handkerchiefs.

From outside came the rasp of tires on gravel. Maury closed the drawer and ran to the window. His father got out slowly. Maury knew before his voice came from the porch.

"I've tried everywhere. I can't find a trace of him."

From the channel a freighter whistled. Maury watched it move past the low dark line of Hermit Island. It was the Stone City.

But Maury's eyes didn't follow the ship. They clung to the dark island, they hung on a blue thread, faint and thin and vanishing in the evening sky. He raced down the stairs. He didn't heed his father's voice as he tore through the house. The screen door banged like a rifle shot. He stopped, breathing hard, among the pilings underneath the wharf.

Then his voice rang out. "The canoe's gone! There's smoke on Hermit Island!"

From the wharf they made it out beyond question, the feather of color in the darkening sky. Bart put down his glasses. "I'll get Mike," he said. "We'll go in his launch."

THE launch, smelling of fish and oil and strong tobacco, left a slowly widening V on the windless water. The western sky darkened quickly. The motor coughed and sputtered and Mike bent over it until the hollow cadence came again. Slowly the island grew. The woods were dark when they leapt out on the sand.

"Look!" Maury pointed. "The Gypsy!" The old canoe lay on its side a hundred feet up the beach.

"Dave!" Bart called. "Dave!"

Through the woods a patch of firelight gleamed.

"Dave!" Bart cried.

He was a small, lost figure, huddled in the slow smoke of a fitful fire. They saw his tired, bloodshot eyes, and the red mosquito bites on his arms and face.

Bart leaned down beside him. "Why didn't you come home, son? The canoe is still there on the beach."

Maury said, "The boat is all fixed, Dave. She's ready to sail. Nobody has been out in her yet."

Bart put a hand under Dave's shoulder and pulled him to his feet. "Come on. We're going home." Mike already had the canoe made fast to the launch's stern.

The buoy lights were flashing white as they throbbed across the channel.

Bart said, "We wouldn't have found you if Maury hadn't seen smoke coming from the island."

"Rain coming up," Mike said.

In the west the stars blew out. A rumble sounded, at first faint and then louder, beyond Ballast Island and Put-in-Bay. As they rounded the cove mouth a flash of lightning showed Ellen Hazard, with Seth and Norah, on the wharf.

"He's here!" Bart called. "He's here!"

The first hard drops pelted them as they climbed the bank. In the kitchen Kate Hazard waited in her chair.

"Give him some supper," she demanded.

In the light they saw his grimy, smoke-stained face, his hollow eyes, the burned place on his hand and the swollen red bites everywhere.

"That island," Bart said, rubbing his cheek. "I couldn't have held out like that. I'd have surrendered."

Ellen put an arm around Dave's shoulder. "Get a bath first," she said. "Then you'll feel better."

"Chicken sandwiches," Norah said. "All white meat the way you like it. And some deviled eggs I put away for you from supper. I'll have it all ready as soon as you've cleaned up."

"Come on," Bart said. "I'll go with you."

They heard the shower running. They heard it shut off. Bart came down alone. "He won't eat. He's still fighting. He's gone to bed."

Ellen turned anxiously. "I don't like to leave him alone."

Bart said, "Maury will be with him. Take care of your brother, son."

Maury felt older than his father as he climbed the stairs. In the dark room a gust of wind whipped the curtains. Rain was threshing the cedar branches beyond the window. A flicker of lightning showed Dave lying face-down, his dark hair shattering the pillow.

Maury undressed in the darkness. He shivered when the wet wind struck him. He went to Dave's bed, felt for the quilt and pulled it up.

"Sleep?" he whispered.

"No," Dave said.

"I looked everywhere," Maury said. "All our hiding places. The caves, the quarry, the hollow tree. I never thought of the old canoe—not till I saw the smoke from the island. Did you make a fire with one match?"

"Two," Dave said, half into his pillow. "But I had some left."

"You must have got awful hungry."

"I found some berries."

"Did you see any bones—where we looked for the hermit?"

"Yes. I saw some."

A peal of thunder broke, and lightning wavered over the dark lake channel.

Maury got into his own bed. He lay on his side, facing his brother across the darkness. "A west storm won't last. It'll be bright in the morning. We'll take the boat out. Mike said he'd go with us. We'll name her the Gypsy."

There was no sound but the rustle of the uneasy curtains.

Maury lay there, groping, waiting, wanting to reach out and touch his brother. But Dave was still gone, as far away as Hermit Island, far beyond his reach. A long-drawn thunder shook the windows and a wave of wind came in. Maury thought of a lifeless island with the rain beating down, the wet dark woods, the waves pounding, pounding.

He heard a sound across the room. An instant of white light showed Dave standing in his pajama pants, staring at the open bureau drawer. Thunder boomed and the dark came back. Then Dave's bed began to shake and in the room there was a muffled sobbing. It was the first time Maury remembered hearing his brother cry.

FOR a long time Maury lay rigid, staring into darkness. He did not realize that the thunder had rolled away, distant, fading, and that the cedar boughs had grown quiet beyond the window. But suddenly there was a brightness of moonlight in the room; over the lake the gas buoys showed their steady winking.

Then Dave's voice came, half-choked and whispering. "Maury."

"What?"

"That's your captain's cap in my drawer."

"It's not mine," Maury said. "I gave it to you—while you were gone."

"Maury—"

"What?"

"You say it's all fixed? All ready to sail?"

"Yes. It's ready. It's all fixed but the scratches on the side. Mike said we could do that ourselves. Scrape it and sand it and give it a coat of filler and then two coats of varnish. It will be like new."

Dave turned over, and his voice seemed almost in Maury's ear. "Let's call it the Seagull. I like that better."

"Whatever you say, Dave. You're the captain."

"We're both captains," Dave said.

Maury sat up. "I'm kind of hungry," he said. "I didn't eat much supper."

"Neither did I," Dave said. Then they were laughing as they crossed the room.

"Come on," Maury whispered.

Barefooted they went down the stairs.

THE END

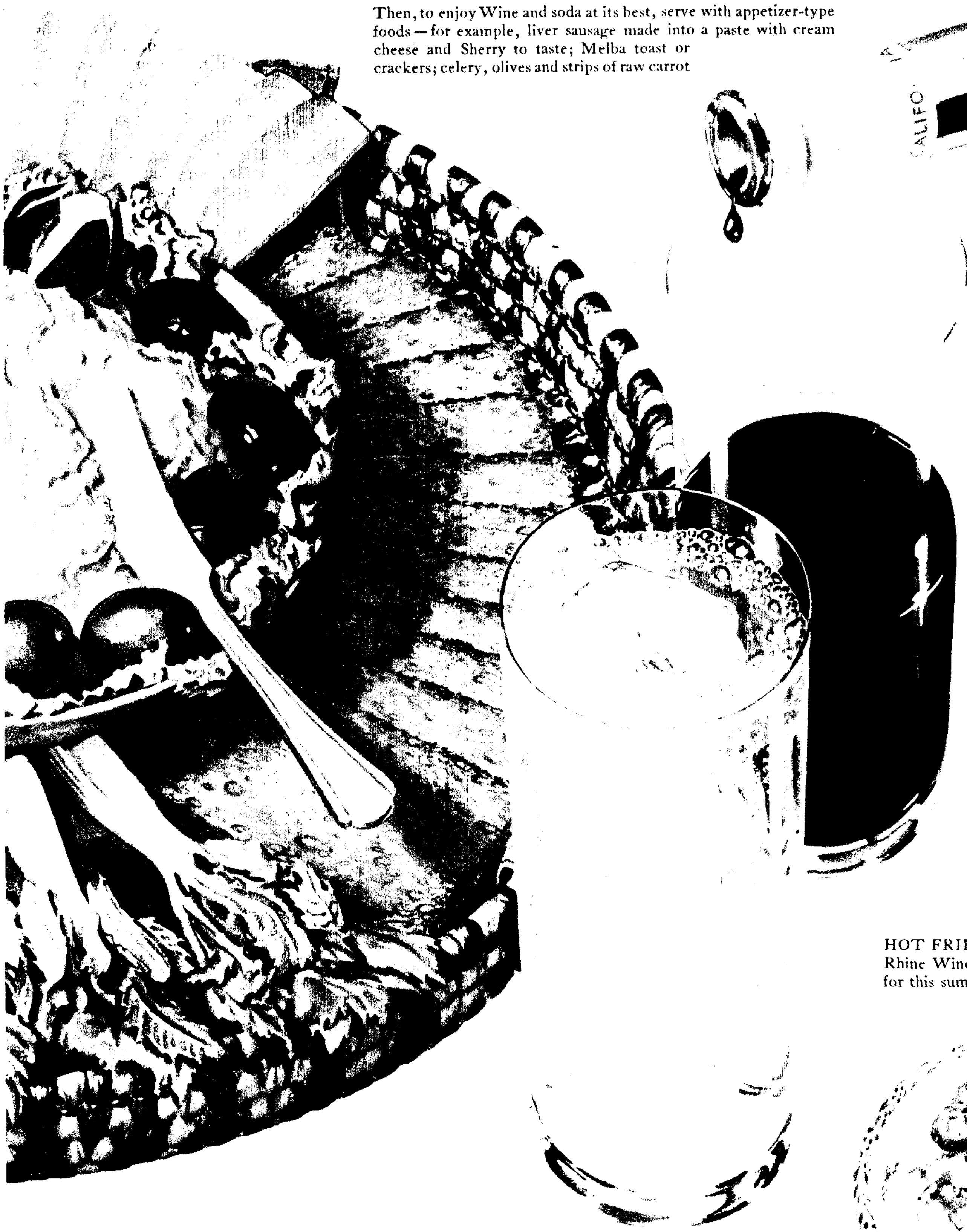
Set out refreshments as *Alice Tisdale Hobart* does...

with tall, cool glasses of WINE and soda

Alice Tisdale Hobart writes best-selling novels wherever she lives — *"Oil for the Lamps of China," "The Cup and the Sword"* (California) and, from Mexico, *"The Peacock Sheds His Tail."* And wherever she lives, Mrs. Hobart is known as a charming hostess. With summer foods, she recommends that you try this flavorsome Wine and soda

TO MIX A WINE AND SODA just pour glasses half-full of your favorite California wine — like robust, red Burgundy or golden Sauterne. Add ice cubes and sparkling water to fill.

Then, to enjoy Wine and soda at its best, serve with appetizer-type foods — for example, liver sausage made into a paste with cream cheese and Sherry to taste; Melba toast or crackers; celery, olives and strips of raw carrot



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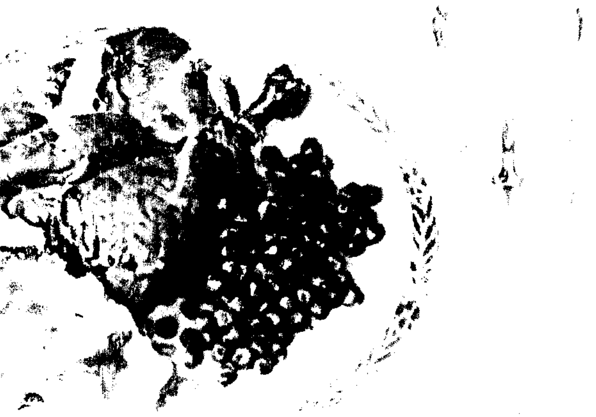

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Nº 7 POLISH

Boston's Incredible Curley

Continued from page 25

who changed sides so often during his testimony that nobody knew whom he was pulling for. The court record of the case is a classic of double-talk. Reading it, no one can decide whether Curley did or didn't. Curley said he didn't. But the judge decided that he did and the court fined him $37,500 (with interest $50,000).

Curley didn't have $37,500. In fact, it's doubtful whether he had $37. The court looked high and low for caches of money in banks and safety-deposit boxes. Detectives scurried to Montreal and Toronto looking for $1,000,000 or more that his daughter Mary was supposed to have in her name, and returned empty-handed.

When the president of one of the city's leading banks refused to lend the city money to meet its pay roll, Curley called him on the telephone and told him to kick in with it before 3:30 that afternoon or he'd open the city's water gates beneath the bank building and flood its vaults. He got the money and he got the undying hatred of an impressive board of directors.

When the court learned the facts of Curley's life after the trial, the judge was lenient. He ruled that the $37,500 plus interest could be paid in installments at the rate of $500 per week. By that time everybody in the city knew that Curley was broke and on the day before the first installment fell due, a line began to form outside Curley's house on Jamaica Way—one of the strangest lines that Boston had ever seen, and there had been some rather fantastic lines outside that house. The Boston Irish were there in force along with Negroes, Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, all of the races in the city; Catholics, Protestants and Jews; men in business clothes and men in overalls; limousines, jalopies, pushcarts and wagons.

Saving Their Idol from Jail

That line of men and women filed into his living room where Curley stood to greet them and they handed over to him clean bills and dirty bills, crumpled bills and new ones; small donations and large; $300 from one man and $12.50 from the next. They knew that he had to pay that fine or go to jail. The newspapers said so. And they were paying it for him. That happened regularly until the fine was paid. Sometimes it took a little bit longer to assemble it that way, and occasionally Curley was a bit delinquent with his installments.

In the meantime he ran for Congress from Charlestown, a district in which he did not live, against Tom Eliot, grandson of Charles W. Eliot (Five-Foot-Shelf-of-Books and President of Harvard). Tom lived in the district and had already served a term in Congress. Curley's election was assured, the moment he announced his candidacy, so much so that he actually asked his Charlestown supporters to give Tom enough votes to spare his pride.

The fine forced Curley to stay in Washington where he was sure of immunity on several occasions. When he was out of sight he was out of mind for the Boston Irish. They forgot to get the weekly $500 together for him until they were reminded of it. Then they paid it and sent him enough money to come home. Both he and the Boston Irish were relieved when the debt was finally paid.

What can be said about a demonstration like that? Curley had done favors for almost everybody in the lines outside his house. He had done favors for almost all of the anonymous volunteers who got together week after week while he was in Washington. In both groups, no doubt, there were some that he had never known or seen and some that he had entirely forgotten. The same thing happens every time he gets into a jam. He's their Jim. They can kick him around, but nobody else can.

When he's in trouble they feel that he needs them—and when they're in trouble they feel that they need him. Right now they're in a sorry state of confusion over postwar problems. Roosevelt was their first hero and Curley his runner-up. Their names had been tied together since long before the New Deal, and although the friendship had cooled after Roosevelt passed over Curley for his Cabinet and offered him the post as Ambassador to Poland, Curley remained loyal. He has never told his side of the story of the break.

Since Roosevelt's death the Boston Democrats have been taking stock, and it is dawning upon them that although they have been steadfast now for 12 years, they've got very little by way of reward from Washington. They are perplexed and apprehensive about the future. They feel something has got to be done but they don't know what, and so they turn instinctively to Old Reliable.

Boston is as completely Democratic as any city in the solid South, and the Democratic Party seems to be foundering. "Curley gets things done" is his slogan and they tell him, "Come on now, find the solution and get things done." They know it's going to be expensive and probably a bit irregular, but that doesn't bother them too much.

Members of the staff of the Harvard Lampoon dropped in on Curley a while ago and asked him how to run a city and get things done. He told them the best way is the direct way. It may involve breaking a few laws here and there and tearing up a lot of red tape. Every mayor who's worth his salt does it and sometimes they get caught. Some mayors go to jail for it and some don't. It all depends upon what city you're running, what you're trying to accomplish for that city, who's watching you and what they do about it. There's fun and excitement in bossing the works, but the future in it is sometimes grim—and there's not much money in it anyway.

The Boston Irish and Curley are a partnership, and each influences the other. James Michael Curley went to Washington recently to see President Truman and had some difficulty arranging an appointment. It appeared that he was not entirely welcome. Then Curley sent word to Truman that he was thinking of bolting the party—and in a very short time, Curley saw Truman. What they talked about has not been revealed.

But Curley doesn't, as a rule, make idle threats. He knows that the Boston Irish and the Boston Democracy are in a state of flux and that the causes are clear. In a 74.3 per cent Catholic city anything that remotely resembles Communism is poison and at this point Boston Democrats are all but exhausted from alternately cheering and choking over a party mixture of things that they like and things that they can't swallow. It wouldn't take much to stampede them into the Republican pasture, and Curley has what it takes—leadership.

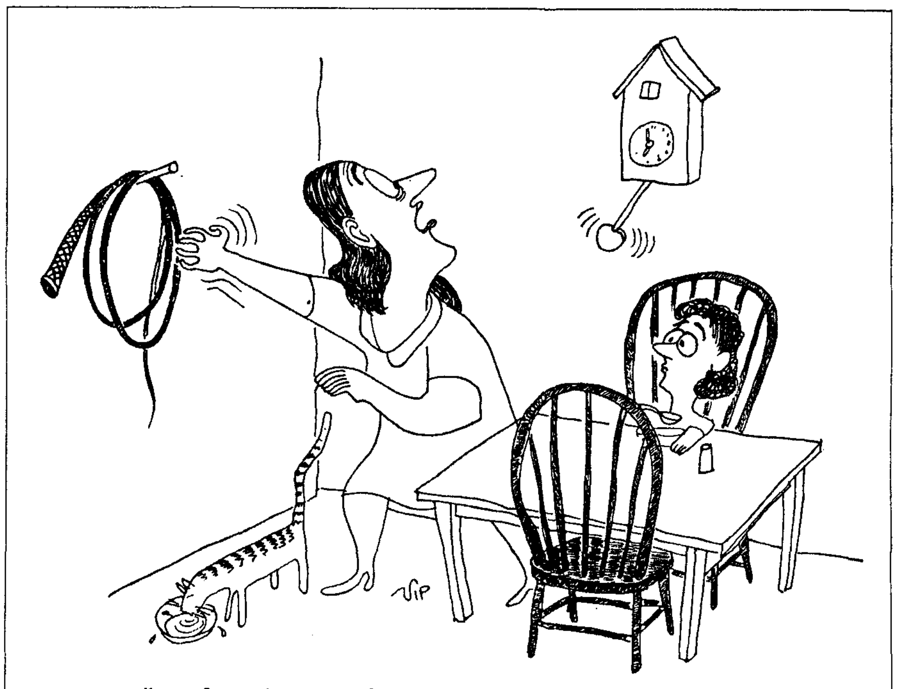
A Walk That Would Be a Parade

There have been a few interesting political walks in recent years. Al Smith took one. Governor Joseph Buell Ely of Massachusetts took another. But if Curley takes a walk it will be the most spectacular since the Crusades. Because Curley will not walk alone. He'll be the grand marshal of a parade, and the nation might witness the phenomenon of a city that has been traditionally Democratic turning suddenly Republican and making a state that has been safely Democratic for years do likewise.

Senator David I. Walsh is keeping very quiet. He and Curley have had painful differences in the past, and this year Walsh faces Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., a former senator back from the wars and covered with campaign ribbons. Governor Maurice J. Tobin, running for re-election, looks toward Curley nervously. In the shadow of jail and not well understood outside his own state, Curley at 72 is still a political kingpin in Massachusetts. When he occasionally fishes in Jamaica Pond in the early morning, political bigwigs nearly always gather on the banks to have a word with him.

When the Washington case is settled, Curley will promptly set about getting into more trouble, and soon the situation will be normal—all fouled up again. The people will keep right on electing him, and the more the rest of the country resents it, the larger his majorities will be. In that way the Boston Irish mind their own business.

THE END



"Good grief. I completely forgot about waking Daddy"

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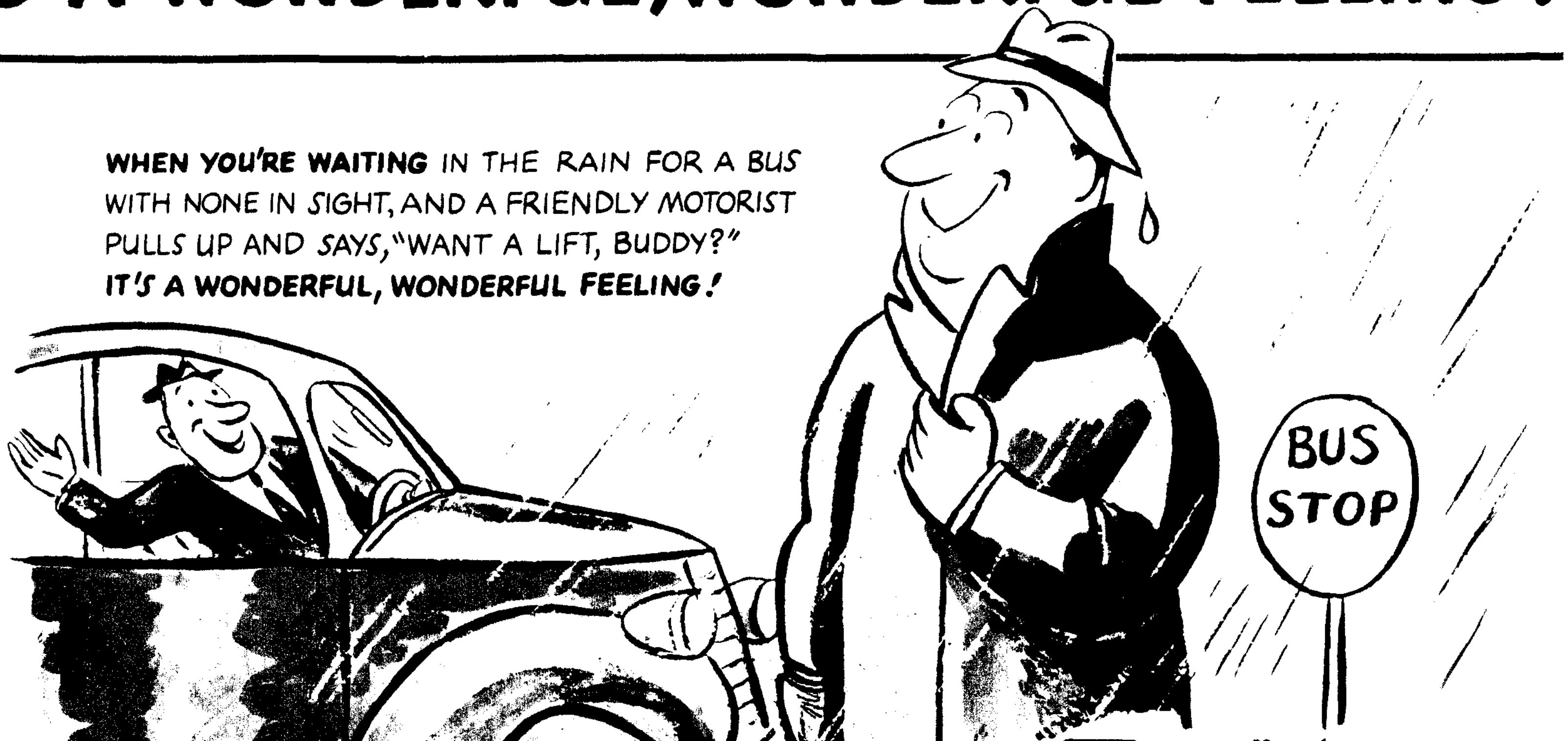

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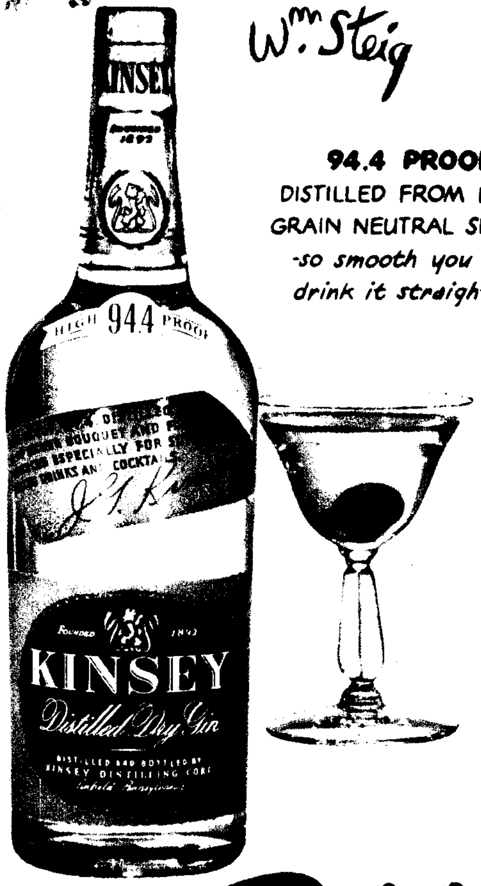

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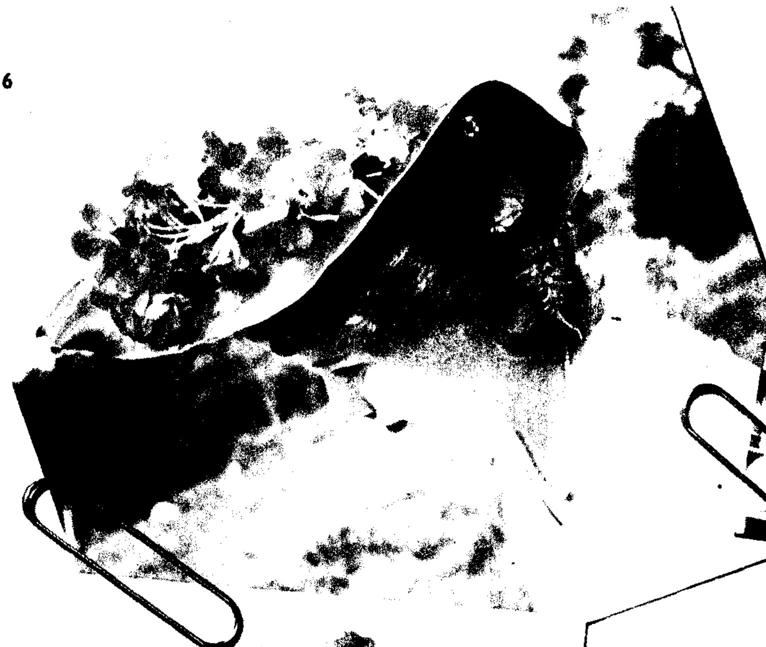
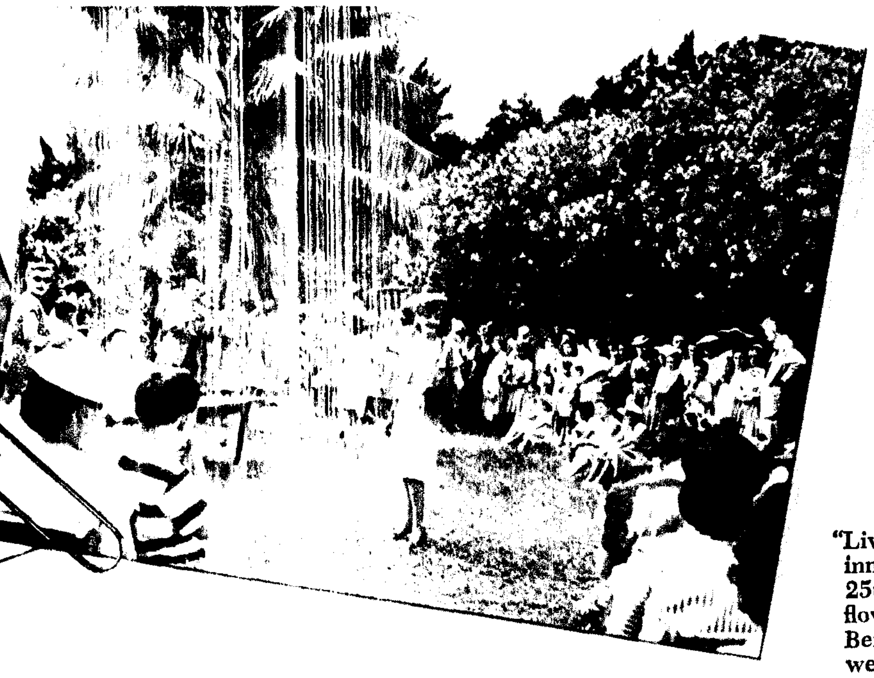
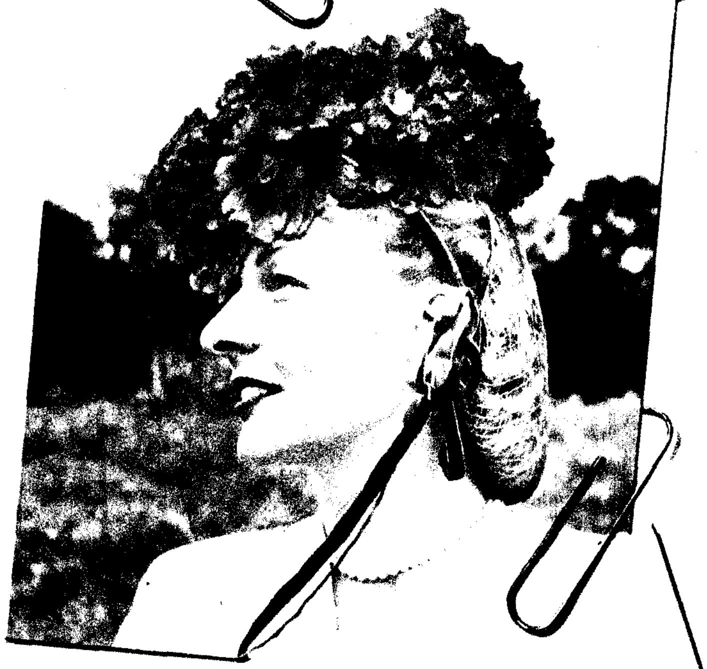




“Live” hats were a innovation at Sandy 25th annual charit flower show held i Bermuda. First priz went to hat at lef



Floppy green bay grape sunshade crowned with nasturtiums could use a lily-pad base instead

You can duplicate this prize winner by massing double rose hollyhocks on an old buckram frame

From the Ground Up

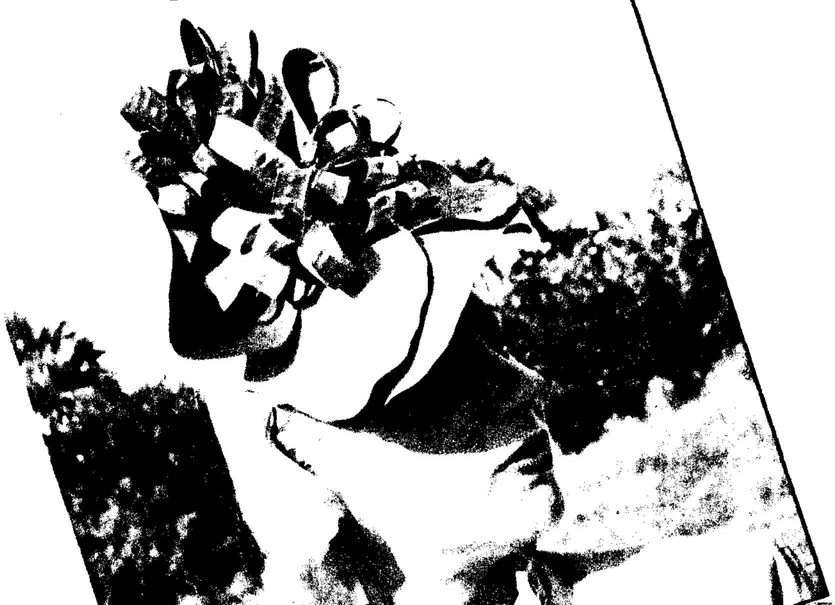
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

THE “live” hats on this page were the high spots—and winners—at Sandys 25th annual charity flower show held in Somerset, Bermuda. About 2,000 spectators appraised the 67 verdant entries.

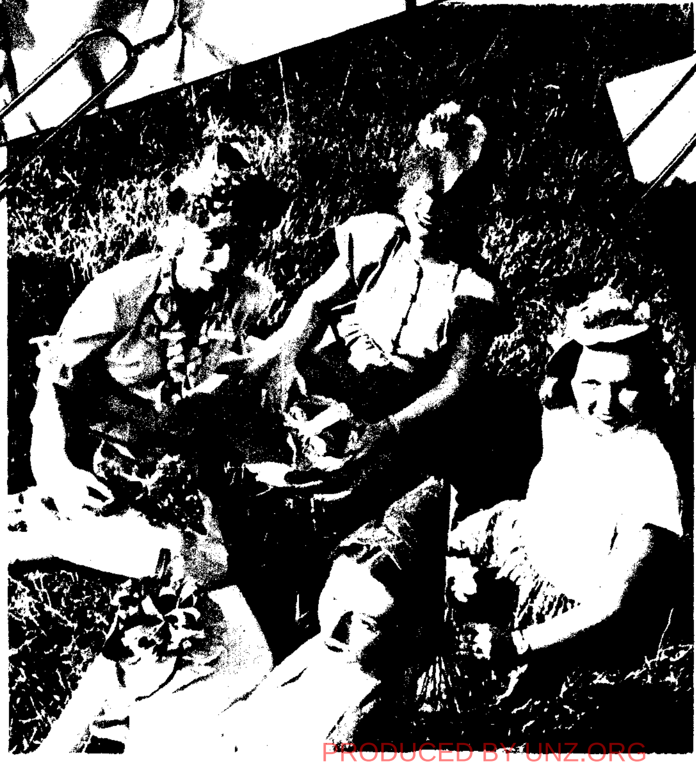
Some of the creations were lacquered, but mostly there was no gilding of the lily. Starting points were purple coral fans, English ivy, coconut fiber and banana and cabbage leaves. Lush trimmings included wild fennel-flowers, hibiscus, oleander, passion flowers, dahlias, sweet-scented stephanotis and nasturtiums that grow like weeds along the limestone walls. Others featured the fruit and fronds of the sago palm, Statice, strawflowers and the red, green and yellow Bermuda “cherries.”

Although practical only when made up daily and gaily worn, several of the Bermuda exhibitors soaked their flowered toppers in water for days prior to the event. “At last,” sighed one of the winners, “I can take a tub without bumping into this hat!” AMY VANDERBILT

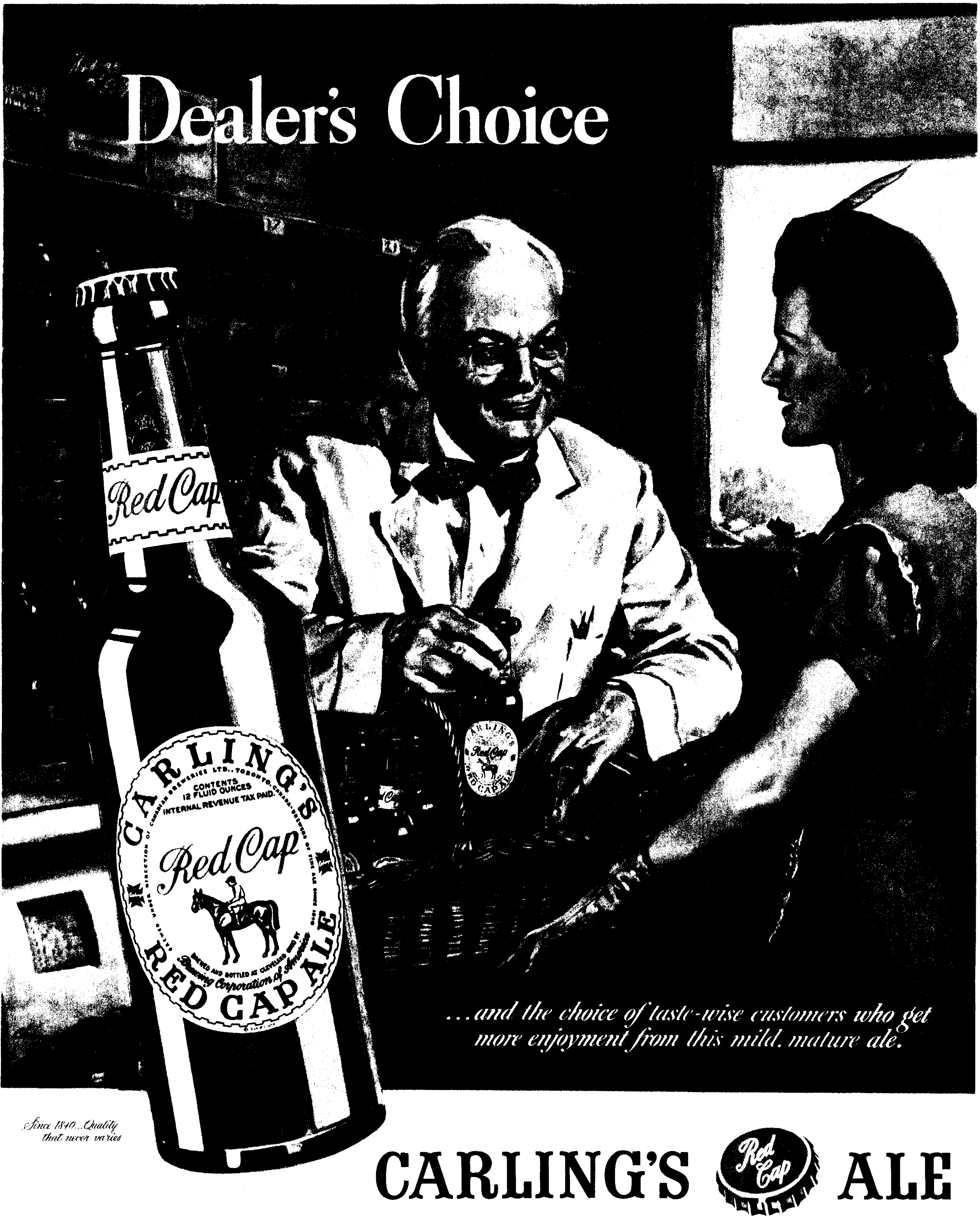
Billy the goat finds more than eye appeal in this royal palm and geranium confection, which he polishes off before taking on the also-rans



The durable hat shown above is made of dried bay grape. “Ribbons” are water-softened split pods of the local cassia palm



Materials here include pothus leaf and match-me-if-you-can, sweet peas, Statice, bachelor's-buttons, oleander and candytuft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The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

can't conceive of any girl, in this day and age, *not* marrying the man of her choice, simply because her parents said, "No!"

The spastic should try developing a ready smile and a keen sense of humor. A smile, along with laughter, will develop facial muscles and will eventually do away with the mask, like the one referred to by Mr. Baugh. I can truthfully say that I laughed and kidded away my spastic mask.

There is one thing with which I agree. That is Baugh's praise of the proposed cerebral palsy program of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. I am well acquainted with Linck and the organization he is attempting to build.

Oh, yes, if you care to know, I am 33, an advertising and public relations coordinator with my own accounts, and I earn an income which is the envy of many of my physically normal friends.
ED STLUKA
Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR: Knowing my Chicago, I am able to state that the article you ran by Mayor Ed Kelly was one of the most interesting and amusing pieces of fiction you have ever printed. Why not run another article—a factual article—on the same subject? PHILIP H. SHERIDAN
Lynchburg, Va.

DEAR EDITOR: Sidney Shalett's article, The Deadliest War, in Collier's of June 15th, brings to mind a mysterious something known as "Dundonald's Destroyer" which was offered to the English during the Napoleonic Wars and rejected on the grounds that it was "inhumane"—too frightful to be used by civilized people. From time to time, during various wars, it was reconsidered—and rejected. I wonder if any of your readers know anything about it? FLOYD S. THOMPSON
New York, N. Y.

Shortly after the start of World War I, an article about Dundonald's Destroyer appeared in the North American Review, then edited by George Harvey, later our ambassador to England. At that time, said the author, the secret of the device was in the archives of the British Museum.

DEAR EDITOR: Those of us who are not merely interested in developing doctors through application of knowledge already available, but also in the steady advance of medical science through animal experimentation, were much pleased with an article summarizing Major General Kirk's views (Mice—Or Men?) in the June 29th issue of Collier's.

May I personally congratulate you on the courage shown in publishing such an article. CARL J. WIGGERS, M.D.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. Wiggers is professor and director of the Department of Physiology at Western Reserve University.

DEAR EDITOR: You will, no doubt, receive a multitude of abusive letters from ignorant, misguided and pathological sentimentalists and dishonest propagandists for your excellent article about vivisection. I am sure, though, you have the hearty approval of all intelligent people, and all members of the medical profession will commend and thank you.
WM. EVANS BRUNER, M.D.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Collier's has received countless letters and telephone calls both pro and con on General Kirk's article.

The Leopard

Continued from page 26

because he was right and I knew it, but Minerva came to find me.

Then the war took me away, and Minerva had a chance to catch her breath. She had time to look me over from a distance, and time to add things up. She had gone to work in a hospital as a nurses' aide. She wrote me about that, saying how much she liked it, and then suddenly she had quit writing.

"Funny, they sent me to your hospital," I said. "The war's over, the prison camp is a long time behind us, and they mailed me straight to you. Funny—"

"I'm laughing," Minerva told me. "I've always got room for laughs."

"Just the same, they could have sent me to half a hundred other places in the States, baby, but they sent me here. That means something, doesn't it?"

"It means that we have another eye patient, and a very unruly one," Minerva said. "You're not unique, you know."

Then there was the sound of walking in the corridor, an even, steady sound. Someone said, "Minerva, what're you doing in this part of the building?"

"Talking to an old friend."

I KNEW then who it was, walking free and easy down upon us. It was the new one, the man she loved now. I sat there, waiting for him to say something else. I envied him his good eyes, because I wanted to look him over. I wanted to see what Minerva had chosen, after she got tired of worrying over me.

"This is Dr. Hunter, Pops."

"Hello, there." His voice was kind, with pity in its edges. I felt his hand against mine. It was a good hand, muscled and firm. I grinned inside as I squeezed his fingers. "Pity me, will you?" I said to myself. "Go ahead, brother, but I can take her from you. I can snap my fingers, just flip them together, and she'll come back. I might do it, too."

The doctor asked me about my eyes, talking in an impersonal medical way. I said, "It was flak, that's all. We were over Kassel in a B-17 and some of it came through the window. It exploded before we could sweep it out. It got me, and it got our ball-turret gunner."

"Both in the eyes?"

"That's right," I said. "He's lying across the hall, if you want to go and stare at him. Now will you go away and quit asking your questions?"

"I'm sorry," Hunter said. "I'm very sorry."

Then he half ran down the hall, I could tell from the pace of his footsteps, and I turned away so that Minerva wouldn't see my smile.

"He didn't mean to hurt you," Minerva said. "He's not that way at all, Pops. He just wanted to find out if there was anything that he could do."

Hunter didn't hurt me, he didn't bother me at all, but I let her go ahead and think it—I wanted her to think it.

"He's the guy, isn't he?"

"The guy? What're you talking about?"

"The new one that you're after," I told her. "The man that you're going to marry, honey."

"He is, but how did you guess it? How did you suspect?"

"I catch on quickly, like a dog after

a stick," I said. "Losing your eyes makes things different. You have to be faster in other ways, Minerva."

"You're taking it better than I thought," she said.

"Taking what?" I asked. "I'm not taking anything yet, baby. You're not married, don't forget that."

"Don't you start back at me, Pops," she said. "Please, I'm tired. I couldn't take much more of that."

"Not even if we got married?"

"Marry you?" Minerva asked. "Why not marry the man in the moon, or the sun, or the top flea in a circus? No girl could marry you, Pops, and expect to live a normal five minutes in any twenty-four hours. Not unless she learned to eat oats, and to like the odor of stables. You weren't built for marriage. You like to skip about too much."

"That's the way it used to be," I said. "Perhaps I've changed."

"You change, Pops?" Minerva tapped me on the chest. "You're like that well-known leopard, boy. Until the day you die, you'll never change your spots. I thought about marrying you. I thought about it, day and night, for more than five years. But I pass now, if you don't mind. You can deal me out."

"I'm no leopard," I told her. "You can hang that cliché out the window. If I want to badly enough, I can change all right. I don't believe any part of your little speech, Minerva."

"You'll never believe it," Minerva said. "It makes you look too bad."

My regular nurse came along then—I recognized the rustle of her skirt—and she said, "Mr. Talbert, you'll have to return to your room now. You're not supposed to be out here at all. You don't want to get me into trouble, do you?"

"Not in a million years," I said. "It would really make me sad, lady, if you got into trouble."

"Don't let him worry you, Miss Finch," Minerva said. "He's that way all the time. He wants to be that way, oddly enough, but I don't know why."

I stepped inside my room, closing the door behind me. I wanted time to think this out. I wanted to decide just what I had to do, and how to go about it. Johnny Bealse, my roommate, heard me come in. "What's up, Pops?" he asked. "For a man living in the dark you sure get around."

Johnny was the boy who got it in the eyes at the same time that I did, just as I had told Dr. Hunter. That Johnny could say anything that he wanted, and I would never get sore.

It was something worse than just not being able to see with Johnny the Ball. He had other worries, too. He thought that his face was all marked up, and I expect that he was right. He used to sit around, saying, "I'm ugly now. I can't see, but I know it. Gee, I'm ugly."

"You never were any too pretty, even when were back at Chelveston," I told him. "So quit croaking, kid. You can't look much worse than you did when we started out."

WE ALWAYS laughed then, the two of us. He knew that I was joking, and I knew it, too, because he was a damned fine-looking kid back before we ran into trouble. He didn't come up on his push, as I did. He was born with butter on the table, and with a big red apple in his fist.

That's why we were surprised when he developed into such a good ball-turret gunner. He could spin that thing around faster than you could blink, and when he clamped down on his triggers something nearly always dropped. He was a smart kid, even if he was rich all his life, and I've never met a man that I liked any better than Johnny the Ball.

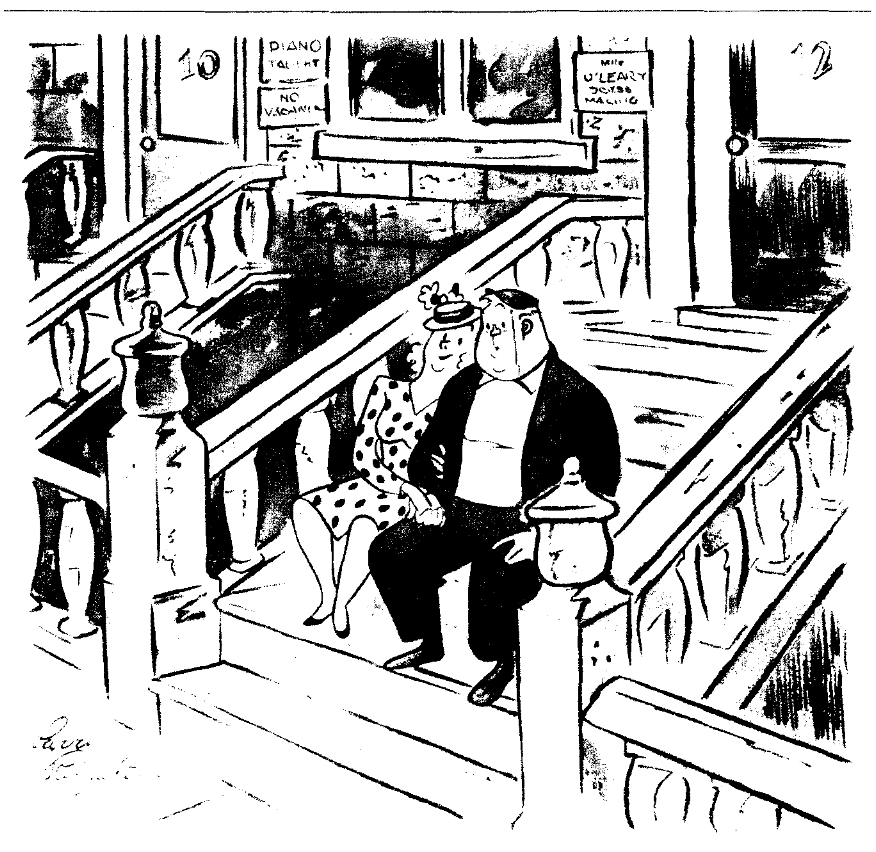
Being blind came hard to me, as it does to any man, but I'm used to hard knocks. I sat down in that Kraut prison camp and I said, "Look, son, you'll come out of it. Don't worry, you'll find an angle."

But Johnny the Ball was different; he wasn't used to looking for angles. He cried a little at first. He just couldn't get used to the idea of being blind, and he kept saying, "I thought I was coming out of it, Pops. I thought I was growing up, but now my family will have to take care of me the rest of my life."

"That's bunk," I told him. "Who'll take care of me? I haven't even got a family. I'm going to do all right."

Johnny the Ball was brought up

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Will you give up shopliftin' if we marry, Daisy? I'm sort of old-fashioned about wives working"

COLLIER'S

Send them back to school Whistling

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properly, see? He was taught to do the correct thing, and not to go around pressuring other people. I could sense that he wanted to throw in with me. He wanted us to start some kind of a business together. He wanted it so badly that he could taste it, but he wouldn't come right out and ask me.

He figured that he wasn't much good for anything, now that he was blind, and he wasn't going to force me into being saddled with him. He just waited it out, tossing in an anxious word now and then, hoping that eventually I would invite him in.

Sometimes we talked for hours about what we were planning to do after they turned us loose from the hospital, and I could feel him just lying there waiting for me to say, "Okay, Johnny, let's try doing a job together." I wanted to do it, too. I started to ask him several times, because I could use his dough, but I always changed my mind. "You wait and think it over," I said.

I wasn't too sure about Johnny the Ball. He wasn't accustomed to being stepped upon, you see, and getting blinded in both eyes was one hell of a wallop. I was afraid that it had him licked, for good and all, and that nothing much could be done to help him. I didn't want to be strapped with a business partner who might never snap out of it.

Then Minerva Deane showed up, walking right back into my life, and that changed everything. It gave me something else to think about, something more to consider than Johnny the Ball. "This kid is rich," I told myself. "He's got more things to help him recover than I'll ever have. I'm going after Minerva, I need Minerva. He'll just have to look after himself, and win his own fight."

That's why I didn't want to talk very much when I pushed back into the room, listening to the voices of Miss Finch and Minerva outside the door. I just wanted to stretch out on my bed and to think it over.

"Are you sore about something, Pops?" Johnny asked.

"Not me," I said. "Hell, I'm never sore."

I WAS busy remembering what Minerva's old man had told me that night, his eyes all cloudy behind his glasses. He had called me poison, pure and undiluted, for Minerva. He told me that I had hurt her more than I had ever helped her, and that I always would. Old Man Deane had a voice like a paring knife, when he wanted to, and he juggled words until they came out like acid. I couldn't forget what he had said, and it made me uneasy.

"Tell me more about that bottling business we talked over the other night," Johnny said. "I mean, how much would it cost?"

"Too much," I told him. "Let's not talk about it."

Johnny the Ball didn't say anything else, but I knew that he was disappointed. I knew that he was lying there, chewing his lip, and that he was trying hard to hold back on the crying.

I wanted to cut him down. I wanted to tell him that he might as well quit his dreaming, because the whole idea of working with me was hopeless, but I couldn't do it. I wasn't that tough—not yet. I couldn't say, "Now look here, boy, I've just found my girl again, and I'm going after her. I can't have you tagging along. You're in the way, don't you know that?"

I never even told him about meeting Minerva. I figured that he had enough troubles without worrying about that.

Minerva came to see me every day; she couldn't stay away. We met in the sunroom. Every day, too, I could tell that the old habit was coming back. Minerva was beginning to like me again. A lot. "You can get her, if you want her," I told myself. "Just play it smart, boy. Don't ask her for anything."

Dr. Hunter was no fool. He came around for the first few days, and he tried to talk to her. He tried to talk to me, too, but I knew that he was gradually giving up. He was beginning to realize that he didn't have a chance. What could he say against a blind man? How could he turn, or what could he do?

I had him cold. I had him all tied up in a corner.

I thought about what Minerva had said about me being like a leopard, but I shrugged it away. "Why should I change?" I asked myself. "Why should I worry about him? He had it easy enough over here, while we were busy sweating things out. To hell with him. So it's my old girl. I had to leave her, and now I want her back."

That's what I said, but I never mentioned it aloud. I didn't want the kid to hear. I didn't want to step on Johnny the Ball. He would sit there beside me, when we were alone, and he would say, "Tell me about it, Pops. What kind of job will you do when you get out of here?"

SOMETIMES, too, I would hear Old Man Deane again, especially in the quiet at night, and he still wasn't saying anything very nice. "You're bad for her, Pops," he would tell me. "You leave her alone, son. You're just no good, and you know it!"

But Minerva didn't know it, or at least she didn't admit it. She kept coming to see me more and more often, and her voice changed. The old soft stuff was there, ready to be turned on whenever I asked for it. She was a good girl, that Minerva, and I didn't realize until then just how much I really wanted her. Sometimes I would sit there, listening to her talk, and it made me all fuzzy inside. It was the same feeling that we used to get, on the way over, when we tested our guns over the Channel. I would sit there asking myself, "Does she look the same, or has she changed?" And no one could tell me, no matter how badly I wanted to know.

"You're going to be all right, eyes or no eyes," she told me.

"Of course I'll be all right, Minerva," I said. "To really hurt me, they would have had to get my mouth. The eyes helped, but they're not essential. Of course, I'll get along without the eyes."

Sometimes I would hear weeping sounds, or the movement of her handkerchief, and then I had to start working fast. "I've got to go now," I would tell her, or I'd call for Miss Finch and yell for something to eat. I wanted to escape, I wanted to run, whenever I heard her crying. It always made me think of Old Man Deane, and what he had said.

One evening Minerva came straight to the point. "I'm coming back."

"Back where, honey?"

"Back to you, Pops. I'll see him tomorrow. I'll break it off."

That's what I had wanted, that's what I had been working up to, but I couldn't appear too eager. I didn't want to spoil it. "Is that what you really want, Minerva? Are you sure of it?"

"It's what I want," she said.

I returned to my room, and to Johnny the Ball. I could hear his heavy breathing, and I knew that he was in for one of his bad times. I wanted to tell him then, I wanted to make it short and sweet, but I couldn't do it. "I'll tell him tomorrow," I said to myself. "I'll sure tell him tomorrow."

It was well past midnight when I woke up; a clock out in the yard was sounding off the hours. I felt as if there were a hot hand pressing against my face. I tried to brush it away, but it wouldn't budge. Then someone—it seemed a long way off—yelled, "Fire!"

I sat up and suddenly I could smell the smoke. I remembered that this was no

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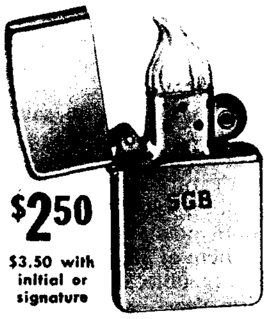

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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

regular hospital building, with firm stone walls. It was just someone's old mansion that had seen better days. The hospital, caught by the war shortage, had needed extra space and this was all that could be found.

The first day we arrived, I had heard one intern tell another, "If this joint ever catches fire, it'll be a holy terror. There's nothing but dry wood all over the place. Did you see those beams in the ceilings? They're bigger around than any ordinary man, and they'll burn for a week."

I leaped from the bed and attempted to find my way to the door, but I got all confused and almost fell.

Johnny the Ball jumped up, too, slapping the floor with his bare feet. He called, "Leave that door closed, Pops! If you open it now, you may create a draft. You may suck the flames right in on us."

"Don't worry," I told him. "The fire will walk right in here soon enough—door or no door!"

"Someone may get to us first," he said. "Let's wait a few minutes and see. Don't get too excited about it."

I could hear the sound of other people's feet, as they were being led down the corridors and to the outside. "They've forgotten us," I told myself. "This place is just one big barn, and it'll burn like a paper bag. They'll leave us here to die."

THERE was a solid crash, like the sound of a dead tree collapsing. Hot air, and hotter flames, pressed into the room. "You were right, Johnny," I said, jumping back. "You were dead right about that door."

Johnny laughed, as calmly as if he didn't care—as if he would just as soon die by burning as any other way. "It's one of the overhead pieces, I think," he said. "I can tell by the sound. We had a house almost this size that burned. This place is old, and it won't take long."

Johnny Ball was his old self again. He had changed, within a matter of seconds. He was the same boy he had been back in the days when he first climbed into a Fortress' belly. "Look, Pops, I'm strong enough," he said. "That wind and heat blowing in here means that our door has been knocked down by the beam, but it also means that there must be some opening left where the door used to be—even if it's all cluttered up. I'll pick up the timbers, Pops, and you crawl under. It may burn you a little in spots, but you'll be all right."

"And how will you get through?" I asked. "Will you just reach out and bite off a hunk of wood? Are you a termite?"

"You go to hell!" he said. "Don't you worry about me. I'll be fine."

I heard him edging toward the flaming heap. He didn't know how the timbers were lying or how much they were burning—he couldn't know without touching them—but he was going to find out. I could hear the sound of his soft footsteps as he crossed the floor. I ran to him and caught his head in a hammer lock.

"If anyone goes out of here, you do," I said. "You're the youngest, boy, and you're the ugliest. You'll do the running, not me."

He laughed again, and it was just like the old times—with the two of us flying together. It was like the days before the deep fear came, back in the hours when we were both just starting out. It was almost like finding our youth again, there with the flames around us. I laughed with him, and it all sounded a little crazy. Then I heard the slamming of an ax outside.

"Someone has come to help us," Johnny said, and he sounded almost disappointed.

It was Dr. Hunter; I recognized his voice. He was yelling, and swearing, and swiping away at the timbers. Then I felt him leap into the room.

"Take the kid," I told him. "I'll come next, but take the kid."

I heard him pick up Johnny, and I stood there alone listening to the sound of the fire. Finally, Hunter returned and he yelled, "Come on, Pops, we'll have to leave fast." It was hurting him, I could tell. He was getting burned, and plenty. The pain was there, close to his voice.

He guided me through the opening, down the corridor, and they took us outside—me and Johnny the Ball. They moved us into a quiet ward a long way from the excitement and they rubbed some cool stuff on our burns while a nurse kept saying, "They've had so much bad luck, poor things, and now this. How can they stand it?"

She didn't know how good I felt. She couldn't hear the songs that were being sung inside me. We were still alive, me and that Johnny, and we were unafraid.

"He'll make the grade now, if I help him," I told myself. "He'll pull out of his bad times just fine, if I stick around to give him a push."

It was strange. There I was, blind and flat on my back, and yet I had a good chance to help somebody else. "Go back to Minerva, boy, and you'll just turn yourself into a nice little bum again," I told myself. "You'll just start her to crying again, like her old man said. Sticking with Johnny, it could turn out different. You might not be too selfish. You might think of someone else, at least once in a while—you never can tell."

Minerva came to see me then. "Hello," she said.

"Have you seen Hunter?" I asked.

"Not yet."

"Well, don't tell him anything," I told her. "It's all off, baby. I won't marry you, not in a million years. I've changed my mind."

Minerva pinched my arm until I felt the pain burning deep into me. Her voice was heavy with anger. "Why did you do it, Pops? Because he saved your life—is that why?"

Minerva started sobbing then, but suddenly I knew that she was more angry than hurt. In a way, I could almost sense that she was relieved—glad to be rid of me, once and for all. She would cry today, perhaps tomorrow, but then she would go back to him, back to the doctor. He was safe, he was strong. He was good for her.

"Is that why you did it, Pops?" she asked.

"That's as good an answer as any," I told her. Then I rolled over and turned away.

HOW could I tell her that this time, no matter what anyone else said, I wasn't doing it for myself? She wouldn't believe me. She wouldn't believe that I had to help Johnny the Ball, now that there was a good chance of his staying on his own two feet.

Minerva suspected that I was up to my old dodging or delaying tricks again. "You've made a trade, haven't you?" she asked. "You swapped me for your life. That's what it amounts to, you know, if you boil it down. So don't lie there looking at me, trying to dress it up to look like some noble gratitude stuff."

I could tell her about it until I was blue in the face, or flat in the lungs from lack of wind, and she wouldn't believe me.

None of the others who knew me would believe it either.

They would grin and say, "No, not old Pops. Don't you know? Hell, it's like Minerva said—he's a leopard, he'll never change his spots."

Everyone would say it, all right, everyone but Johnny the Ball.

As a matter of fact, I'm headed straight for trouble—going into business with him. That Johnny still thinks I'm a pretty good boy. He couldn't be as smart as I thought.

THE END

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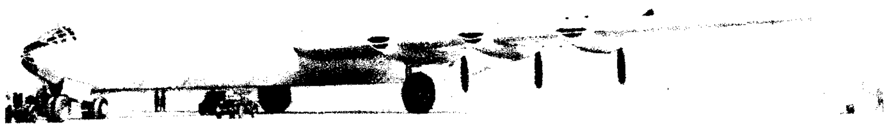


U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Consolidated Vultee's six-engined B-36 was produced too late for World War II but is to be adapted for commercial use

ONE day last year an anxious telephone call came into Army Air Forces headquarters in Washington from Wright Field at Dayton.

"How many fields do we have where a B-36 can land?" asked Wright Field.

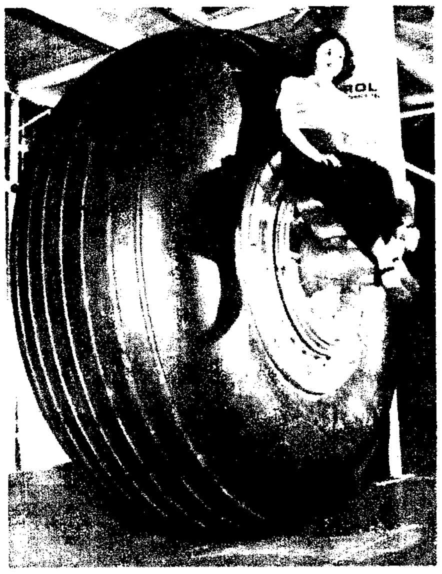
"None," said Washington.

The B-36, projected as the world's largest land-based bomber and more than twice as big as the B-29, was being built by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation at Fort Worth, Texas, on orders from Wright Field. Both Wright Field and Convair had been so secretive and so busy getting this six-engined, 139-ton giant under way for use against Japan, that little thought had been given to the need for extra strong runways.

Immediately the Army Engineers got busy on what is now known as "300,000-pound runways" for Fort Worth; for the Fairfield-Suisun Army Air Base, northeast of San Francisco, and for the Air Forces Proving Ground at Eglin Field in northwest Florida. The B-36, at gross-operating load, will have only these three fields to fly from in the United States, but that's sufficient for its long-range purposes.

While the Wright Field man was on the telephone that day, the Air Forces Air Installations Division, whose job is to provide ground facilities for military aircraft, learned that the big bomber's specifications called for two main wheels with tires nine feet in diameter. This would mean that when the B-36 rolled down the runway at full load, a force of almost 70 tons would be thrust on the surface through each wheel and on an area the size of a bridge table.

Remembering how the 82-ton Douglas B-19 plowed up the parking apron during its ground tests at Santa Monica, California, several years ago, they set off some loud clamorings. As a result, it is intended that the landing gear on the second model of the B-36 shall have dual wheels, in tandem, or four wheels to each main landing-gear strut, in addition to two for the nose wheel. Then the weight on each main landing gear will be distributed over an area about the size of a 4 x 8 rug.



The second Convair B-36 model will use ten nine-foot tires like this one

The construction of just one runway to support the B-36 at Fort Worth calls for a pavement 300 feet wide, 8,200 feet long and 18 inches deep—twice that of normal runway thicknesses. There is enough material in that runway to build a 20-foot highway 50 miles long. The cost to accommodate the B-36 at all three fields is around $10,000,000.

Up to now, the big airplane builders have been too busy with the job immediately at hand to worry about runway capacities and other ground details that are essentially the problems of the purchaser. But should the designers of aircraft get closer to the designers of airports, and on an international basis, it may be that bigger planes with radical departures from conventional landing gear could be built for use on presently available runways, or runways suitable for heavier aircraft could be developed more economically.

Already an airplane bigger than the B-36 is promised by Consolidated Vultee. Model 37, a commercial adaptation of the B-36, is intended to carry more than 200 passengers and to weigh 160 tons. (The Constellation's maximum flying weight is about 50 tons.) Model 37 was announced early last year as a contract for Pan American World Airways, but now Convair says development of power plants capable of providing the desired performance—New York-London flight time of slightly more than 9 hours, among other features—"has not yet progressed to the stage where the Corporation can proceed with construction."

But Convair is going ahead with a troop-carrier version of the B-36, known as the XC-99. Six and one-half tons lighter than the bomber, the XC-99 has a double-deck fuselage 183 feet long (the Constellation is 95 feet) and can carry a pay load of 100,000 pounds for 1,500 miles. Loaded with 19,000 gallons of fuel, it will have a range, with reduced pay load, of about 8,000 miles. It is being built at the Consolidated Vultee plant in San Diego and Convair engineers are confident the runways at Lindbergh Field have been made sufficiently strong for the XC-99 to fly out of there empty for eventual full-load operations from the three 300,000-pound runways.

As it celebrates its 39th birthday the Air Forces finds itself very well fixed for the operation of the world's biggest bomber. It was on August 1, 1907, that an Aeronautical Division was established in the Army's Signal Corps "to study the flying machine and the possibility of adapting it to military purposes." The B-36 was rolled out of the Fort Worth factory near the end of June and its construction announced as completed. But a five to six weeks' program of ground and taxi tests was to be carried out before the test pilots would unleash the 18,000 horsepower in the six Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major conventional air-cooled engines and point the B-36's long nose skyward.

LT. COL. MERRILL DE LONGE

Sureshot Merman

Continued from page 21

She keeps a little black notebook in her purse, and there everything she wants to remember is carefully recorded—flowers to be sent to a sick friend, a birthday present to someone else. Ethel never forgets the least of her personal obligations.

Ethel handles money with respect, and nothing makes her so furious as to catch somebody trying to outsmart her financially. The grocer had better send that can of peaches he charged her for or else. She is alleged to have the first nickel she ever made, carefully invested in important stocks which she was able to buy when they were at their lowest ebb.

Merman is bound to be approximately a millionaire, but she doesn't make any of the gestures of the rich. She doesn't own a car, or a boat or a country house.

But her old friends, who knew her when, testify that she is the most openhanded person in the world, giving away money and time and precious jewelry and once, an automobile. A working girl acquaintance admired her $50 hat. "You take it, dear," said Ethel, immediately placing it on the friend's head. She invited first one old girl friend and then another to go with her to Hollywood, when she was there making movies, all expenses paid and a big time guaranteed. They accepted.

Merman loves furs and jewelry, lots and lots of jewelry. When she tries to say she likes conservative clothes, the folks that know her bust out laughing. "Ethel, you know it took us two years to get you to quit wearing jet-spangled dresses." She doesn't pay a lot for clothes. Why should she, when bright and shiny things come in all prices?

Ethel is tough on her enemies, bighearted to her friends, solicitous of the little people around her. If the elevator man's baby is sick, she knows about it and is concerned.

She is tenderly considerate of her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zimmerman, who have an apartment in the same building.

Enmities That Don't Last Long

But the list of people she has lambasted is long. Among the prominent names on that list are Dan Topping, George White, Cole Porter, Walter Winchell. "Don't speak to me," she replied to Winchell's greeting. "You are no friend of mine after what you said in your column. I never want to see you again . . ." etc. Whatever he said, it couldn't have been too serious because the disturbance soon blew over, as it generally does with Merman. She once had a falling out with Herbert Fields, too, the coauthor of her present show.

Merman loves parties, and gives luxurious ones. She loves to laugh, and to make people laugh. When somebody said to Levitt (who is a promotion man with Publisher Hearst) that it must be great to have a wife who can entertain guests so beautifully, he replied: "Why, sure she's entertaining when she has all her props and an accompanist and somebody to write dialogue for her. But that wouldn't be fair around the house. What would I do, with no dialogue writer? Ad lib all the time?"

Levitt, fortunately, has a sense of humor about being addressed as Merman's husband. "Okay, I am her husband," he says, "and I like it."

Merman used to be quite a night-lifing playgirl, but since the children arrived, she has turned intensely domestic.

As far back as her friends can remember, Ethel has enjoyed her sureshot kind of luck, reinforced, of course, by her own drive. She was bright in school—at P.S. 4 in Astoria, across the river from Manhattan, and at her Long Island City high school. She was a swell baseball player and she could hold her own in fist fights and slapping matches, with boys or girls, it was all the same to her.

As the only child of a reasonably well-off accountant she got most of the roller skates and bikes and dolls she wanted, and Sunday was always a big day because her Uncle Tom took her to see vaudeville at the Palace Theater, same seats every Sunday.

She was so good in her business course in high school that her teachers wanted her to become a business-school teacher herself. Ethel's mother, an ex-schoolteacher, thought that would be fine, but Ethel didn't think so. She knew all the time even if nobody else did, that she was going to be a famous actress. In the meantime she thought she ought not to waste her business training—Ethel hates waste—so she found a job as secretary to the late wealthy sportsman, Caleb Bragg, in his brake-shoe business.

A Sketchy Musical Education

So far all she knew about music was how to keep a tune, which she had proved she could do in solos at church sociables and school entertainments, and she could pick out a melody on the piano. Her father, who sometimes played the organ at Masonic lodge meetings, had taught her to read music.

Thus scantily equipped, but confident that she could sing as loud as anybody, Ethel used to slip away from her job and go around to theatrical agencies begging for work. Occasionally she got an evening's work at some club or other. "If anybody offered me $5, I'd sing," she says.

Her double life didn't bother her or her boss either. He wasn't around much, so if she had been out late the night before, she'd come into the office, go straight to the rest room, take off her dress, hang it up neatly on a hanger (Ethel was always extremely neat) and go to sleep there on the sofa. If Mr. Bragg showed up, one of the girls would wake her. When she did work, she was efficient, and Mr. Bragg was pleased when she studied up about patents enough to be a real help to him in keeping his brake-shoe inventions under control.

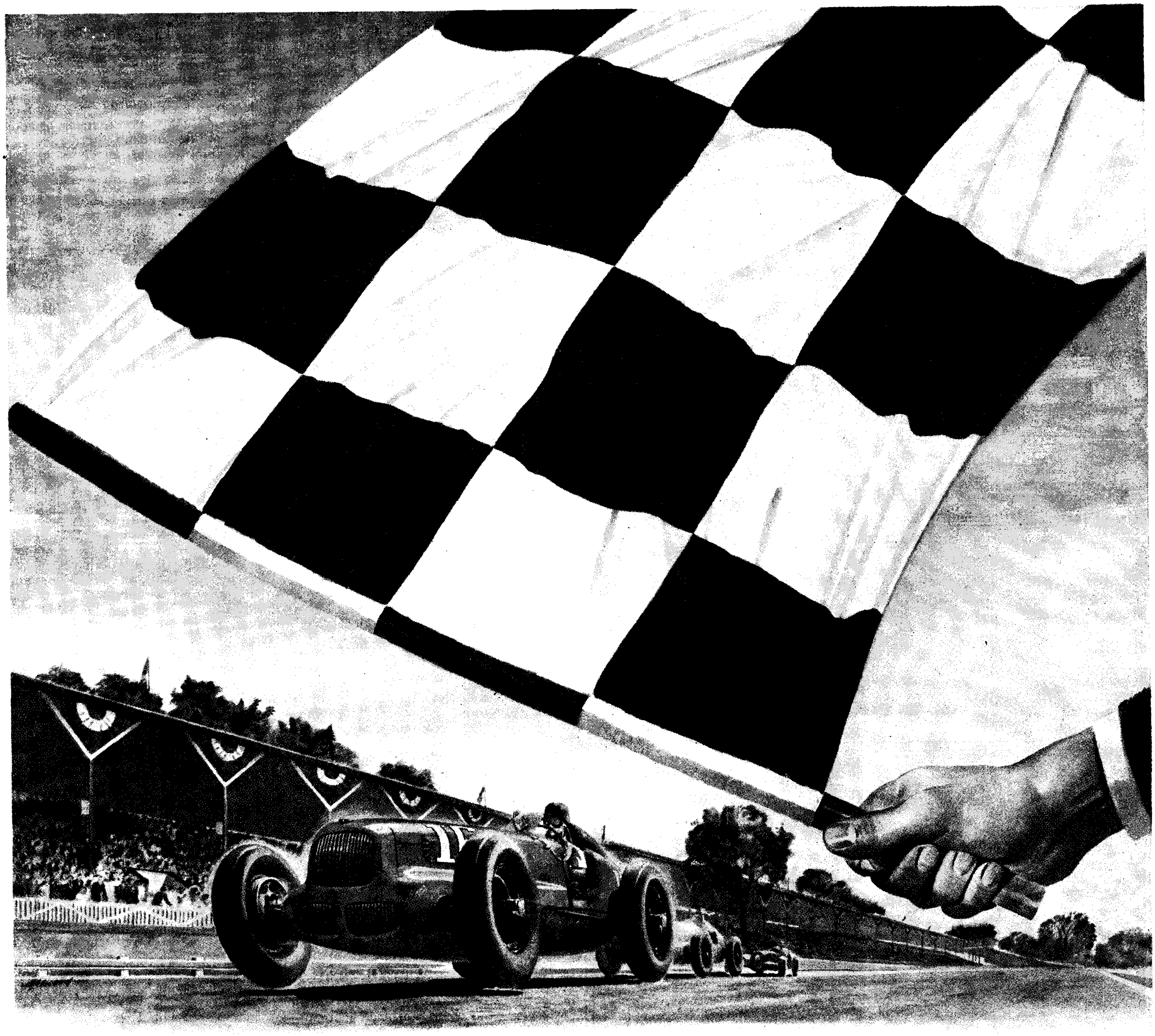
Noontimes, Ethel and another secretary would hitchhike across the river to Manhattan, there to spend a happy hour shopping for things they mostly didn't intend to buy and stuffing on drugstore sandwiches and hot fudge sundaes. They went on double dates a lot and once they met Rudy Vallee at a night club, actually shook hands with him.

Ethel thought she'd run into a real break when her boss admitted he knew George White, the producer. A letter of introduction netted her an audition and an offer of a job in the Scandals' chorus.

"No thank you," said Ethel, still sighting the bull's-eye, "I don't want a chorus job."

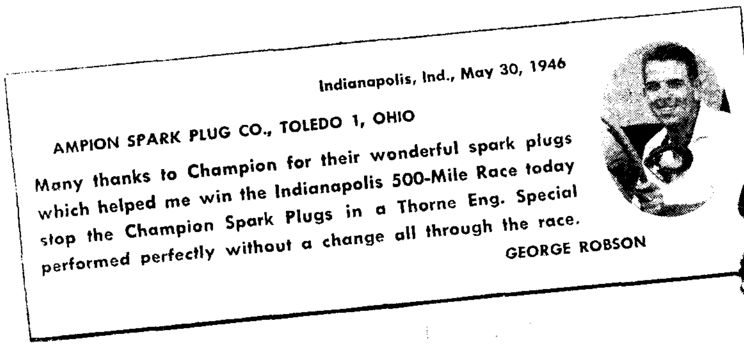
A couple of years later White was around offering her a big contract to star in the Scandals. But at that moment, she found a not-so-fancy job singing in a new night club, the Little Russia.

Now let's let Lou Irwin, theatrical agent, tell what happened next. "I am going along 57th Street near Sixth Avenue, this was in September, 1929," says Mr. Irwin, "and I hear somebody speaking Russian, so I look at him and he stops speaking Russian and says to me, 'Hello Mr. Irwin,' and I see he is a fellow who used to sell perfumes around the Ziegfeld shows, and he says, 'My friend opened this place tonight,



[illegible] *wins Indianapolis Race with dependable*

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



Indianapolis, Ind., May 30, 1946

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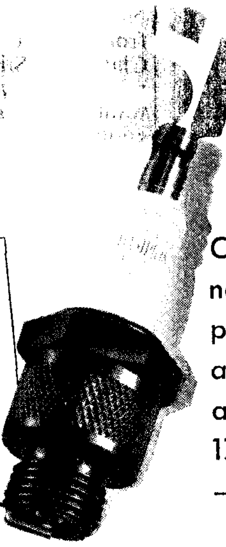


Once again Champions were proved Champions in fact as well as in name in the 1946 Indianapolis 500-Mile Race. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs equipped the winning car, the first six to finish, and nine of the ten money winners. George Robson, the winner, averaged 114.820 m.p.h. In the last 19 races, eighteen winners and 177 out of 190 cars finishing in the money were Champion equipped—irrefutable evidence that Champions are the choice of experts.

[illegible] DEPENDABLE **CHAMPIONS** FOR YOUR CAR why don't you come on in, it ain't bad,' so I go in and what do I hear but this girl singing good and loud and I think she has something. So I go up to her afterward and ask, 'How old are you?' and she is underage so I tell her bring her mama and papa around the next day, and we'll see about a contract for me to manage her."

Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman finally agreed, with misgivings, to a seven-year management contract with Irwin and he placed her in a night-club show with Clayton, Jackson and Durante when that trio was beginning to be hot, and he got Al Siegel to accompany her and to coach her on how to sing her songs.

A Pay Raise Every Sunday

Next, Ethel and Al took a Sunday-night one-shot in the Pavilion Royale way out on Long Island. "Twenty-five dollars the both of them got and were glad to get it," says Irwin. "She was a hit and the next Sunday the pay was $75 and the next Sunday $150 and did Ethel like that! The way it is, three things are important to Ethel and the first is money and the second is money and the third is money, because she is Scotch-Irish, and the Scotch prevails. She is a great dame and a wonderful performer . . ."

Apparently Irwin is mistaken about the Scotch-Irish part, at least, because her father is of German descent and her mother Scotch.

Well, Ethel sang around here and there, and while she was at the Brooklyn Paramount, an important producer, Vinton Freedley, came to look her over.

"I had heard there was this girl over in Brooklyn who could sing loud—we didn't depend on microphones so much then," says Freedley. "I put her right in Girl Crazy and she sang the rhythm song, and that was that. She was a star."

From then on, Merman had her pick of shows and worked with the town's top people — Cole Porter, Arthur Schwartz, Dick Whiting, the Fieldses, Berlin.

Everybody sang the songs she launched in her shows—Eadie Was A Lady, You're The Tops, I Get A Kick Out of You.

Never in her life has she had a singing lesson, and, according to the rules, she sings all wrong. She never had a dramatic lesson either, nor a dancing lesson. She abstained from lessons because George Gershwin, who wrote the Girl Crazy songs, advised her to. "Just sing the way you want to," Gershwin told her, "and when you need a breath, go ahead and take a breath. You'll come out all right," which she did.

Cole Porter says he would rather write songs for her than for anybody on earth. "She has the finest diction on the American stage," he says; "she even pronounces the final d's of her words. That is very unusual." Porter loved to stick French phrases into his Merman songs, because on Merman somehow French looked funny.

Ethel works like fury during rehearsals. She had never shot a gun before the Annie show, and she was afraid of them, but now she's a good shot. She is what they call a quick study, and a director never has to tell her anything twice. She makes shorthand notes of script changes.

On opening night, she is the calmest person around. "She is so sure of herself she steadies the whole cast," says Freedley, who, like all the people in the trade, agrees that she is now a superlative artist, remarkable for her unerring comedy sense, her timing, her professional excellence in everything she does.

When Mirth Gets Out of Control

After a show has been running a while, the irrepressible Merman exuberance is apt to get a little out of hand. She'll start fooling around, taking liberties with the business, ad libbing. Laughter is close to the surface with her, and it isn't hard for another actor to mug her into a helpless attack of giggling to the point where she can't speak her lines. But, after all, the Merman high spirits are part of what the audience comes to see.

In Annie Get Your Gun, she gets a good crack at real acting. For once, she's a sympathetic character instead of a shady lady Her soliloquy on the deck of a boat coming back from Europe is a touching thing. She hasn't seen Frank Butler for a long time, and she wonders what sort of reception he'll give her.

"And then maybe he'll say 'Annie, I cain't work, cain't sleep, since you went away,' and of course efn he say that I'll just *have* to say, 'I ain't slept much too.' Then, by rights, he *oughta* say, 'Oh, Annie, we just both gotta get some sleep, and besides I loves you so.' "

Merman's excursions to Hollywood haven't been too successful. They always gave her second leads out there. "I was just the face on the cutting room floor," she says, "and I don't want any more of that."

She is, she insists, a very happy character right here in New York, and here she will stay.

THE END

Any Week

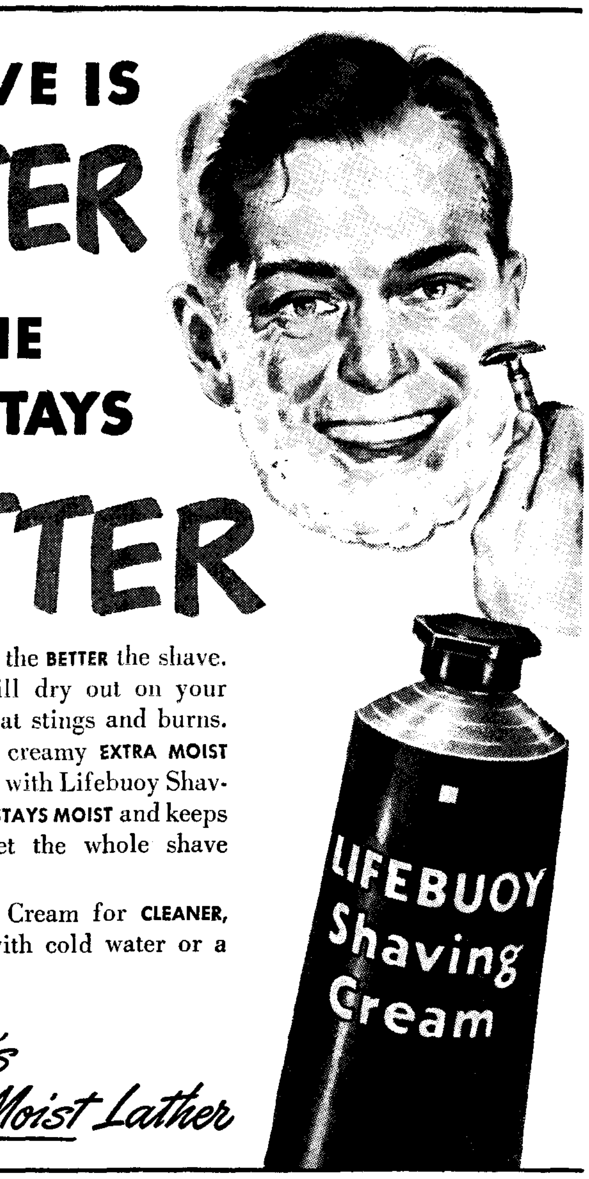
Continued from page 4

NOW here is an engaging bit of news from Cold Creek, North Carolina. Mr. Claude M. Stiles says that he went squirrel hunting and after shooting all he wanted, he noticed that the echoes of his gunfire kept right on bouncing from Blue Ridge to Blue Ridge. That was a year ago. Mr. Stiles reports that he has just revisited the scene and that the echoes are still reverberating with undiminished fury. He offers photographs in evidence.

THIS is really a most enjoyable racket that we're in. Learn something interesting every day. We've just been told that we're a milksop, a ninny, a nincompoop and that we have an apron string for a backbone. We have always suspected the nincompoop part but didn't know about the rest. Anyway, we are thus informed by Benjamin O. Glorey, Colonel, U.S. Army Retired. "Democratic Army be damned to you," roars the colonel in longhand. "Weak, sniveling and gutless that you are, cannot you get it into your mushy head that such an army could not even win a skirmish let alone a battle. To us *men* to whom the smell of powder is the finest attar . . ."

IF ANY of you know the answer to this one we will be glad to pass it on to Mrs. J. B. Campdin of Lynn, Massachusetts. She wants to know the name of "the head of the government Reconfusion Administration." Of course, we know several brass hats in Washington who ought to have the job.

OF VANCOUVER, British Columbia, Mr. G. W. Klepton, is not easily stampeded. That's clear enough in his brief letter: "It is reliably reported that there are those who advocate that the entire North American continent become one country. I earnestly advocate that this matter be given careful consideration before any steps are taken.". . . W. D.



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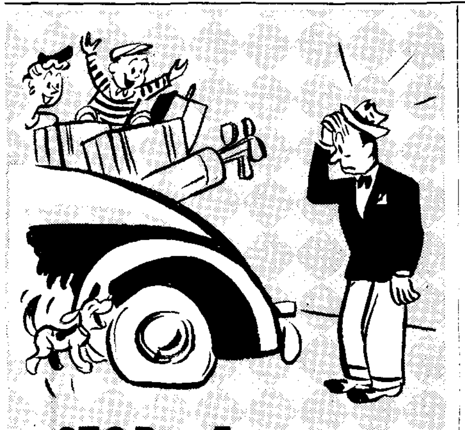

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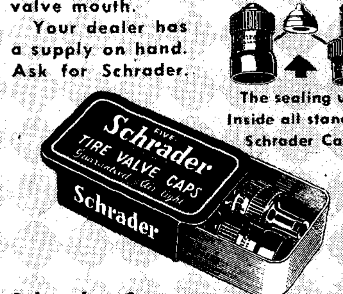

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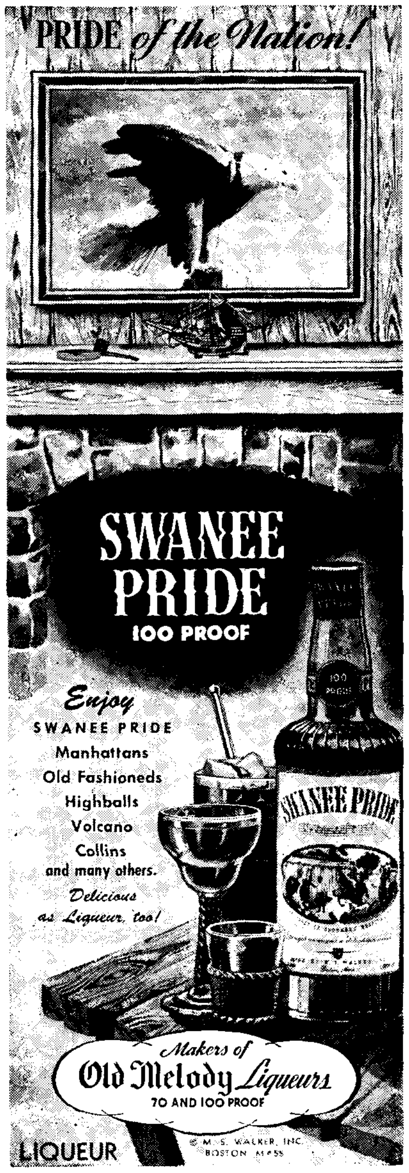

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The Week's Work

H. Allen Smith

IF YOU don't take H. Allen Smith seriously when he tells you all about lightning (p. 18), okay, you are cynical at your own risk.

It is the curse of the man who has become known as a humorist, as Smith has, never to be taken seriously. It is also, of course, a pleasure.

Smith, like a couple of hundred other New Yorker writers, started his career on the Denver Post. He went from bad to worse to better and back again on newspapers in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Colorado, until, slowly, he began to perceive that facts presented in a somewhat cockeyed way please people more than straight facts do. It was a short step from here to the point where he found he could write a story better without facts.

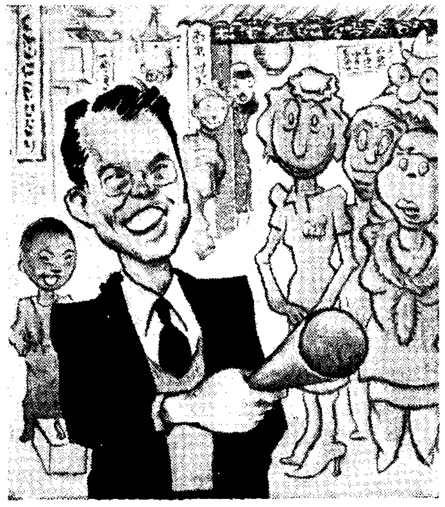
The good cheer he brought with him to New York in the fall of 1929 was dispelled, for a bit, when every time he walked down the street his progress was blocked by the fallen or falling body of some tycoon. New Yorkers told him these people were committing suicide on account of the stock-market crash, but Mr. Smith found this hard to believe. "Who cares about stocks?" he said.

Facts snapped at him again and harder while he served as a rewrite man on the New York World-Telegram, where he was required to assemble stories about murders, transit tie-ups, and luncheon speeches by famous people. He found refuge, after hours, in doing little pieces about nothing at all. His paper liked these little pieces so much that they made him editor of the Whimsey Department. Was there a lady with wigs in four colors? That was something for Smith. Did the Brooklyn subway end up one day in the Bronx? Call Smith, he would understand a matter of this kind.

They honored him finally by making him Weather Editor, and as such he gathered considerable fame on account of the remarkable doings of his irascible little weathercock, Arpad.

Fred Eng

SAM BERMAN



Pretty soon Smith expanded his nonsense into books: Low Man on a Totem Pole, Life in a Putty Knife Factory, and Lost in the Horse Latitudes. He also produced an anthology of humor, Desert Island Decameron.

Nonsense paid off, and a year and a half ago he bought a house and a hillside out in Mount Kisco, where he and his wife and his two children are so isolated they don't get to New York more than once a month, in fair weather.

Smith finds himself isolated—and he is happy about it—in another way: "Nobody in this community ever asks my opinion about inflation, the atom bomb, or whatever. Not unless they also say 'Go ahead and be funny.' Nobody ever asks me to serve on a committee either. I guess they say, 'Oh, that Smith fellow, he wouldn't do on our committee, he would clown all the time.'"

There's a new Smith book—his first try at fiction—fresh off the press. This book, called Rhubarb, is a novel about a cat named Rhubarb who inherits a fortune and a big-league baseball team . . .

SOME six months ago Fred Eng sold his first magazine illustration to Collier's. Since then Collier's has bought five more Eng drawings, including the one that illustrates A Day on the Ocean (p. 42).

Eng, a Chinese-American, slugged his way through the University of California College of Arts and Crafts by building roads and by guiding tourists through San Francisco's Chinatown, where his family lives. His tourists were always interested in the Chinatown telephone exchange, where the operators understand what you mean when instead of naming a number you ask for "Mr. Sing—the short Mr. Sing," or "The Mr. Sing with glasses."

In 1944, Eng, who had served in North Africa and in Europe as an Army lieutenant, married Ruth Hunter, a girl from Missouri, whom he met at Columbia University's International House.

AMONG the harbingers of peace, in this office, is the fact that Robert Richards has gone back to writing fiction (The Leopard, p. 26). During some three years abroad as a correspondent for the United Press he wrote only factual material, including a Collier's article on the battle of Bastogne. It is about time for Richards' next novel.

This week's cover: The sultry gal is wearing phalaenopsis, not too commonly called the moth or white butterfly orchid. We had planned to give the orchids to Arline Cruz, but they were as wilted as she was after standing under Photographer George Karger's hot lights. . . . A. P.

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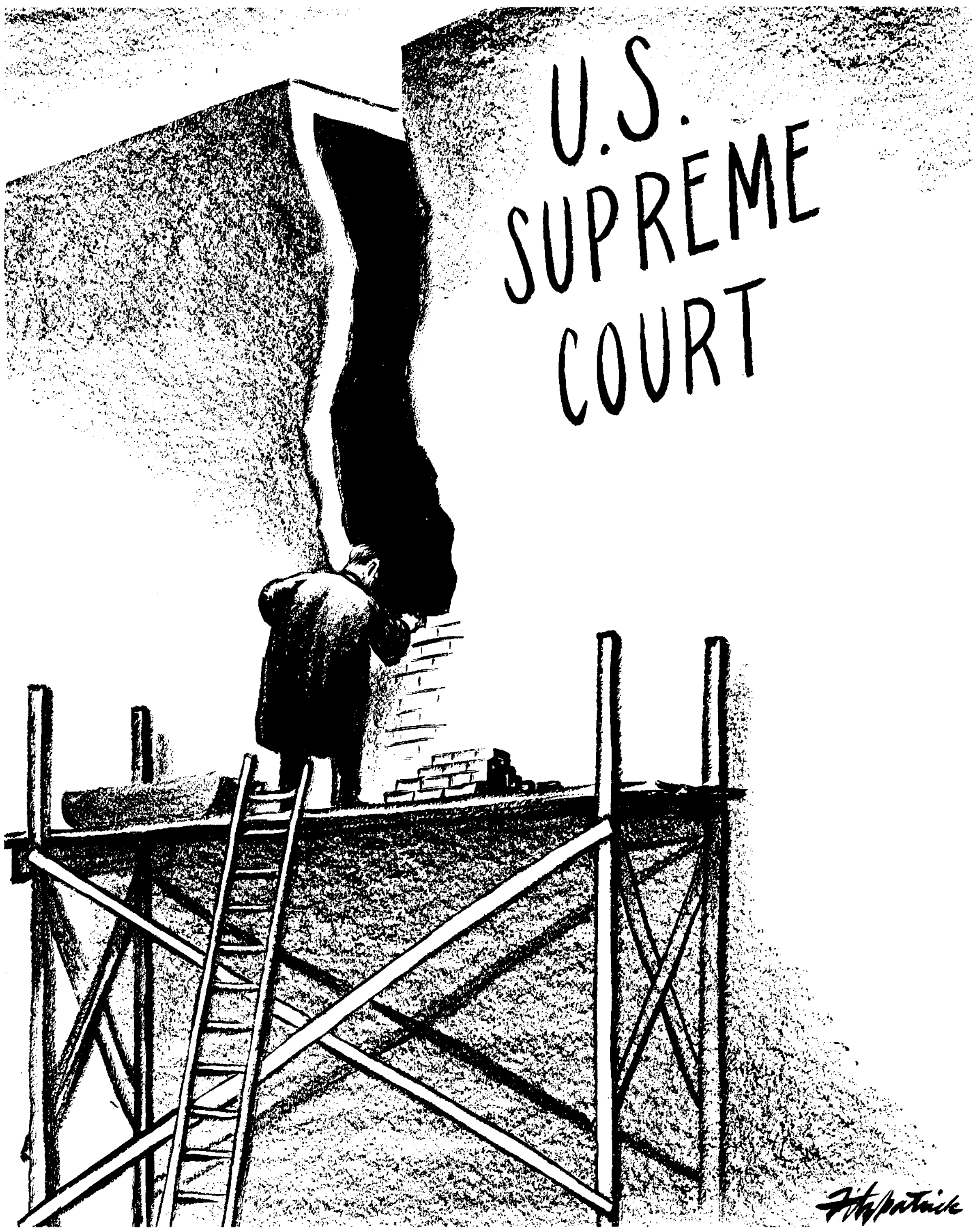

CHIEF JUSTICE VINSON'S TASK

WITH the United States Supreme Court in recess till October, all of us have an opportunity to do some thinking, and maybe a spot of praying, on the subject of the highest court in the nation and its new Chief Justice, former Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson.

That the big tribunal needs some public thought if not prayers was dramatically evidenced when the feud between Associate Justices Hugo L. Black and Robert H. Jackson broke out into the open. Jackson charged Black with having unethically (though not illegally) taken part in a 5-4 decision of a case in which Black's former law partner was attorney for the winning side.

This is only one of the feuds which have been riving the Supreme Court behind the scenes for quite a while. An equally if not more lively one is ripping along at this writing between Associate Justices Black and Frankfurter, and several lesser battles are raging as side shows to the main exhibitions.

It all makes good copy for magazines, newspapers, and the columnists to whom some of the learned justices are said to slip assorted bits of information and gossip. But it is highly injurious to the public respect and confidence which the Supreme Court ought to enjoy. Too, it hampers the court in its work, as witness the fact that before Jackson blasted at Black the court had a backlog of cases which it could not decide on account of its internal dissensions.

Along with many other people, we're hoping that Chief Justice Vinson can and will do much to restore the Supreme Court's ancient dignity and efficiency.

As a lower federal judge before he was called to a variety of administration jobs, Vinson gave evidence of believing in deciding cases in conformity with legal precedent, rather than with his or someone else's idea of what the law on a given subject ought to be.

Vinson's is the judicial attitude, for better or for worse. It is an attitude which has not markedly afflicted the present Supreme Court. Some of these judges have felt obligated to write the New Deal reforms into the law of the land, and to give organized labor and assorted radicals all the breaks and employers and conservatives none. That is not the judicial attitude, whatever else it may be, and some very jug-handled decisions have come from it.

If Vinson can guide a court majority to the judicial attitude, he will make the court over again into a genuine court.

Vinson also has a reputation as a soothing, feather-smoothing engineer of compromises, private peace treaties and handshakes. The Black-Jackson and other court vendettas make it obvious that this talent is badly needed in the high court's chambers at this time.

Here's wishing Chief Justice Vinson a long career and a fruitful one, for the sake of the country and of the Supreme Court even more than for his own sake.

WAS WESTPHALIA A FAILURE?

ADOLF HITLER, between screams about the wickedness of the Versailles treaty that followed World War I, used to scream about the wickedness of a much earlier treaty; namely, the Westphalia pact of 1648, which wound up the Thirty Years' War. We've been wondering of late whether Westphalia really was such an iniquity, after all.

The Thirty Years' War began in 1618, basically because Catholics and Protestants in those times were convinced that they never could permanently inhabit the same world together; that there must be a fight to the extermination of one group and the sole survival of the other. It didn't work out that way. Both factions, after fearful slaughters in this and other wars, modified their methods and manners and are rubbing along together in the Christian world today—which is a thought for people who feel in these times that democracy and Communism cannot indefinitely live side by side on the same planet.

Anyway, what the treaty of Westphalia did was to take Germany apart and arrange for it to remain divided into numerous small, independent nations forever after. Sweden and France took big bites of German territory. To the principalities of Hesse-Cassel, Brandenburg, Mecklenburg and Brunswick were given pieces of all of the principalities of Schaumburg, Pomerania, Magdeburg, Saxony, Schwerin, Ratzeburg, Osnabrück, and the Upper Palatinate.

Perhaps it was a dirty business from a detached point of view. But it had one virtue, at least. It got the results it was designed to get, and it preserved those results for around 125 years, though not, of course, forever.

Germany was prostrated by the Thirty Years' War, and the Westphalia adjustment kept it so for generations. The aggressive, enterprising Germans, with their widespread love of war, were unable to unite for a bang-up war. There were wars after Westphalia, true, and some of the German states took part in some of those wars. But the Germanic area of Europe did not again begin to be a real threat until Frederick the Great got busy building up Prussia early in the second half of the 18th century. With Alte Fritz, as the Germans still affectionately call him, Germany's modern phase as a war-making nation began—and ended, it is to be hoped, with Hitler's downfall.

For long decades after Westphalia, the Germans were a pretty nice and inoffensive bunch of people. The period witnessed the composition of numerous great German hymns and folk songs; the poetic productions of Angelus Silesius (Johann Scheffler), Friedrich von Spee; the philosophic efforts of Pufendorf, Thomasius, Von Wolff, Leibnitz. German handicrafts flourished; German mechanical, inventive and chemical talents made much progress.

Well, nowadays there is a good deal of talk of an Allied repetition of the Westphalia performance—of a partition of Germany into a dozen or so small, independent states. Such a Germany would be split up politically, but economically it could produce for itself and for the rest of Europe. If Germany can't be got back to producing, it will remain a poorhouse which the Allies will have to go on supporting.

In view of the Westphalia treaty's successful operation for some 125 years, our feeling is that the Allies might do a good deal worse than to rig up a 20th century Westphalia-style partition of Germany. If we could be reasonably sure that Germany couldn't make war again for anything like 125 years, that would be quite a help.

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